The Saturday Evening
POST
February 21, 1959 — 15¢

EXCLUSIVE FROM PEKING:

NINE UNEASY MONTHS IN RED CHINA

By JACK GEE

My Husband, Arthur Murray

By KATHRYN MURRAY

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New 15-cubic-foot Straight-Line Refrigerator-Freezer with Swing-Out Shelves has automatic defrosting in the refrigerator. Big zero-degree Roll-Out Freezer, Magnetic Safety Door, Swing-Out Vegetable Bins, Mix-or-Match colors.

BIG, NEW SHELVES SWING ALL THE WAY OUT

in today's new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers

NEW G-E Swing-Out Shelves in the big Automatic Defrost Refrigerator bring food right out to you! A flick of your finger—and the *whole shelf swings right out* to you. Everything is in full view—out in front and within easy reach. No fumbling. No spilling. No "lost" foods at the back of the shelf.

When you need more—or less—space between shelves, you simply press a button and lift—or lower—a shelf. To clean the inside of the refrigerator—or the shelves—you just lift the shelves right out of the refrigerator.

Find out how handy these General Electric Swing-Out Shelves are. See your General Electric dealer and try them for yourself. And ask about the easy-pay terms and generous trade-in allowance.

Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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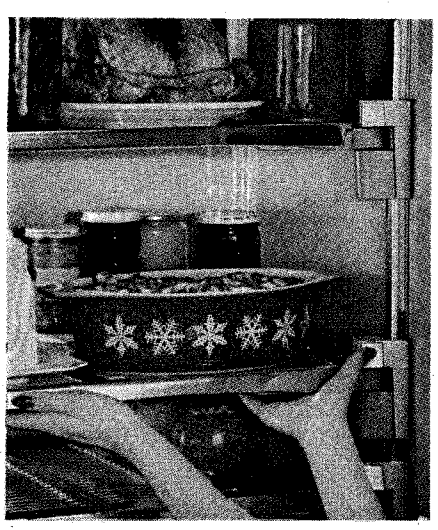
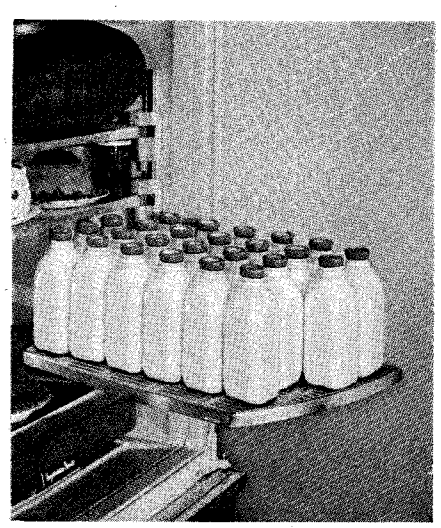
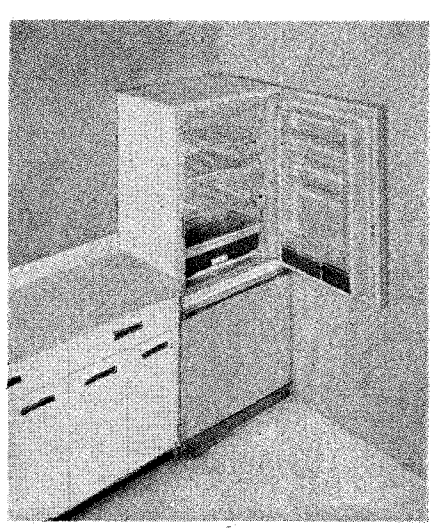


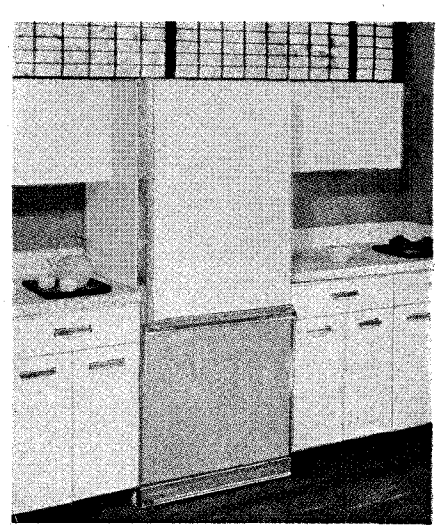
Easy shelf adjustment. You can raise or lower shelves to give you the exact shelf spacing you want. And, you can rearrange your shelf load for more convenience.



Shelves are so sturdy. Look! They will easily hold 25 bottles of milk. They're tested to support more than 150 pounds, more than you'll ever need to put on them.



Fits flush into corner with no wasted space at side for door clearance. No coils on back . . . no dirt-collecting waste space. Front lines up evenly with cabinets.



Straight-Line Design Refrigerator-Freezer with Swing-Out Shelves available in 3 sizes —15-cubic-foot shown above, also 13- and 12-cubic-foot models.

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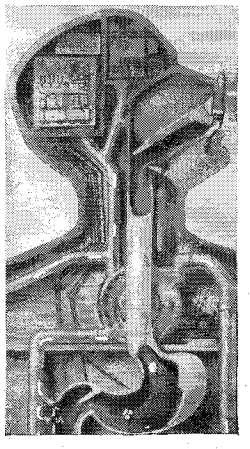
Why trade your headache for an upset stomach?

Take Bufferin® for safer, faster pain relief!

Why Risk Stomach Upset?

All 3 leading pain remedies contain aspirin. Yet aspirin by itself is *acid*, can make you feel queasy and sick.

So Bufferin adds to its aspirin an exclusive combination of anti-acids called Di-Alminate* that protects you against such stomach distress. And Bufferin contains no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffeine.



Get Faster Pain Relief!

Clinical tests confirm Bufferin's great speed in getting its pain reliever into the blood stream. Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin for millions . . . *even faster* for many others.

So for safe, speedy relief of headaches, muscular aches and pains, neuralgia and painful cold miseries, choose Bufferin—the *modern* pain remedy!

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers.

*Bristol-Myers' brand of aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.

BUFFERIN ACTS TWICE AS FAST AS ASPIRIN FOR MILLIONS . . . EVEN FASTER FOR MANY OTHERS!

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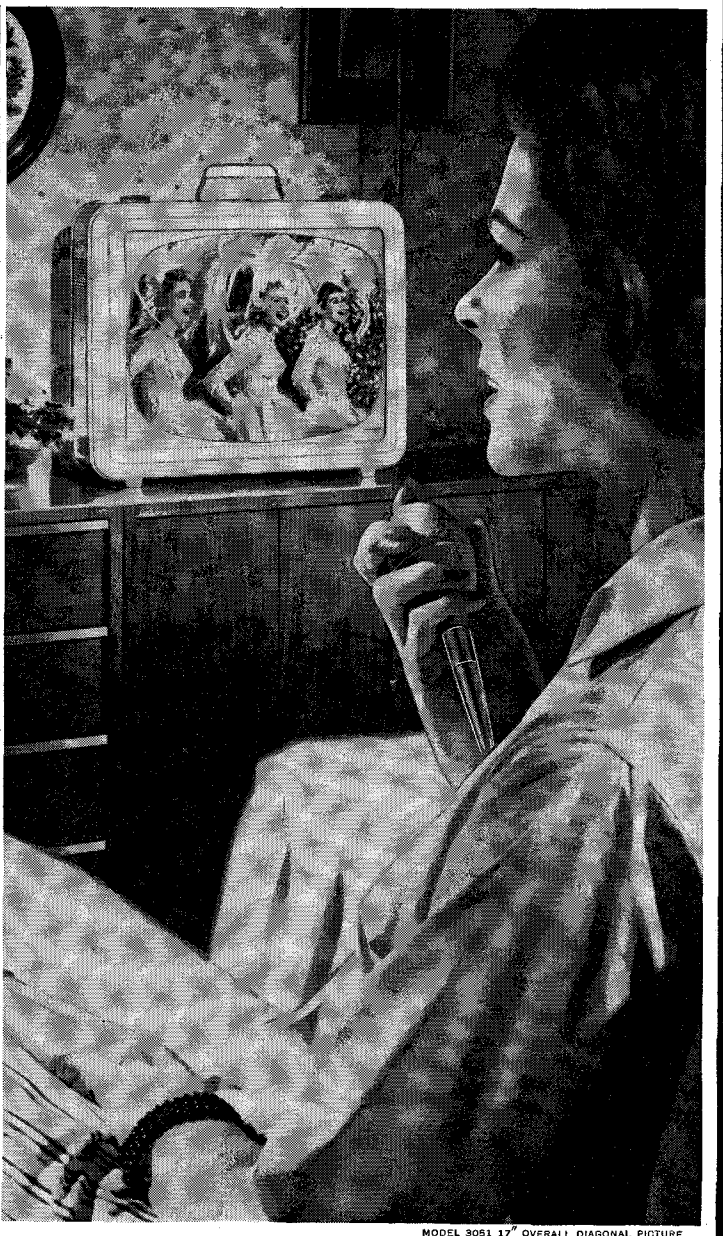
Now! Philco "Brief-Case" Portable TV with remote control for only $189.95

MODEL 3055.



MODEL 3051 17" OVERALL DIAGONAL PICTURE

Philco New-Matic Slender Seventeener

Now Philco brings you a wonderful new Slender Seventeener portable with New-Matic Remote Control that turns the set on or off, even changes channels! And, best of all, it's built in – at no extra cost – in your choice of 7 new models!

Philco Remote Control "Brief-Case" portables are only 11½" thin! All have a beautifully finished back and new Predicta wrap-around "Perma-Circuit" chassis! Plus powerful, built-in antennas for bright, sharp pictures. Compact, lightweight, they come in stunning new two-tone colors, or vinyl-clad leather, alligator finishes.

Now, the portable that goes everywhere becomes the ideal remote-control TV for children's rooms, hospital patients, arm-chair viewing – anywhere! Perfect for late-show watching in bed, too. Just a squeeze turns off the set!

See Slender Seventeeners with New-Matic Remote Control at your Philco dealer's soon!

REMOTE CONTROL NOT AVAILABLE IN UHF MODELS

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER SOUTH AND WEST

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THE COVER

For a split second mother thought she saw a real man lying there, stark and grinning. Readjusting her senses (mothers get to be fast readjusters), she thought, *Oh, come now, one doesn't find real men in freezers, does one? This is a snowman, I fear.* Next thing on the agenda is to remove Mr. Smiley from his mausoleum. As mother icily summons her son and they messily lug sections of Smiley out the basement door, mother can reflect upon how funny this will seem to her week after next. Alternate plan: artist John Falter says there is a pile of displaced freezer food off stage at the left; why not lug that outdoors to keep cool and save funny Mr. S. for papa to enjoy, and remove, when he comes home? In that case, papa could reflect that a father's work is never done.

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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Spring may be lurking behind the next crocus, and what better way to welcome this joyous season than with M-G-M's love-and-laugh salute—"The Mating Game." Starring Debbie Reynolds, Tony Randall and Paul Douglas, the story frolics riotously about the most fascinating theme in creation.

On the Larkin's Maryland farm, Spring and the mating season run rampant. The birds are winging, the bees are buzzing with love. And to shrewd-eyed Pa and Ma Larkin (Paul Douglas and Una Merkel) their daughter Mariette (Debbie) looks ripe and ready for romance, too.

But Ma doesn't fancy any of the "hoot and holler boys" that hang around the Larkin haystacks. As if in answer to their unvoiced hopes, Lorenzo Charleton (Tony Randall) drives up in a black car and steps out, staid, sober, a born mate-bait. With fiendish cunning the Larkin gang, Debbie leading the pack, swoops down on their prey only to find out Lorenzo is a tax agent, pride of Internal Revenue, sent to harpoon Larkin who never filed an income return.

Debbie's happy.

Tony's a riot.

Paul lives it up.

But the revenooers have reckoned without the colossally charming insanity of the Larkin family and the relentless urge of the mating season. Pa Larkin gets his Laughing Hyena cocktail into Lorenzo. Ma sweet-talks and fast-hustles him to one of her famed dinners. This, plus Debbie's mate-baiting, turns the stern-jawed tax agent into a mere leer of a man, rhumba-happy, jug-happy, the male animal in him triumphantly rising to the mating call. (Hilarious highlight: Fred Clark, as Tony's bureaucratic boss, does a slow burn that's pure joy!)

"The Mating Game" is based on the best-seller and Saturday Evening Post Story.

A roar of applause for director George Marshall, producer Philip Barry Jr., and script-writer William Roberts who fashioned for us such wonderful movie fun in CinemaScope and Metrocolor.

For those waiting for mating, for those who chuckle at memories that date from dating . . . M-G-M's "The Mating Game" is for you.

P. S. Note to Tax Dept.: Don't worry, Uncle Sam comes out fine. **© 1959 Loew's, Inc.**

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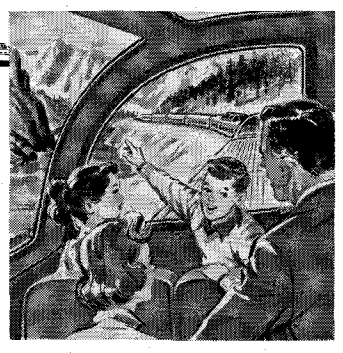

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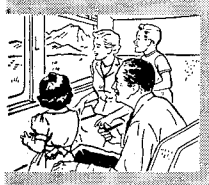
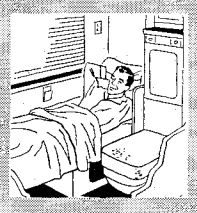


Varied Pullman accommodations ... for de luxe travel



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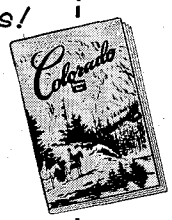

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Letters

Those Jesuits

Dear Sirs:

The article THE POPE'S COMMANDOS by Ernest O. Hauser [Jan. 17] is most interesting and informative. . . .

I realize that you could not list all of [the Jesuit] colleges and universities, but it would have been nice if Holy Cross had been included.

JAMES A. MC CARTHY
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Loyola University of the South in New Orleans.

ROUSSEAU VAN VOORHIES
New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs:

I was disappointed that none of the pictures taken at St. Mary's College in Kansas were used. My . . . brother is at present taking his theology there, and we, his family, are inordinately proud of the Jesuit Order, of St. Mary's and of him.

MARY JO NEENAN
Sioux City, Iowa

• *Below is our photographer's view of the St. Mary's barbershop. Robert Alciatore of New Orleans trims the*

brush cut of fellow seminarian John Schrum, of Leonardsville, Kansas.
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

Some years ago I was graduated from a Detroit high school. My buddy was Roman Catholic and enrolled at the University of Detroit, a Jesuit institution. I decided to go there with him, although a Protestant, but was admitted on probation because of dismal high-school grades.

It didn't take long to discover that this was a no-nonsense establishment, with scant frills and frosting. Learning seemed to be the main idea.

The "Jebbies" treated me as a man and respected my faith scrupulously; the sulky high-schooler quickly turned into an all-A student and wound up with a tuition scholarship for graduate study at a famous secular university (Harvard).

I'll never forget my debt to those wonderful, dedicated men.

STUART GALBRAITH
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Didn't see any un-Christian remarks from Catholics concerning the article on the Methodist country parson [HE WORKS IN GOD'S BACK PASTURES, by Harold H. Martin, Dec. 13]. Hope the Jesuit article is also free from un-Christian attacks.

PAUL LYONS
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

It is small wonder Jesuits have been feared, suspected and, evidently not without cause, maligned. [Their] basic principles—the end justifies the means, and the absolute destruction of one's own thinking and judgment—are not only un-Jesuslike but decidedly un-American.

ELLA F. TERRY
Blue Point, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed reading The Pope's Commandos—almost all of it, anyway. I wish that Mr. Hauser had gone a step further in the interests of accuracy and pointed out that the famous sentence from Busenbaum, "When the end is lawful, the means are also lawful," refers to the use of means that are morally indifferent and not to the use of immoral means. There is a mighty difference and it seems a pity that Mr. Hauser failed to say so.

REV. JOSEPH E. O'NEILL, S.J.
Fordham University
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

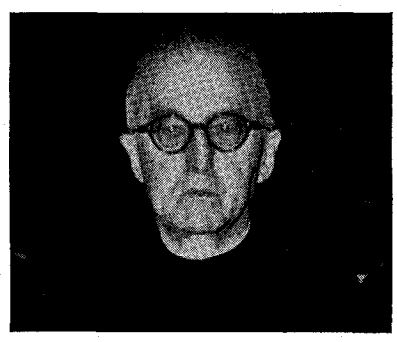
We wish to congratulate Mr. Ernest O. Hauser on his excellent article on the Jesuits. . . . The Jesuits of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S.D., have worked among our Dakota (Oglala Sioux) people since 1888, teaching four generations of our pupils to be good Christians and good Americans.

Holy Rosary with more than 500 Sioux boarders in attendance is now the largest mission boarding school in our country. In the opinion of our people, this Jesuit school has been the most important single factor in our transformation from a stone-age culture to modern civilization.

SILAS LEFT HAND BULL
Pine Ridge, S.D.

Dear Sirs:

Do you suppose the head of the Jesuits [below] ever heard that God is love, as



The Very Rev. John Baptist Janssens.

Jesus taught? He looks so very unhappy.

NAME WITHHELD
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Dear Sirs:

It might reassure you to know that Father Janssens impresses me as much less austere than others find him. . . .

[He] has a terrific sense of humor. One joke I told him made him laugh so hard that he couldn't speak for some time, though he kept trying. Altogether a very simple, friendly, human individual.

LLOYD F. SMITH, M.D.
Duarte, Calif.

Nailed by the Mails

Dear Sirs:

The article in your December 20 issue, BEWARE THE ADVANCE-FEE RACKET, was exceptional both as to its perspicuity and timing. . . .

Author John Kobler referred to the hearing by the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations at which

(Continued on Page 6)

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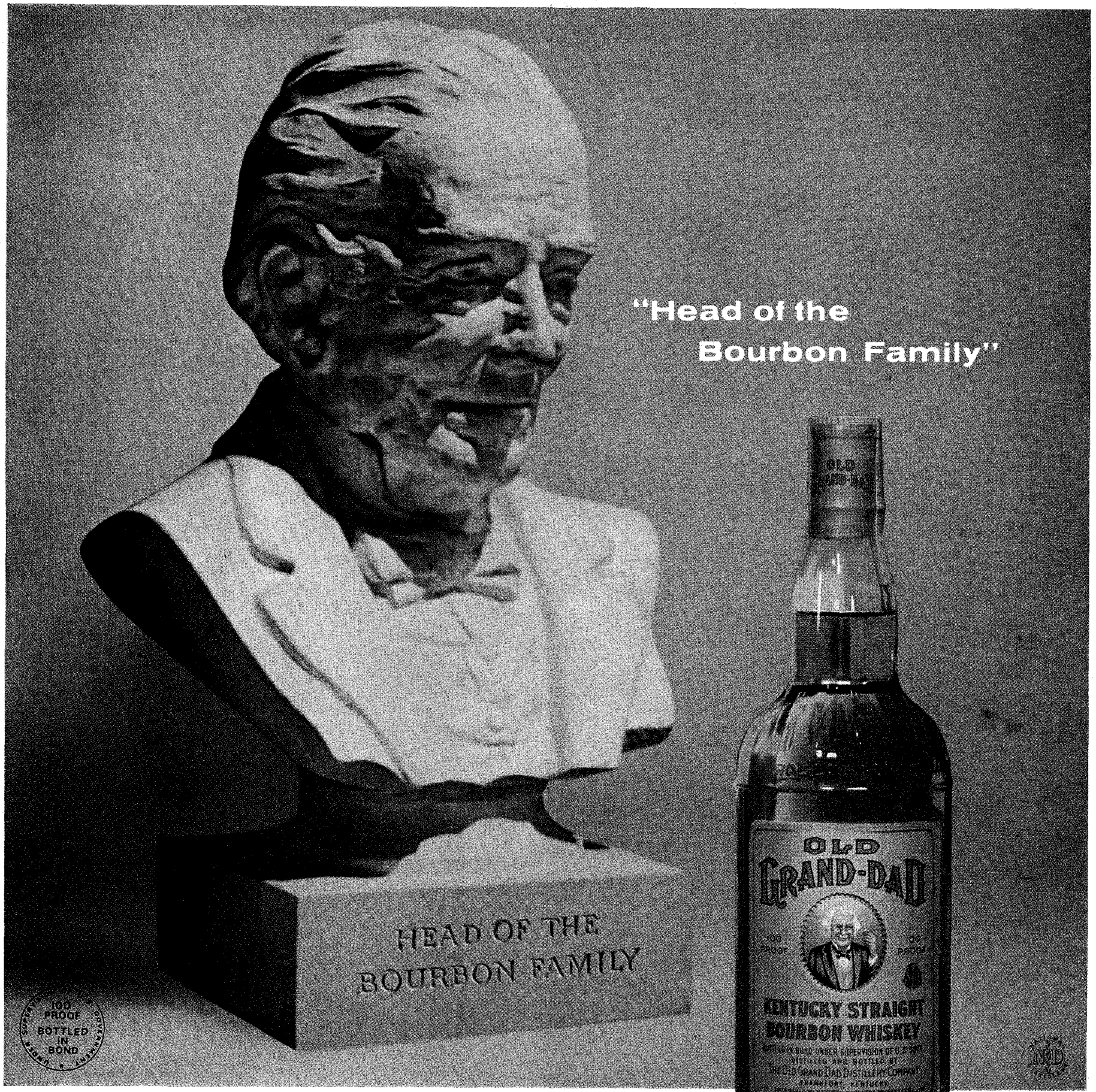

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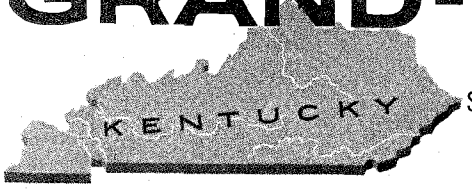

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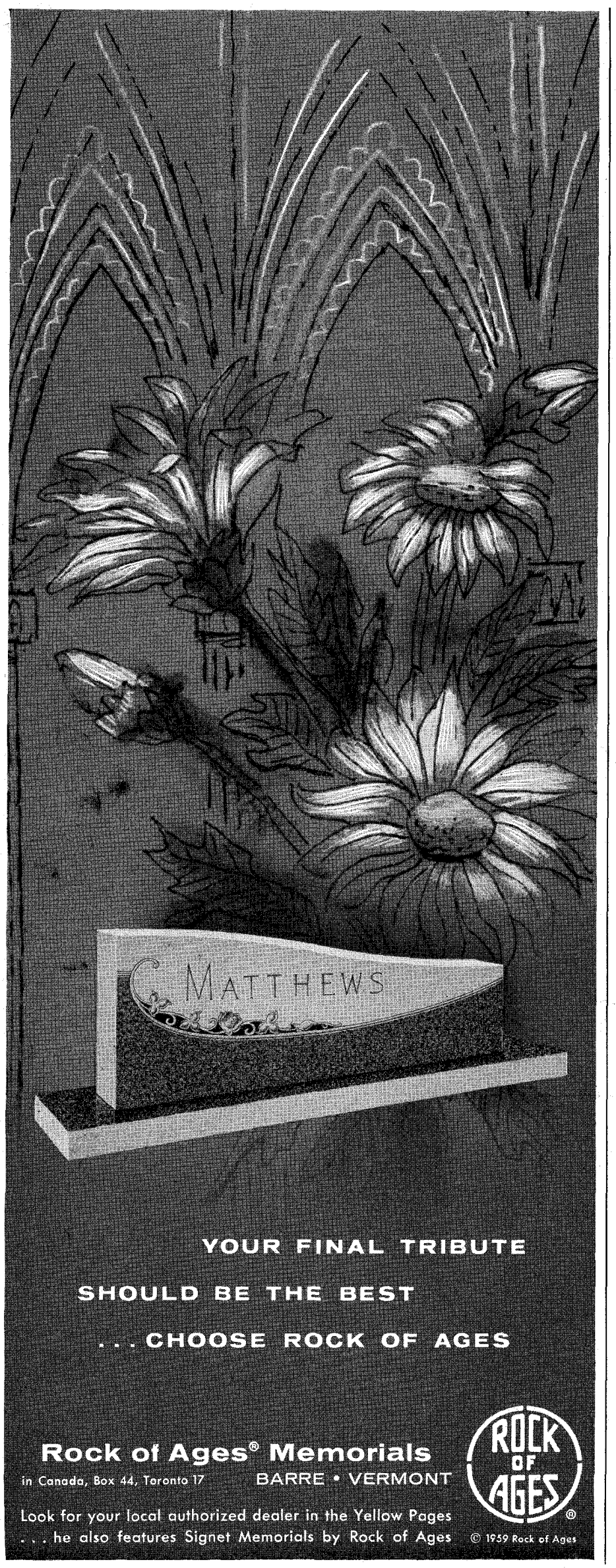
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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

various agencies testified to the scope of the racket and the immunity of the racketeers. He concluded that "so far no effective counterweapon has been devised."

Following the hearing, it became generally apparent to interested agencies that the postal fraud statute provided the most effective means of meeting this deliberate challenge. . . .

Anticipating the need for a concerted effort by the Government, investigations by postal inspectors were accelerated and co-ordinated even before the Senate investigations. In November, December and January, evidence in ten cases was presented to U. S. Attorneys for criminal prosecution. Indictments have been returned in a number of these cases and arrests made to date of five persons in Miami, Florida; nine in Des Moines, Iowa; six in Grand Forks, North Dakota, and one in Atlanta, Georgia. Investigations are also in progress in seventy additional cases, and more are scheduled.

D. H. STEPHENS
Chief Postal Inspector
Washington, D.C.

Source of Hope

Dear Sirs:

In the August 4, 1956, issue of your magazine you ran an article, I CAME BACK FROM MADNESS, by Ann Bentley. During my husband's recent commitment to a mental hospital that article was prescribed reading for many of the patients there and their immediate families, among whom were my husband and I. . . .

The reading of that very personal story generated new hope and courage for those of us who were bogged down by our battle with mental illness.

MARY MOORE
Highland Park, Ill.

Hapgood's Crust

Dear Sirs:

The Post is to be most highly congratulated for the splendid articles in its Adventures of the Mind series. Particularly gratifying is the inclusion of an article on geology [THE EARTH'S SHIFTING CRUST, by Charles H. Hapgood, Jan. 10], a science that is grossly neglected in popular attention. . . .

[However, Hapgood's] theory is no more than speculation. When it is tested by abundant evidence known to almost every experienced geologist, but neglected by Mr. Hapgood, its inadequacy is evident. The approving remarks of a great scientist like Einstein, whose field of competency was not geology, do nothing to improve this situation.

J. MARVIN WELLER
Department of Geology
University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

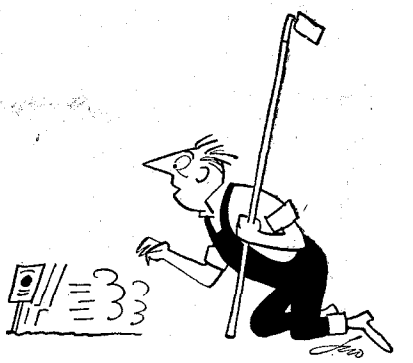
I am a professional geologist. . . . Hapgood's authority is cited as a chemist and engineer. As a former chemist and licensed engineer, I can assure you there is nothing in that training that would qualify anyone to write on subjects geological.

DR. BAHNGRELL W. BROWN
Associate Professor of Geology
Mississippi Southern College
Hattiesburg, Miss.

● *Though Professor Hapgood is not a practicing geologist, the editors felt that his years of teaching the history of science and anthropology and his decade of research on crustal shifts qualified him to theorize on what has been a controversial hypothesis of long standing. The Hapgood-Campbell explanation of crustal shifts is, of course, pure speculation and was presented as such.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

I read . . . The Earth's Shifting Crust with my eyes popping out of my head. . . . I am pursuing my winter hobby of reading seed catalogs and if there is a chance that my garden plot might slide



to California, I'll withhold my order until things calm down.

R. LE VEXIER
Morton, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Intriguing and thought-provoking. . . .

Why don't more scientists follow up their researches affecting our own "terra-not-so-firma," and share their knowledge with us common human beings?

C. J. TASSIN
Edgard, La.

Dear Sirs:

How does Professor Hapgood correlate the "summer flowers and grasses have been found almost perfectly preserved in their [mammoths'] mouths and stomachs," on page 66, with "[the crust] movement, once it starts, will require many thousands of years for its completion" on page 69?"

It seems to me that the mammoths could have used this time to more profitable ends.

KENNETH STEELE
Redding, Calif.

● *Professor Hapgood postulated a sudden and catastrophic shower of volcanic dust set off by radical crustal shifts. It was the volcanism and not the shifts that annihilated the mammoths.* —ED.

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Reading across pages, then down:

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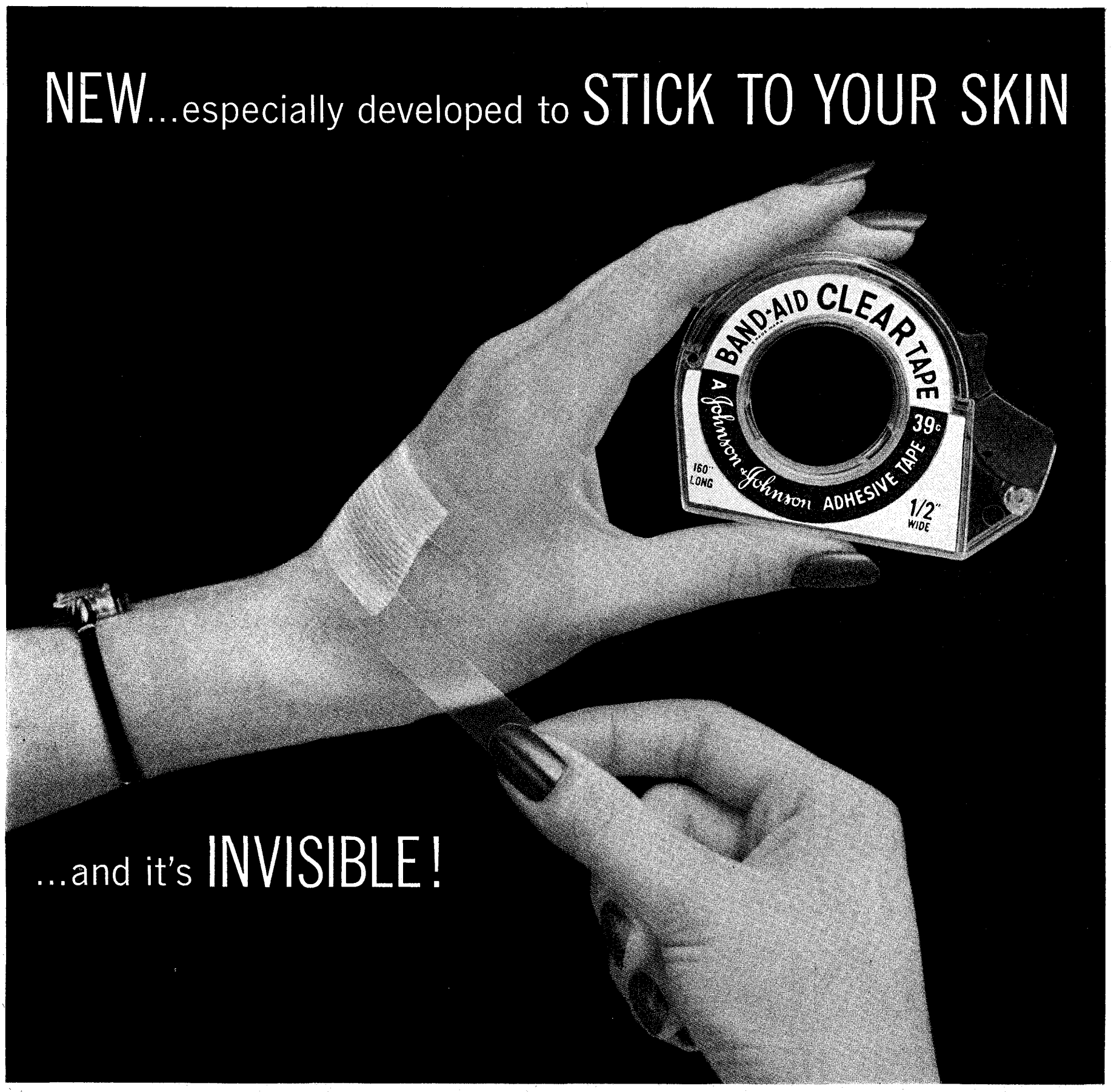

...and it's INVISIBLE!

New adhesive CLEAR TAPE makes all others outdated!

You'll welcome this big step forward—vastly improving the "stick" of the tape; the "look" and "feel" of the bandage. Makes bandages appear smaller, less conspicuous . . . conforms to your skin.

- Sticks better. Looks and acts like your skin. Can't tear or fray like cloth.
- Waterproof. Won't "soak" off. Stays clean. Won't shine.
- New easy-to-use dispenser. Flip—it's open. Snip—tape's cut. Handiest tape you've ever used. At your favorite store—*try it now!* 39¢

Johnson & Johnson

This coupon worth 25¢ on your first roll

Attach blue and white striped tab found at start of tape roll to this coupon. Send with your name and address to Johnson & Johnson, Box 84A, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y., and we'll mail you 25¢ promptly. Only one per family. . . . Offer expires May 1, 1959. Subject to Federal and local restrictions. Offer applies only to consumers in U. S. A. and Territory of Hawaii.

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AMERICAN

the Jet Airline brings you

THE NEW JET-POWERED ELECTRA FLAGSHIP

American made you a promise. A promise to bring you Jet services that would fill *all* your important travel needs in the Jet Age.

First, American introduced the great Boeing 707 Jet Flagship for new comfort and magic time savings on transcontinental flights. Now American begins its second stage—to bring you the wonderful advantage of Jet Flight on shorter trips in the Jet-Powered Lockheed Electra—newest, fastest of all Jet-prop airliners.

Everyone loves the Electra Flagship. You'll develop a special fondness for the Electra. This is because the Electra Flagship is a very remarkable airplane. Like all Jet-powered planes, it is quieter, more restful than any you've known before. Vibration, primary cause of travel fatigue, is almost completely gone. With all its speed, you feel an unhurried serenity.

The Electra pleases *all* your senses. In the cabin your moo mellowed by decorator colors of tan, coral, and turquoise. Rad heat soothes you with warmth—or in sultry seasons, built-in conditioning operates full time, in the air and on the ground. Electra is *big*—and this bigness is used for your comfort. Seats extra-wide, extra-deep, with broad arm rests and chairside tabl between. A wide, wide aisle leads to an intimate lounge.

A new kind of plane—a new kind of service. The Electra Jet-powered aircraft designed for the special service to which i assigned. It gives you Jet speed of 400 miles per hour or m Because it takes off and lands quickly, it can serve any of Americ cities. Yet it can fly across the country without pause, so g is its range. The Electra Flagship is an impressive performe

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)ther ways. The full-size, built-in loading ramp folds and unfolds in econds. There's provision for carry-on luggage. Other baggage goes nto special containers which are picked up and loaded into the)lane as a unit. Quickly on, quickly off—this is all part of American's iew Baggage Expediter system.

'ou can rely on American—its people and its planes. The Electra Flagship, like the 707 Flagship, is a solid symbol of Ameri-an's leadership in the Jet Age. Equally important is the desire on he part of American's people to provide a service so pleasant, so nuch to your liking, that Flagships will always be first choice for 'our travels. If you have not yet tasted this new experience, call 'our Travel Agent or American Airlines, and make reservations for 'our first and most wonderful Jet Flagship trip.

Now in operation—Electra Flagship Service between New York and Chicago; New York and Detroit. Available soon in Boston, Washington, Buffalo, Toronto, Dallas, Ft. Worth and many other cities.

Whenever you fly, rely on

AMERICAN AIRLINES

THE JET AIRLINE

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Editorials

Who Says 38,000,000 Protestants Want to Recognize Red China?

Few Protestant Christians subscribe to The Worker, the Communist weekly. Consequently few saw a headline in that journal for November 30, 1958, reading: 38,000,000 PROTESTANTS TELL IKE: RECOGNIZE CHINA. Few knew the story behind the headline.

The story was that a body of Protestant clergy and laymen known as the World Order Study Conference of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., assembled at Cleveland, had "unanimously" passed a resolution which urged that "steps should be taken toward the inclusion of the People's Republic of China (Communist) in the United Nations and for its recognition by our Government."

Inasmuch as few Protestant Christians, aside from the usual signers of fellow-traveler propaganda literature, have urged the recognition of a regime which continues to imprison and torture Christians and has made slaves of its own people, the question arises: What is the World Order Study Conference and how were its delegates selected? Also, to what extent did this resolution reflect opinion in the denominations supposedly represented?

Dean John C. Bennett of the Union Theological Seminary in New York, who had a leading part in the conference, asserts that the delegates were appointed by the officials of the various denominations, although "some delegates were chosen by various units of the National Council." Dean Bennett mentioned as one selective factor "a high degree of interest in the subject matter of the conference." The leaders seem to have known how to pick the right people. A leader in supporting this dubious resolution was Ernest A. Gross, former United States delegate to the United Nations, with which Red China is still technically at war!

The Rev. Daniel A. Poling, editor of the Christian Herald, in an editorial for that magazine, denounced the resolution. Doctor Poling declared that most of the delegates were members of "social action" groups within the denominations.

To test Protestant opinion, the Committee of One Million Against Admission of Communist China to the United Nations polled some 50,000 American Protestant ministers on two questions: (1) Do you believe that the United States should recognize Communist China? and (2) Do you favor admission of Communist China to the United Nations? Early returns indicate that 87 per cent of the ministers polled were against Red China on both counts, 11 per cent gave favorable replies and 2 per cent had no opinion.

Thus American Protestantism has been taken for a propaganda ride by a group of "progressive" leaders whose titles suggested that they represented more Protestants than they did. Even the "unanimous" vote was misleading, because it had been stipulated that, if the minority polled less than 25 per cent, the vote should be announced as "unanimous."

Needless to say, the news caused dismay in Formosa and in free Asia generally. A missionary on Formosa described the resolution as "a betrayal of the enslaved, tortured and often martyred Christians in China." If American Christians, safe at home and above the battle, are represented as indifferent to savage persecutions of their brethren, how can those in the front line of resistance to Red aggression be expected to stand firm?

American Cities Must Get Rid of Their "Skid Rows"

In many an American city there is a district that is among the most depressing sights in a free and prosperous country. It is the home of the homeless, the wretched misfits, the dregs of our society. In recent times such a district has commonly been called "skid row."

A plan for doing something about "skid row" has been developed in Philadelphia. The principle to be applied is simple. Every skid-row vagrant either is physically and mentally able to reform or he isn't. If he is, he should be guided or compelled to straighten up and go to work. If he isn't able to pull himself up to a decent life, he should be treated in a clinic or a hospital.

Skid row is more than an eyesore; it is a place of physical and moral infection. The men in skid row should not be ignored as if beneath contempt. They are human beings and should be treated as such, with help and discipline.

Despite all their drinking, most of them apparently aren't alcoholics. The typical man in skid row is a drifter. He has lost purpose in life. His drinking may be, as some think, a fumbling for death, an unconscious way of slow suicide.

Naturally these broken men have long been an object of concern to churches of several denominations. Last year at the annual meeting of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Columbus, Ohio, there was an urgent speech on the matter by Brother John Hurley, director of Ozanam Inn, a New Orleans shelter for men without homes. He pleaded that charitable organizations should help to salvage "God's most abandoned men."

The Greater Philadelphia Movement set up a Committee on Study of Skid Row, partly because of the new Independence Mall urban-renewal project. The downtown skid-row section is near the new mall, and obviously visitors to the historic sites on Chestnut Street would be annoyed by panhandlers.

The committee plans to have every man in skid row interviewed. If he is able to work, he will be persuaded or, if necessary, ordered to get a job or else leave town. If he has a family or friends elsewhere, it may be possible to have him return there. If he is old or sick and incapable of working, he will receive medical care.

Certainly the plan won't function perfectly. But the chief need in every city with the same problem is to determine to solve it.

No Place for Old Scrooge in Today's Friendly Bank

By RICHARD ATTRIDGE

One of the most amazing developments in modern merchandising has been that carried out by American banks. It is not true, of course, that banks attempt to rival supermarket "come-ons," although they do have "gala openings" of new branches, serve refreshments and present gifts to customers who open new accounts with even very small deposits. They have installed drive-in windows, increased the number and convenience of their offices, brought their personnel into approachable view, and adopted a far friendlier attitude for the "man in the street."

Almost everyone has a banker today; for one thing, the immense popularity of pay-as-you-go checks has attracted millions of Americans to the banks' once forbidding portals. It is now estimated that approximately 14,000,000 bank checks a day cover 80 per cent of all our business transactions. The banks now place great importance on their personal-loan services for ordinary citizens, especially for home improvements.

Banks today are equipped to transfer funds by wire from city to city, and by cable to foreign countries; they provide night depositories for businessmen; they offer "packaged payroll plans" for industrial firms; are a prime source of industrial-credit information and handle business payments at distant points through correspondent banks. Trust departments assist in estate planning, executorship, trusteeship, guardianship and administration of wills. In spite of many new and expanded business services, however, modern banking's most radical departure has been its concerted and successful effort to "sell its product" to small but good customers.

Millions of Americans can remember when the general public regarded banks as forbidding "cold-storage plants" and most bankers as calculating machines equipped with phonograph records set to say "no." The great change in banks is dramatized by the Connecticut institution which provides "banking by video." The customer drives up to a deposit box equipped with a TV screen and a pneumatic delivery-and-return setup for money and deposit book. The customer just has to push a button to carry out his transaction with the teller. And it's a sure thing that the banker will give him a great big smile

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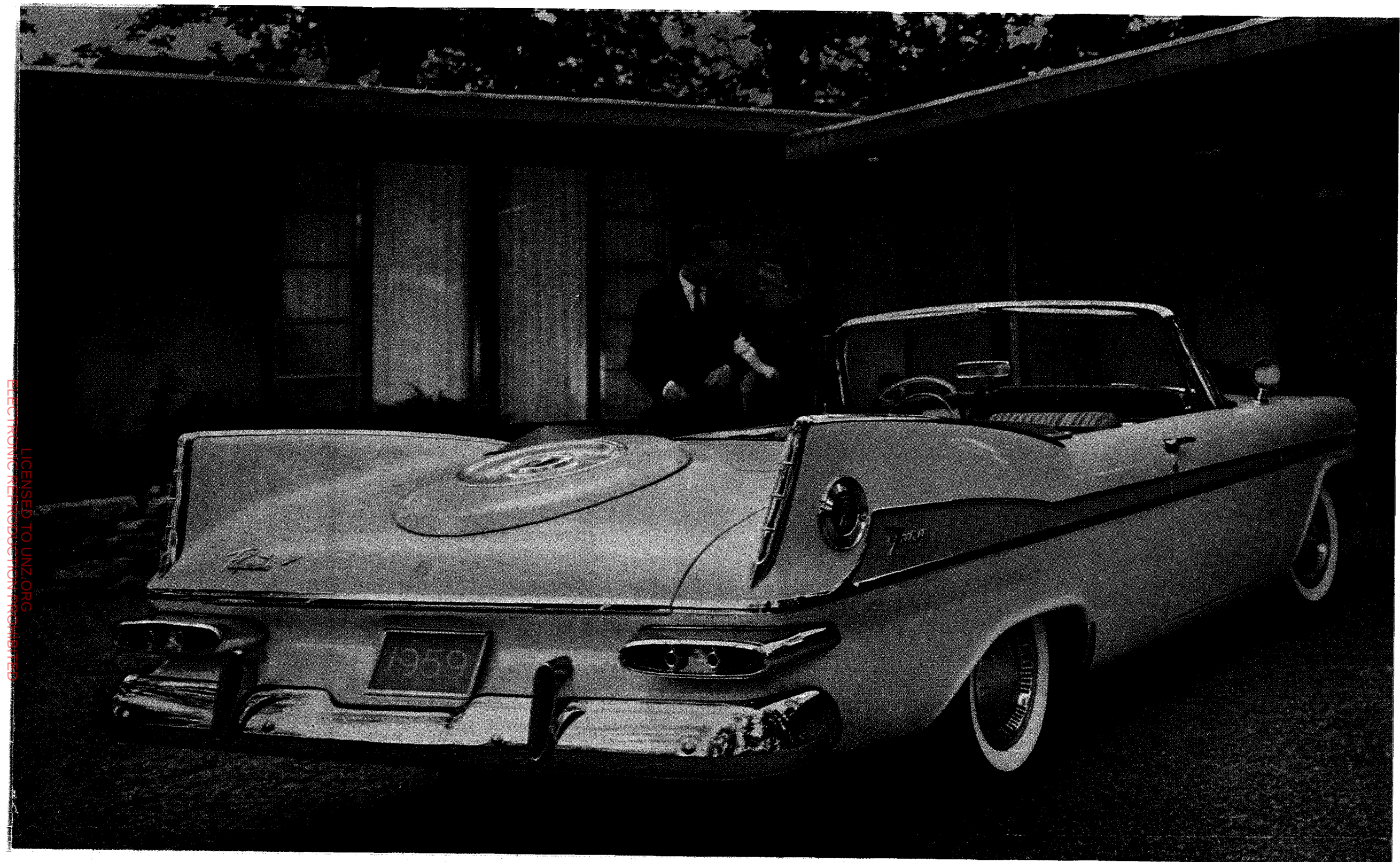

GOOD TASTE IS NEVER EXTREME

Certain people have it. Certain things, as well—that sense of rightness we call good taste. You recognize it at once when it is there.

It is there in the '59 Plymouth, in the look, the lines of a car deliberately designed with flair, and with restraint. For good taste is neither stodgy nor bizarre. It is not conspicuous. Nor is it anonymous. It does stand out, yes—but handsomely.

This year, so many people of good taste are responding to the car fashioned most particularly for them—the '59 Plymouth.

Plymouth
today's best buy, tomorrow's best trade

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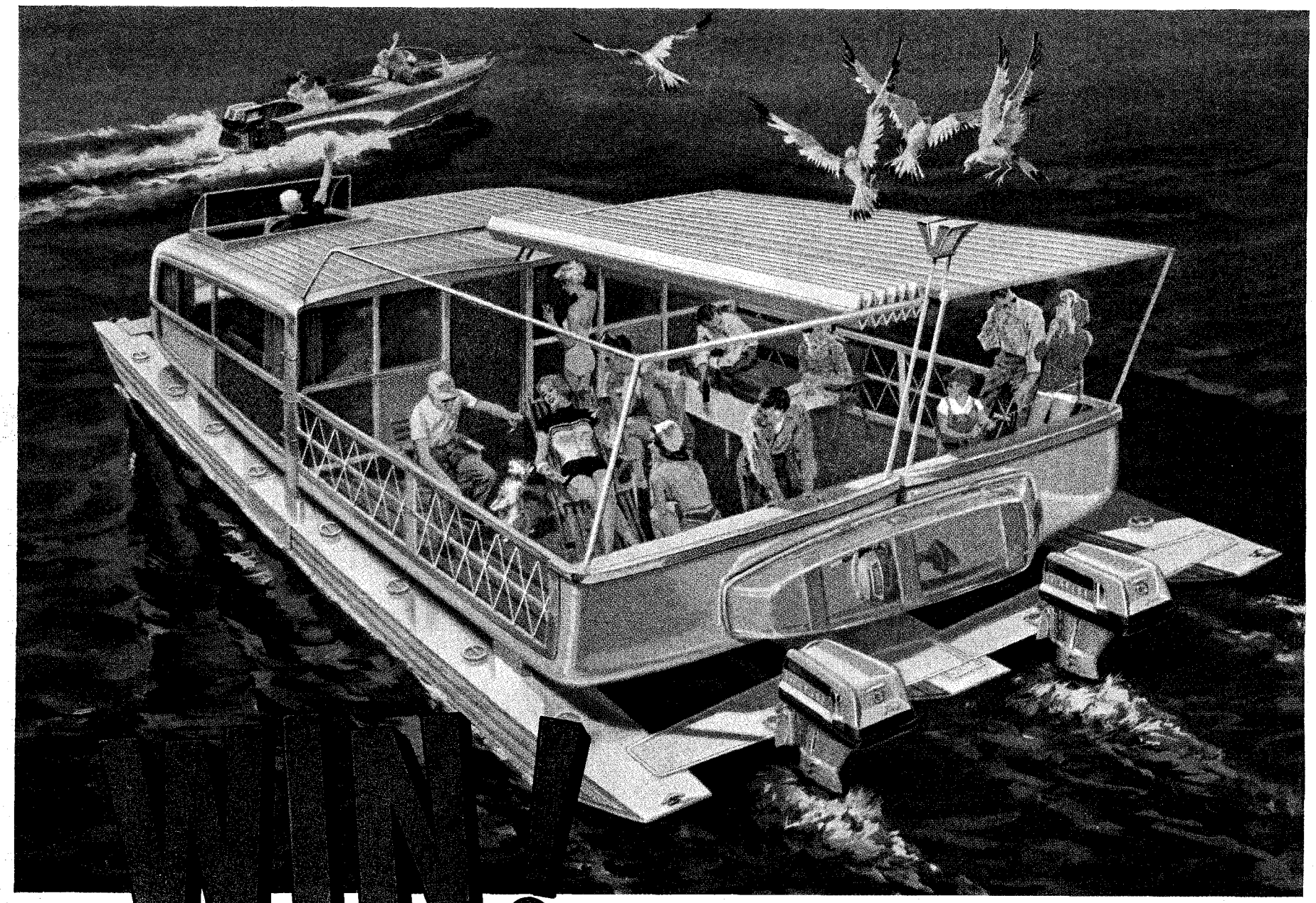


THIS FABULOUS EVINRUDE

DREAMBOAT

Hit of the New York and Chicago boat shows
... powered by two 35 hp Evinrude Larks!

ENTER THE EVINRUDE DREAMBOAT CONTEST—FEB. 21-MARCH 22

Here's a prize to stir your Gypsy blood! A gay and glamorous "houseboat-of-the-future" by noted designer Brooks Stevens. Custom built and luxuriously fitted to accommodate your entire family. Powered to perfection with two famed Evinrude Larks. This answer to your dreams may be as close as your Evinrude dealer. Drop in and pick up a contest entry form.

A visit will reward you in other ways—it's Evinrude Dealer Boat Show time! A wonderful time to see the latest boats on display and the finest motors in 50 years. See these remarkable new Evinrudes with *sound-sealed cushioned power* . . . and *thermostat temperature control* . . . most efficient boat power yet produced!

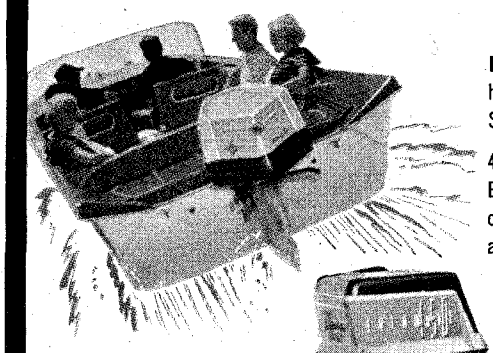
Take the family to visit "dreamboat land" at your Evinrude dealer. They'll share the fun—and can help you win!

50th JUBILEE EVINRUDE
QUIET OUTBOARD MOTORS

A Division of Outboard Marine Corporation
In Canada: Mfd. by Evinrude Motors, Peterborough

HOW TO ENTER!

1. Go to your nearest Evinrude dealer (look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in the yellow pages).
2. Pick up official rules and entry blank.
3. Complete this statement in 50 words or less: "People who own an Evinrude get more fun out of life. I'd like to own a '59 Evinrude because . . ."
4. Mail official entry blank to "Evinrude Contest."



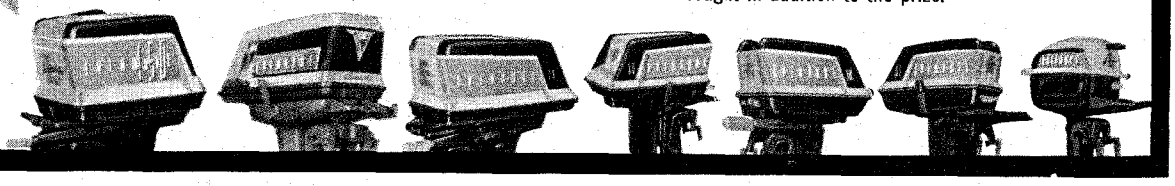
33 PRIZES . . . FOUR WEEKLY CONTESTS!

FIRST PRIZE: Fabulous Evinrude "Dreamboat" houseboat . . . hit of the New York and Chicago Boat Shows . . . powered by two Evinrude 35 hp Larks.

4 SECOND PRIZES—one each week for 4 weeks: Evinrude V-4 50 hp Starflite motor plus $1,500 in credit at your dealer for the family boat of your choice and accessories up to that amount.

NEXT 28 PRIZES—7 each week for 4 weeks: 3rd Prize: 50 hp Evinrude Four-Fifty motor; 4th Prize: 35 hp Lark; 5th Prize: 35 hp Big Twin; 6th Prize: 18 hp Fastwin; 7th Prize: 10 hp Sportwin; 8th Prize: 5½ hp Fisherman; 9th Prize: 3 hp Lightwin.

SPECIAL BONUS PRIZE: If you buy a 1959 Evinrude motor during the contest period and become a winner —we'll pay you the full cash value of the motor you bought in addition to the prize.



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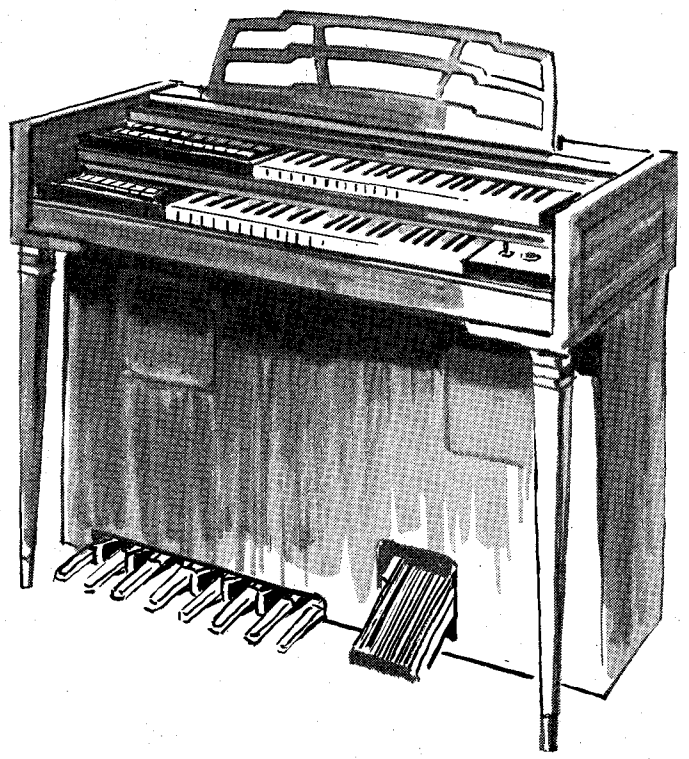

We sincerely believe we can prove to you that this is...

The world's easiest-to-play musical instrument!

Yes, we know about the ocarina and the recorder and the uke. But we still say and believe that there has never been an instrument that gives *so much* musical satisfaction *so quickly* as The Lowrey Organ. It's the easiest to play of all musical instruments.

Can you think of any other instrument that gives you a whole, melodious choir of instruments while you play with only one finger? Or the vibrant beat of a rich string bass simply by tapping your foot on the pedals? The Lowrey does! And experienced musicians are thrilled by its real musical authority and versatility.

It may seem almost magic to you . . . when you first try The Lowrey. Even picking out a tune with one finger is an exciting musical experience. After a few weeks of enjoying yourself on this remarkable instrument, you will be playing a regular "repertoire" of pleasurable pieces. Thousands of men and women with little or no musical experience have found this to be true.

Hard to believe? We can understand that. Perhaps a few facts about The Lowrey will help you to understand why it is so unusual. First of all The Lowrey is simplified. You can play the most complicated music on it, but the *way* The Lowrey makes the music is greatly simplified through discoveries in the new science of electronics.

For example, a pipe organ to equal The Lowrey would require enough pipes to completely fill an average-size home. Some of them 16 feet tall. Yet, The Lowrey is smaller than a spinet piano.

Then, too, The Lowrey has many new features that make it even more fun to play. For example, Lowrey's unique percussion gives instrumental effects that are truly unbelievable in their realism.

Why don't you prove to yourself that you can play and enjoy this superb musical instrument. Go to your nearby Lowrey Organ Studio (It's listed in the Yellow Pages). Examine the interesting instruction book we give to beginners—and, if you wish, play The Lowrey then and there all by yourself in a private room.

Or, if you prefer, simply phone your Lowrey dealer. He will be happy to tell you all about it and arrange for a Lowrey to be sent to your home for a free trial. No obligation, of course.

If, as so many others have been, you are intrigued by this remarkable home organ, you will be pleasantly surprised to find that The Lowrey is as easy to own as it is easy to play. Prices start at $995 and convenient time payments can be easily arranged. The Lowrey Organ Company, 7373 N. Cicero Ave., Lincolnwood, Chicago 46, Illinois.

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EASIEST TO PLAY OF ALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

Its patented and exclusive features make the difference

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The billion-dollar spenders are after you again!

Lying in wait for you and other taxpayers is an unnecessary expense of *ten billion dollars*.

It's being set up by the most expert big spenders of *your* money — the lobbyists and pressure groups who promote the socialistic idea of federal "public power."

This ten billion dollars is in addition to *five and a half billion already spent* for federal government "public power"—all collected from you and other taxpayers.

And it's all so unnecessary! Because America's many *independent* electric light and power companies are ready and able to supply the nation's electricity needs—*without* your tax money.

What can you do about it? Plenty! The reason this wasteful taxing and spending goes on is because most of the people who pay the bills don't know about it.

Spread the word among your friends and neighbors. As soon as enough people know they are paying needlessly for federal government "public power," they will stop it.

. . . . . .

WHEN "PUBLIC POWER" WINS—YOU LOSE! *Every time the lobby for federal "public power" pushes another government electricity project through Congress, you are taxed to pay the bill.*

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies

Company names on request through this magazine

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The fallen ramparts of the ancient fortress at Louisbourg, Nova Scotia, erected in 1720: a vivid reminder of the struggle for Canada between French and British forces centuries ago.

Canada's many national and provincial parks provide modern accommodations of every kind.

You'll be shopping for Canadian handicrafts, internationally famous for their distinctive quality.

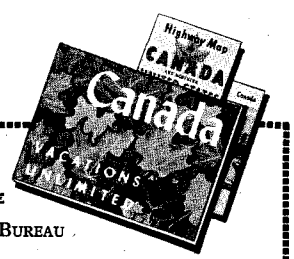
A picnic paradise! You're never far from this kind of family enjoyment in Canada.

Colorful symbol of Canada's west, each of these Indian totems has a story to tell.

Canada

. . . the wonderful world at your doorstep

. . . Plan now to see Canada this summer . . . explore this scenic outdoor paradise . . . go sightseeing in distinctive cities . . . play in famous Canadian resorts . . . you'll have the vacation of a lifetime in this fascinating, foreign land! Bear in mind, Canada is quickly and easily reached, any way you travel. Bring all the family—there's a world of fun and excitement in store for everyone. To make the most of your vacation, mail the coupon today for a pictorial preview of Canada.



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CHEVROLET

Now there's no reason to want a car that costs more

And, more than likely, there's no car you'll want that costs less. Looks. Room. Ride. Performance. You get them all in this '59 Chevrolet and you get them good. Plus those special Chevrolet virtues of economy, practicality, durability. For the year's most rewarding choice in cars, see your Chevrolet dealer.

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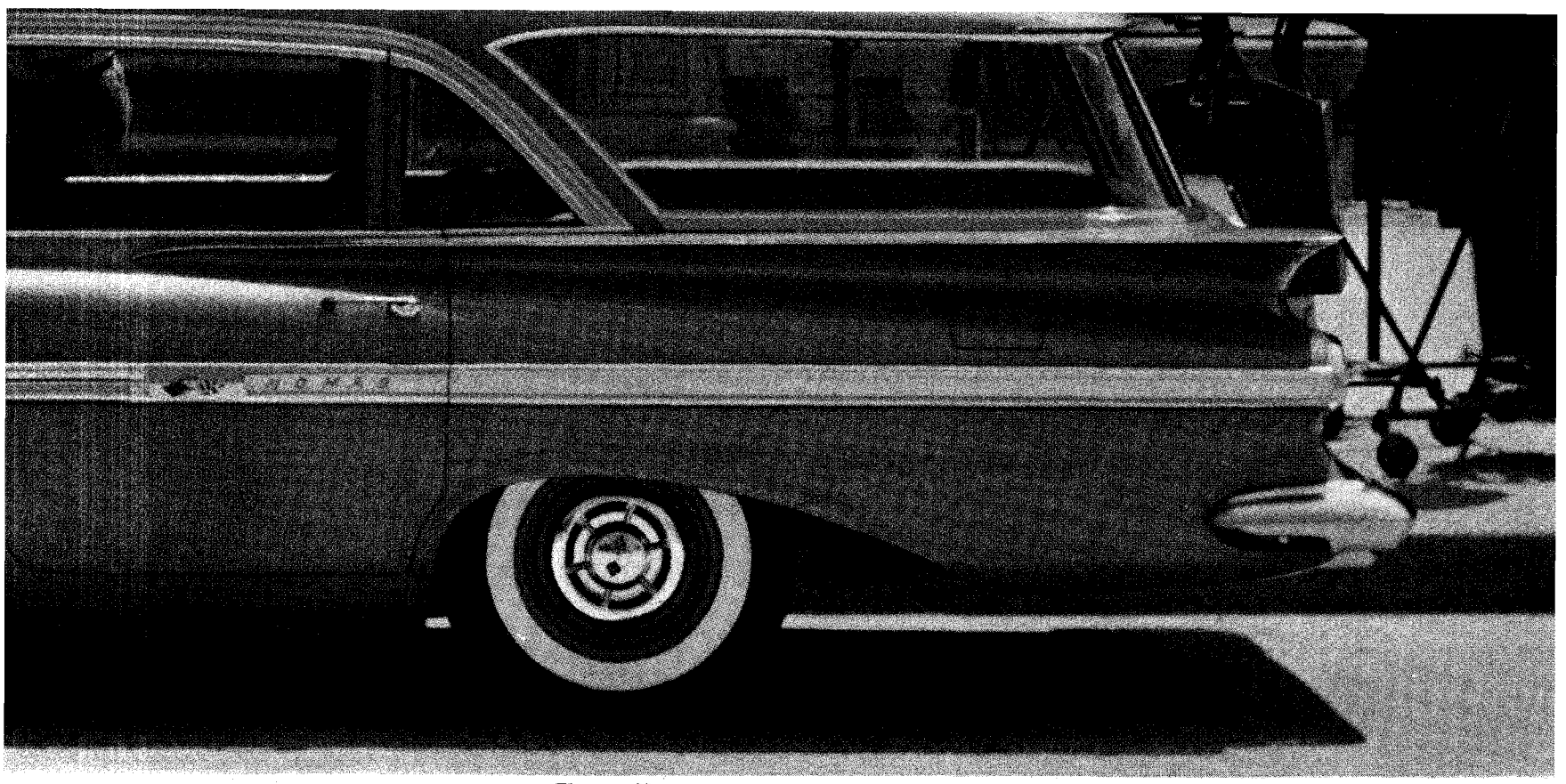

The new Nomad—one of five Chevy wagons—shown at Universal-International Studios, Hollywood.

Things leading more and more owners of other makes—high priced and low priced alike—to trade for new Chevrolets:

Slimline design—fresh, fine and fashionable with a practical slant.

Roomier Body by Fisher—wider interior, more luggage space, plus that famous Fisher Body soundness.

Sweeping new overhead curved windshield—and bigger windows—all of Safety *Plate* Glass.

Hi-Thrift 6—up to 10% more miles per gallon, improved normal-speed performance.

Vim-packed V8's—eight to choose from, with compression ratios ranging up to 11.25 to 1.

Full Coil suspension—further refined for a smoother, steadier ride on any kind of road.

Easy-Ratio steering—brings you reduced wheel-turning effort, new ease of handling.

Magic-Mirror finish—a new type that keeps its shine without waxing or polishing for up to three years.

New, bigger brakes—deeper drums with better cooling for safer stopping and up to 66% longer life.

Triple-Turbine Turboglide, Powerglide and Level Air suspension head a full list of extra-cost options that make for happier driving.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan

CHEVROLET

The car that's wanted for all its worth!

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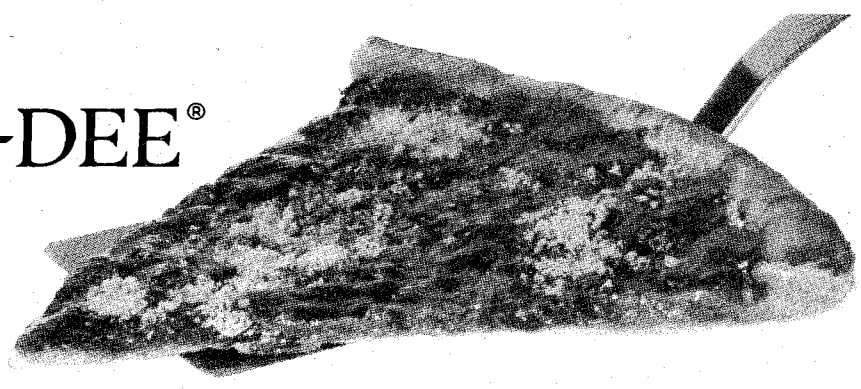
This is a CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Pizza.



It comes complete in one box—including the cheese. Nothing else to buy. It's 15 minutes faster than other brands... bigger, too. One package makes one 13-inch or <u>three</u> 9-inch pizzas. It's also the most delicious.

You get all the fixings: flaky crust, tasty pizza sauce, lots of grated Italian-style cheese. (Most brands give too little or none at all.) All this for pennies a serving. Why buy anything else? Enjoy CHEF BOY-AR-DEE Pizza.

Also available in Canada.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

This is the Life I Love

By ALICIA PATTERSON as told to Hal Burton

A member of a famous American newspaper family tells of her remarkable success as a career woman after her unhappy, wasted years as a madcap playgirl.

Until slightly more than eighteen years ago, my specialty was making a business out of pleasure. On such recondite matters as riding to hounds, fly-fishing for trout, shooting big game, or piloting a private plane, I could speak with the voice of authority. These pointless preoccupations channeled off a flair for innocent hell raising, which when I was young caused my family lots of worry. In what little time was left over, I made sporadic efforts to become a good newspaperwoman. My love for the newspaper business was inherited, for my father, the late Joseph Medill Patterson, was the founder and publisher of the New York Daily News.

Father was a wonderful guy—a warm, gay and tough person born to understand why people behave as they do: Why they laugh and cry and hate and love; and why they buy some newspapers but ignore others. The Daily News, which he started in 1919, has since shot up to more than 2,000,000 circulation, which makes it the largest daily newspaper in the United States. To live up to father was my ambition, and to be his companion a priceless education. I traveled with him wherever in the world news was breaking. It was a fine experience, and always fun, but it shut me off from the day-to-day grind of big and little news assignments that transform a cub reporter into a pro.

Of course I couldn't help dreaming that I might become a publisher on my own someday. I am the fifth generation of a newspaper-publishing family. In 1819 my great-great-grandfather, Judge James Patrick, established the weekly Tuscarawas Chronicle in eastern Ohio. His daughter Catherine married Joseph Medill, who made the Chicago Tribune "the world's greatest newspaper," as its masthead has long proclaimed. Medill's daughter Elinor married my grandfather, Robert Wilson Patterson, the Tribune's editor.

Unfortunately for my ambitions, father deep down doubted that any woman could stand up singlehanded to the turbulent and demanding job of putting out a daily paper. About the only exception in his book was my enchanting and hot-tempered aunt, his sister, Eleanor (Cissy) Patterson, who died in 1948. Washington hasn't yet recovered from the ten-year tornado she stirred up as editor and publisher of the lively and opinionated Washington Times-Herald. (Continued on Page 21)

"There's more pleasure in newspapering than any other business in the world," says the author. She is the editor of the Long Island paper, Newsday.

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Alicia with her husband, philanthropist Harry Guggenheim. She calls him "the man who emancipated me from purposelessness." He gave her the chance to be a publisher.

Below, in the pressroom, Alicia checks an early edition. Since she and Harry started Newsday in 1940, it has become the nation's 16th-largest evening newspaper.

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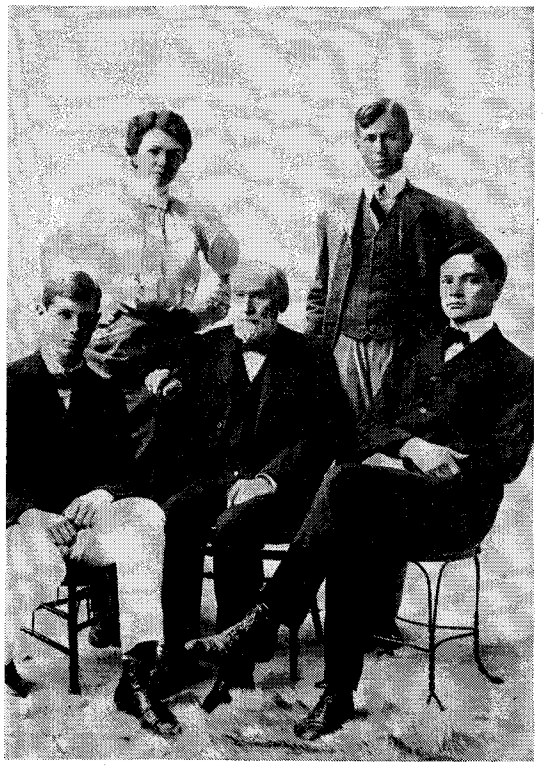

Her famous clan: From left: Robert McCormick; Eleanor (Cissy) Patterson; Joseph Medill; Medill McCormick; and Joseph M. Patterson.

1934: Alicia in Georgia during her days as a sportswoman. An accomplished hunter, she once bagged a rare and vicious sladang while on a safari in Indochina.

1930: Alicia the aviatrix with her father, the late J. M. Patterson. "By sheer, loving force, he taught me never to be scared."

(Continued from Page 19) After her death, the paper was absorbed by the Washington Post in 1954.

Despite his personal feelings, father told me I would become a member of a triumvirate that would operate and control the Daily News after his death, the two others being executives of the newspaper. It was a wonderful plan, but it never came true, in part because father and I fell out over Franklin D. Roosevelt. Once the President's good friend and most powerful newspaper supporter, father came to feel that Roosevelt had dragged us into World War II, and as a confirmed isolationist hated him for it. I admired Roosevelt and stood up for him.

The formerly warm relationship between father and me began to chill. About a year before his death, in 1946, he changed his will. The News as a result operates under a management form of trusteeship in which no Patterson has a deciding voice, though I still sit on the board of directors as a minority stockholder.

The man who emancipated me from purposelessness was consequently not father, but my husband, Harry F. Guggenheim, whom I married in 1939. Harry is a man with a distinguished military record in two wars, and an equally distinguished record as a diplomat, businessman, aviator and philanthropist. The Guggenheims established a world-wide mining and metallurgical empire, and have since given much of their fortunes away through a series of imaginative foundations. The founder of the family came here from Switzerland, more than 100 years ago. They have always combined a deep human sense with a hardheaded approach to financial matters, and a firm conviction that time cannot be wasted gracefully.

"Everybody ought to have a job," Harry said to me not long after our marriage. "People who make a business out of pleasure seldom are happy." The obvious job for me was publishing a newspaper, and late in 1939 Harry and I began to search for one. Harry was acting from dual motives. He didn't want me running amok from sheer boredom, and he wanted to prepare me for my future role on the News, which I still expected to fill.

On September 3, 1940, I walked into a converted garage in Hempstead, Long Island. It was a run-down sort of building, but to me it seemed the most beautiful one in the world. I pressed a large black button. With a slow, gathering rumble, the first issues of my own daily paper flipped off two secondhand newspaper presses. Atop the tabloid front page, in bold type, was the name, NEWSDAY. We had selected it from thousands of entries in a prize contest "to name the new paper." I was editor and publisher.

Harry, as copublisher, set up the labor contracts, established the advertising and circulation rates, set up the business office, and secured the newsprint we needed. He demonstrated his faith in me by providing nearly a million dollars to keep Newsday running until, in 1946, we finally began making a profit. The two of us have worked together—not always agreeing—combining the editorial knowledge of the Pattersons with the business knowledge of the Guggenheims. Even with this auspicious start, many of my acquaintances regarded Newsday as a rich woman's toy. "How nice of your husband to give you such a pleasant wedding present," one said to me. Even father referred to it as "Alicia's little paper out on Long Island."

Butch II: He was one of three St. Bernards that Newsday heroized in a series of "schmaltz" stories. He turned out to be a sheep-killer.

The surveys we had commissioned forecast a maximum circulation of 15,000 for Newsday, but only if we were both smart and lucky. We were up against the competition of the New York City dailies, published just fifteen miles to the west of us. We had to sell ourselves to the suburban commuters of Nassau and Suffolk counties, a highly sophisticated crew. Once or twice, before the paper got under way, I succumbed to black doubts: Could I really handle a newspaper serving 15,000 readers? Had I known what was coming along after the war, I wouldn't have worried.

What came along was a stampede to the New York suburbs. By crusading for a change in the building code to eliminate the requirement for cellars, Newsday made possible the opening of a huge, low-cost cellarless housing development named Levittown. Nassau and Suffolk shot up from a combined population of 604,000 in 1940 to a combined population of 1,450,000 in 1958, and Newsday was a smart-enough product to ride the same ascending curve.

Last October, at our new plant in Garden City, I raised on the office flagpole a white-lettered banner that said, CIRCULATION 300,000. When you combine our rate of circulation growth and the volume of advertising we print, far greater than any New York City paper, it can be truthfully said that no other newspaper has ever gone so far so fast. We are now the largest daily in New York State outside the city—which we at Newsday consider a dying community anyway—and the sixteenth-largest evening newspaper in the United States.

For much of this good fortune, I have both Harry and father to thank. Pa may have realized it only dimly, but he was testing me, toughening me, and educating me for the job I now hold. This training, I might add, has been invaluable in other activities of a busy life, including, now, (Continued on Page 44)

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Riviera Prelude

Someone on this fabled shore just had to help the young American sailor with his big, impossible dream.

By VIVIAN CONNELL

The First of Two Parts

The moon was a silver crescent over the Cap-d'Antibes, and the scent of the Midi roses in the gardens of the Cap stole in the night over the water to the gray flagship at anchor in Vilferrat Bay. Above, the radar swung unceasing in the day-and-night vigil of the Sixth Fleet, so that no bay again should be called a "Pearl Harbor." But this was the Riviera, and the liberty boats were busy in the blue night as they brought the boys back from shore leave in Nice and Monte Carlo.

Save for the watch, all had gone below, but the four young officers lingered in a group on the deck, and one of them, Mike Maloney, sang softly over his guitar, reading the words and music from a page inked fresh and held under the light of a pencil flashlight on the knee of Val Vandalore. Under the light of another flashlight, Igor, his face lost in a dream, was drawing a stage backdrop with colored crayons. Romulo, from the Philippines, just sat and beat time with his shoes.

"Let's try that lyric again," whispered Mike, and nudged his strings, lilting in an Irish voice:

I'm a clean-cut laddie
A nautical guy
I'm the A in the apple
Of the admiral's eye . . .

"H'm!" said the admiral, shocking them in his silent approach. Romulo leaped to his feet, but the admiral waved a hand. "Relax!" He dropped his eye on the album on Val's knee. "H'm!"

"Doing a little homework, sir," said Val in shy apology.

The admiral paused and looked at the four in an interested way. Then he smiled. "Carry on, please." He paused again. "I like that one about the Latin baby."

The admiral went on in his promenade and they looked at one another in surprise. They had worked on the Latin Baby lyric last night when Admiral Caldon had strolled the deck with Captain Humber, but they did not think he had been listening. Now Mike sang softly:

I'm Ensign Tim
Of the U. S. Navy
And I want me love
And a Latin baby
On the Appian Way
On the Cannebiéré . . .

The captain came out and joined the admiral as he stood by the rail and looked over at the white beam of light running down to the bay from the door of a villa in a little cove. A woman came out and stood in the light and looked over at the flagship.

It was a professional performance.

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

Although she could not see him, the admiral waved to his wife, and Captain Humber said softly, "I guess the lady is expecting somebody, sir."

The admiral sighed. It certainly looked daft to sleep on ship with his villa and wife over there on the Cap just five minutes away in the launch. But he stayed most nights on board. He sighed again as his wife went in from the garden.

"I know. But—it sets an example." Then he turned and looked down the deck at the four young officers absorbed in what they called their homework. "They certainly work at it, captain, whatever it is. They are always in some corner, belting out songs and dance tunes. And never ones I know."

"I think they make their own, sir. But they don't talk about it." The captain paused. "They've been at their homework now for a whole year, hard."

The admiral had been only ten weeks with the Sixth Fleet, and did not know all his flagship officers that well. But he remembered the night the four had played the Marseillaise on a moose horn with bongo drums and bones and kept a party for a French admiral from collapsing. He was grateful to them for that, and now he chuckled in the memory. But over in the villa on the Cap the door closed and the light went off the roses in the garden.

"Good night," said the admiral as if to Bianca. Then he remembered something. "Bianca and I are going to lunch with the princess tomorrow to fix up that Red Cross show." The admiral grinned. "I guess a society jamboree rates higher than a missile project around the Med."

Captain Humber's round face was all one moon in a smile.

"Well, the Red Cross thing with our Princess Mandelieu is pretty special every year, sir. She knocks the snobs for a hundred bucks a head, and not even the Marine Corps band can keep 'em away."

The admiral gently punched the captain in the ribs and they strolled away and the deck was bare of brass.

Val listened to the water lapping a moment and then he turned the page of his album and lit a love lyric with his flashlight. His face was absorbed and he softly hummed, then spoke to Mike.

"Let's try that Venetian lyric just once over, Mike."

Mike fingered out the liquid notes and one could think he was picking up the lapping waves on his strings. Then he sang:

I wear the moon as my tiara
On the lagoon by the piazza . . .

Val smacked the page and groaned.

"O.K.," growled Mike, "so I'm not a soprano!"

Igor, even in his crew cut, had a long-haired air, and a (Continued on Page 82)

"What's it all about?" she asked.

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The Face of AMERICA

Stubborn

Mules are among nature's curiosities, being totally sterile, although not sexless; they come in both male and female models. Their mothers are mares, their fathers are asses. For a species incapable of reproduction, mules have been around a long time. The ancient Romans dubbed them *muli;* kings and saints have ridden them; they have pulled plows across every state in the Union. Mules are long-suffering but not slavish. It has been said that a mule will patiently serve a man for twenty years, just to kick him once. The mules shown here are no beasts of burden. They are raised as a hobby by G. E. Chipman of Perry, Missouri. Why mules? "I just up and raised them," says Mr. Chipman. "I buy most, breed some. I train them as two- and four-mule teams. I've paid as much as $200 for a two-month-old colt, and $875 for a two-year-old female mule. Last year I won nine blue ribbons at the Tennessee State Fair in Nashville. I win about a hundred blue ribbons a year. Once I won forty ribbons—firsts, seconds and thirds—at one fair." In fact, says Mr. Chipman, his prize money pays for his unorthodox hobby. Today the mule has generally yielded his agricultural place to noisy machines, but he stands by, mulishly undisturbed. Should the state totter and science collapse, he's ready to start plowing again.

Photograph by Farrell Grehan

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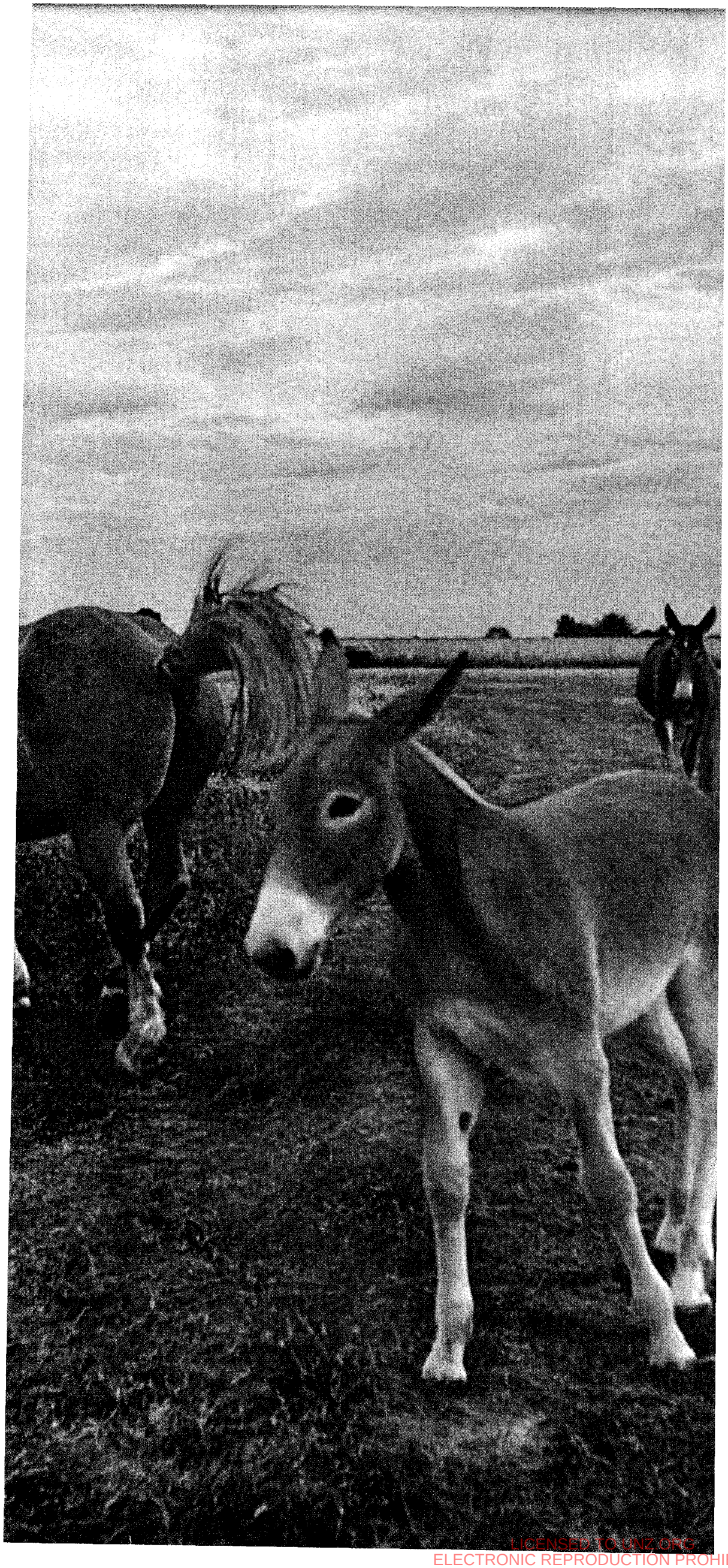

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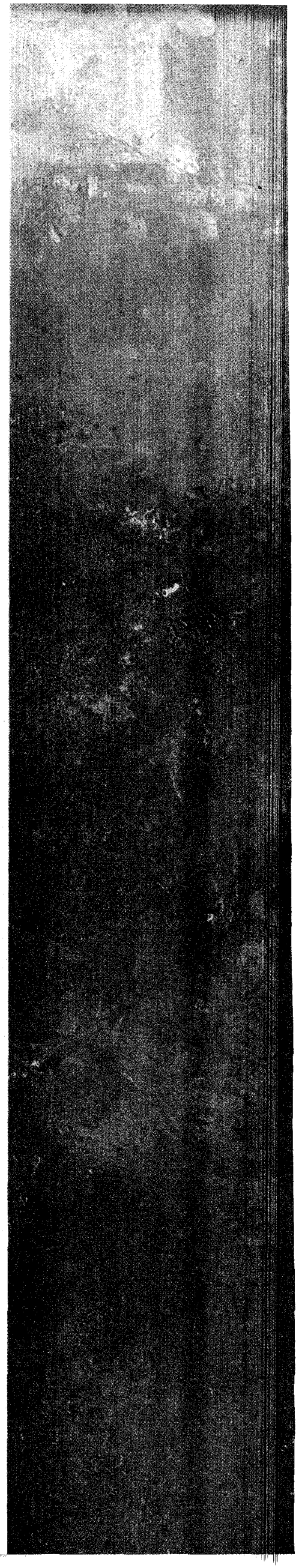
SPACE SECRET

This is what an Air Force rocket might discover on the other side of the moon.

By William Sambrot



I am sending this report by special courier. I am personally unable to deliver it because I wish to be on hand to forestall any possible repercussions which might yet arise from the charges made by Dr. John Lassiter, of the Rand Corporation. Lassiter insists that the original video tape taken by the successful American moon rocket yesterday was stolen during the night and a substitute put in its place.

As you know, the successful moon shot was made with a rocket that carried an electronic camera, operating with photoelectric cells which transmitted pictures onto electronically sensitized tape. The rocket made the run to the moon and swung around, photographing the far side, which has never been seen from earth. Then continuing on around, executing a vast figure 8, the rocket shot back toward earth, circled it and finally made a successful re-entry in the Pacific Ocean.

Although it was anticipated that the far side of the moon was in no way different from the near side, the prestige of being the first to have taken pictures of it was enormous. And quite naturally the Air Force made every effort, once the nose cone was recovered, to keep the video tape secret. It was rushed by special jet to the Air Force's Research and Development building in Santa Monica, known as Rand Corporation. There it was to be processed by Doctor Lassiter.

After the tape was processed, apparently Lassiter had viewed it privately—a breach of security. What he saw caused him to send urgent summonses to all the top echelon of the Air Force and Rand Corporation. I was able, because of my position at Rand, to be among the four or five who were permitted to view the second showing.

John Lassiter, Ph.D., a theoretical physicist, topflight mathematician and electronics expert, is in his early forties, tall, rather thin, with penetrating eyes. He is a standout, intellectually, in a building full of geniuses. Rand Corporation, in Santa Monica, consists of about eight hundred brilliant people: scientists, economists, mathematicians, physicists, cybernetics and electronics experts, and the like. Also, they have a list of another two hundred fifty consultants on the outside, on whom they draw from time to time for expert advice.

For the record, the business of Rand Corporation is that of evaluating any given idea and projecting its inherent possibilities into the future. They have been correct on a great many occasions. For example, working from known data concerning the U.S.S.R.'s rocket potential, they accurately forecast the first Sputnik—an event of some importance, you will agree.

We assembled in the viewing room in the Rand building, with Air Police outside the door and scattered throughout the entire building and grounds. Security was complete.

Before he showed the tape, Lassiter made an impromptu speech which I consider well worth repeating:

(Continued on Page 96)

Illustrated by Walter Murch

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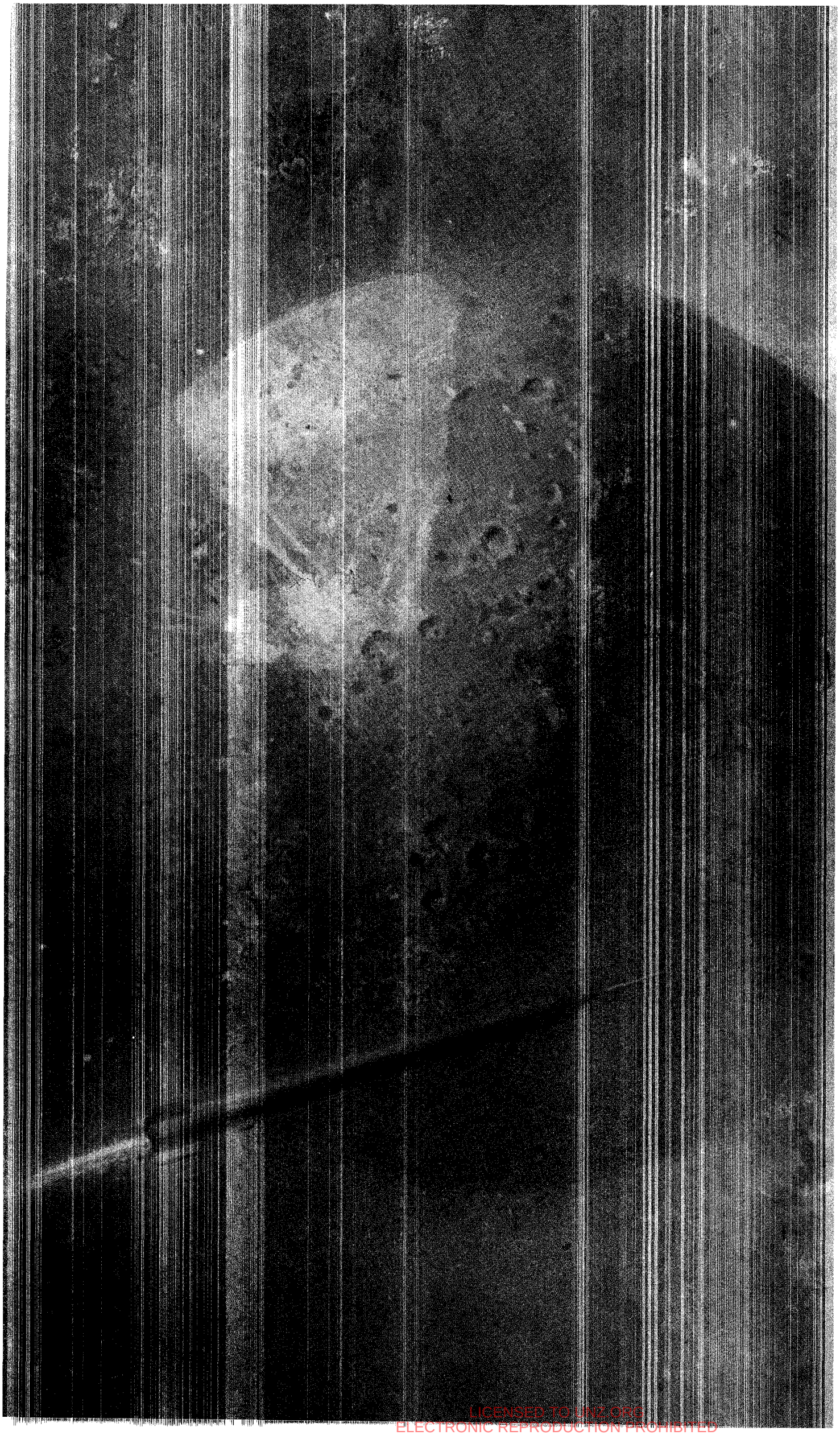

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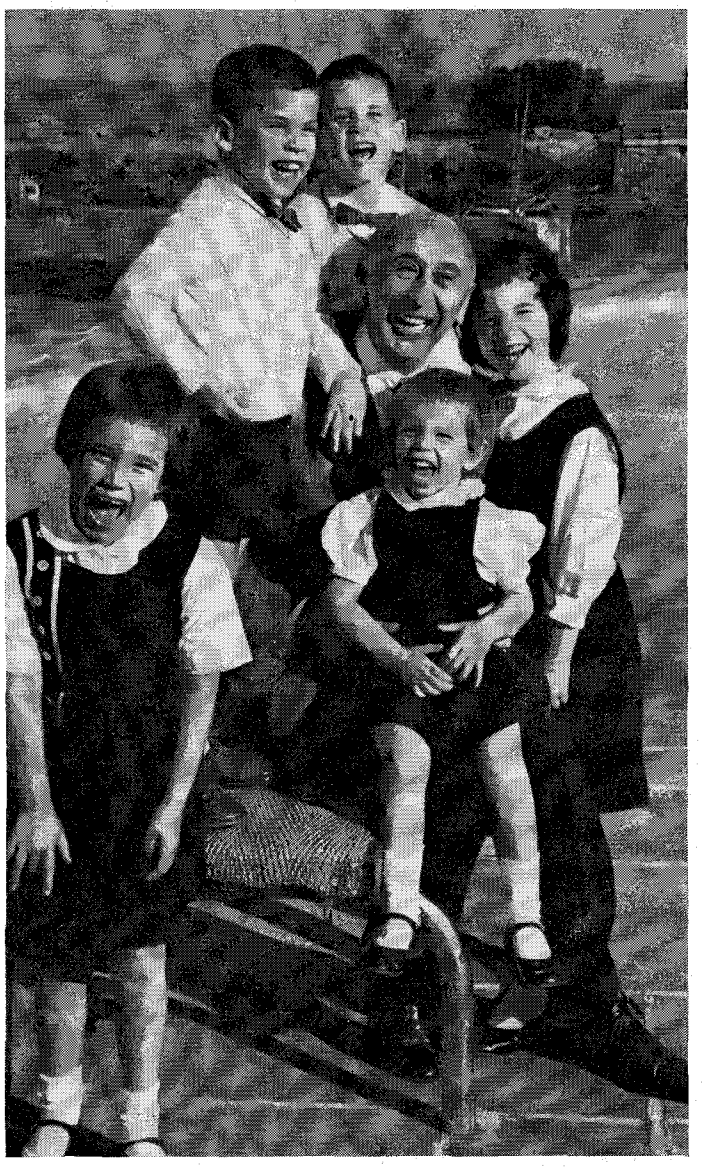
My Husband, Arthur Murray

By KATHRYN MURRAY, as told to Betty Hannah Hoffman

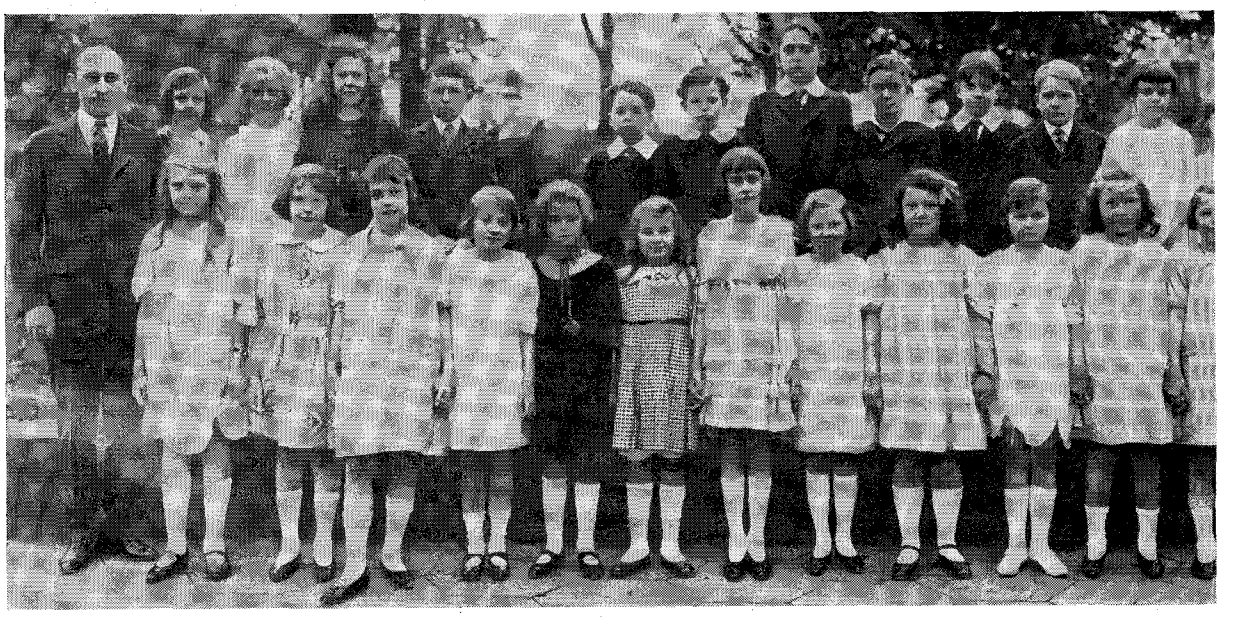


Arthur and his five grandchildren: Martha, Meg and Kathryn McDowell; and Philip and Peter Heimlich.

Part Two

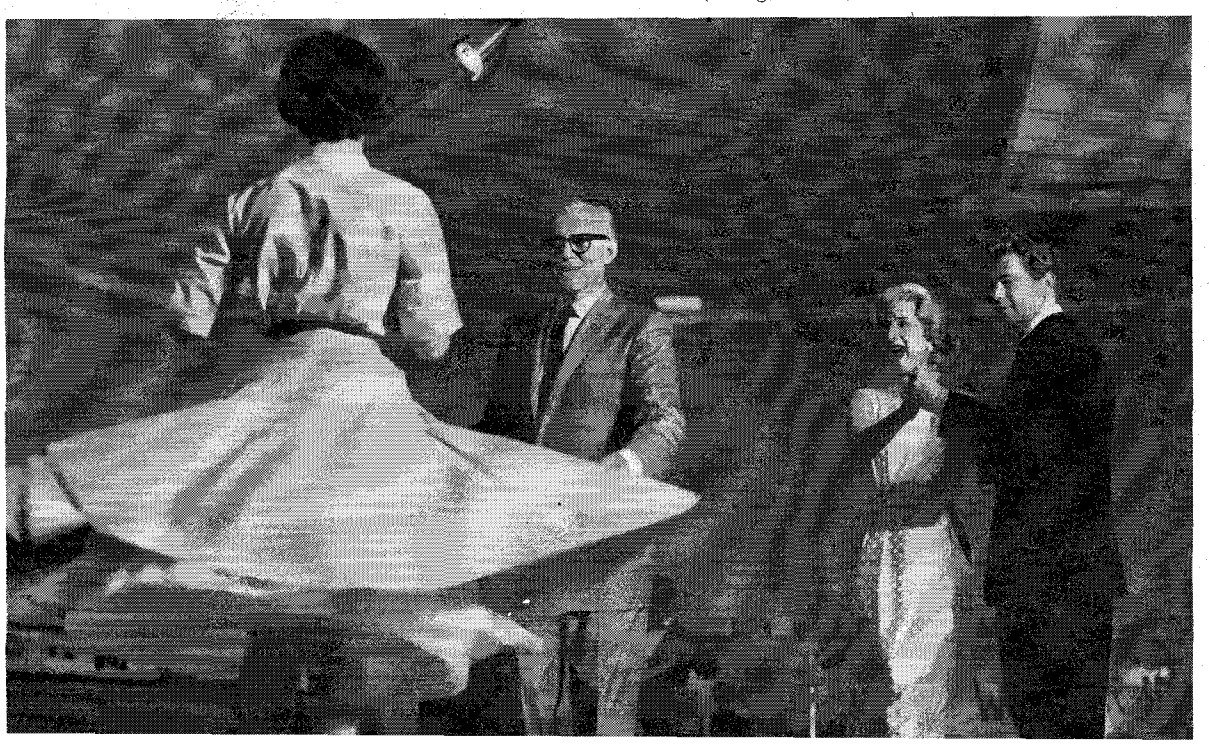
ARTHUR WAS HARD TO PLEASE

Kathryn reveals how Arthur turned
the dance-teaching trade into big business,
and why his naïve little Jersey City bride suffered
when she moved into the upper crust.



This photograph, taken in Atlanta, Ga., in 1920, shows dancing master Arthur with some of the pupils in his highly successful children's class.

The Hollywood studio: Below, with their respective instructors, are the K. Kenwood Clarks (facing camera), two of 5000 "lifetime members."



The Minneapolis studio: Teacher Cecilia Hinze steers Murray customer Wallford Carlson, a commercial artist, through a step.

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On our second date, Arthur took me to the Riding Club on 67th Street, a very swanky place, where I was to take part in a "music ride." Arthur had learned horsemanship in Asheville, North Carolina, during his years there as a dancing teacher. I had taken a few lessons on a tired nag at Belmar, New Jersey, where my family kept a summer cottage. Not wanting to admit any deficiencies to Arthur, I pretended an enthusiasm I did not feel.

Upstairs in the ladies' dressing room at the Riding Club, a lot of beautiful girls were changing into riding clothes. As I stepped out of my short evening gown, my ninety-nine pounds seldom felt scrawnier. Hurriedly I slipped into the riding habit I had bought for the occasion—a brown tweed jacket, brown whipcord breeches and a snappy brown suède tricorn hat. I was conscious of stares and, glancing around, saw that the other girls were all wearing black fitted jackets with velvet collars, black toppers and long black boots. I pulled on my brown boots, feeling miserable and small, and went downstairs.

Arthur helped me mount a terrifyingly large steed. There was a shout from the Prussian-looking ringmaster, the band struck up a march and all the riders filed into the big indoor ring.

First we trotted, then cantered, then galloped in single file about the ring, with Arthur throwing me encouraging smiles over his shoulder. Then we rode double file, then in fours and finally eight abreast, the riders wheeling their high-stepping horses like a crack cavalry troop. I became separated from Arthur, and my mount, sensing my inexperience and fright, reared up and bucked. The ringmaster turned red with rage, shouted at me and finally asked me to leave the ring.

Arthur was unaware of my humiliation. He trotted by as I struggled to dismount, smiling and chatting with his friends while he executed with considerable finesse the complicated figures of the music ride.

I crept up to the dressing room and bawled. Every once in (Continued on Page 87)

Below: Kathryn and TV dance contestants Dagmar and Dagmar's tango partner, comedian Arnold Stang.

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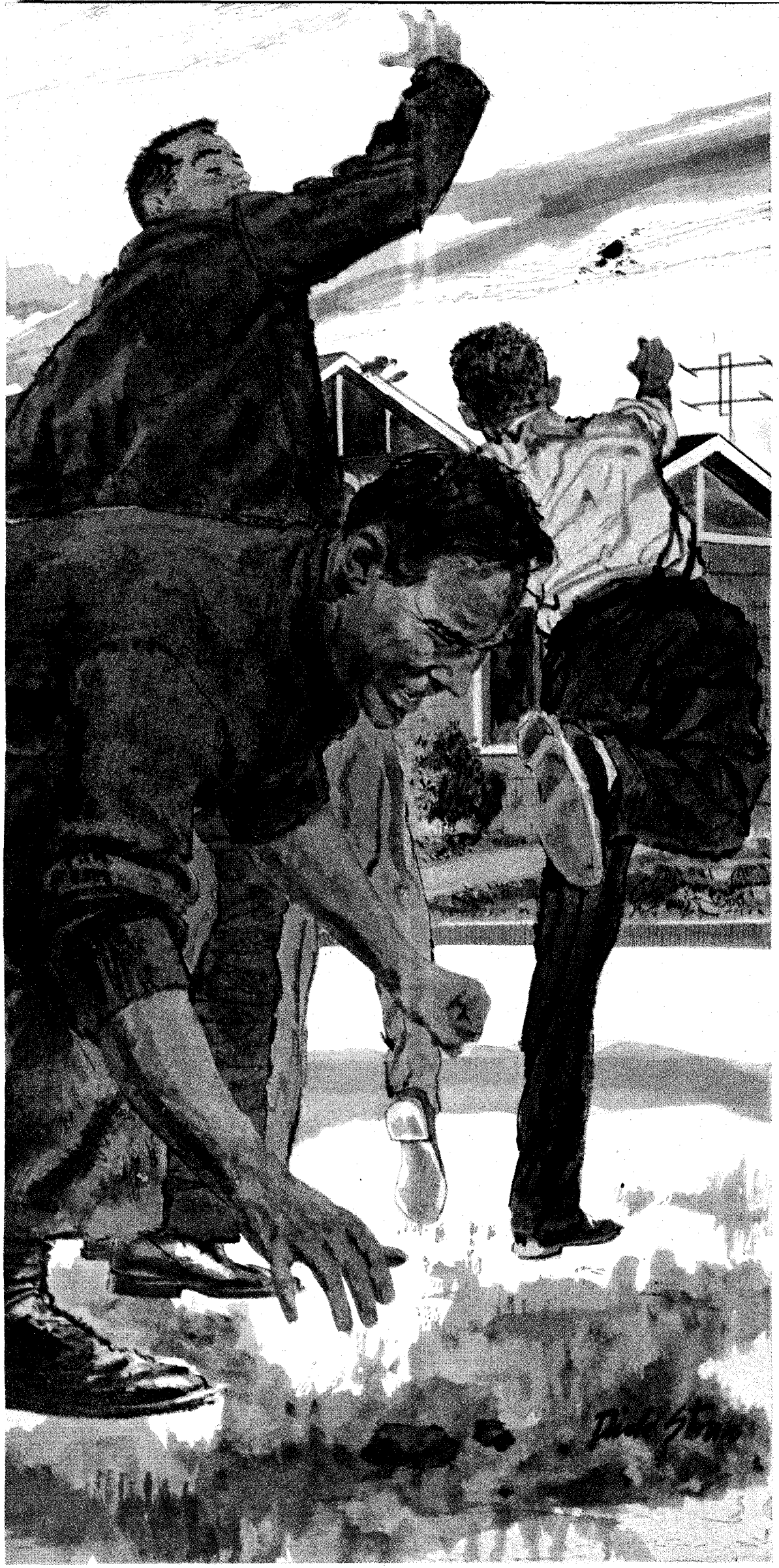

They hated him so much that they threw rocks and dirt at his house.

Phantom Millions

By JACK DILLON

What had he done to turn the whole town against him?

By eight o'clock the morning air was already like steam. Paul Gable had been angry right through breakfast. He'd had all he could take. You broke your back year after year and never got out of the hole, and now the boss had said, "We'd like you to come in for the next few Saturdays, Paul. Just for the summer, while we check inventory."

It burned him. He was making them a gift of his Saturdays. Being on the office staff, he didn't get paid for it. It was what they called Junior Management. Very junior, he thought sourly, coming downstairs. After nine years, he was making exactly one hundred and ten dollars a week.

Irene, his sister-in-law, was still asleep. He said, "What's she going to do, get up in the fall?"

Joan, his wife, said, "Leave her alone this morning, Paul. Joe was here last night." Joe was Irene's husband. She'd left him two months before, when she found he had pawned her ring to play the horses.

"How was Pottsburg's lower-middle-class Jimmy Walker this time?"

"His usual charming self," Joan said. "He wants half the money she got when she sold the car. She told him mother bought the car for her, but you know Joe. He says they're still married and half of it is his."

"The next thing you know, he'll want half of everything I have because she's living here."

He still remembered the day when Joe Dowl had slapped him on the back and said, "Hey there, old buddy, how's for helping a pal out of a jam?" The jam was that he needed ten bucks for a date with Irene. Paul had said he didn't have it, but that didn't bother Joe. "Don't you know somebody who'd lend it to you?" Irene had picked a prize, all right.

He wondered if she was going to be a permanent nonpaying guest. When she sold the car, she offered to chip in toward her board, but Joan had said, "If you're trying to insult me, you've picked the right category."

How about me? Paul wondered. *That category wouldn't insult me.* At (Continued on Page 64)

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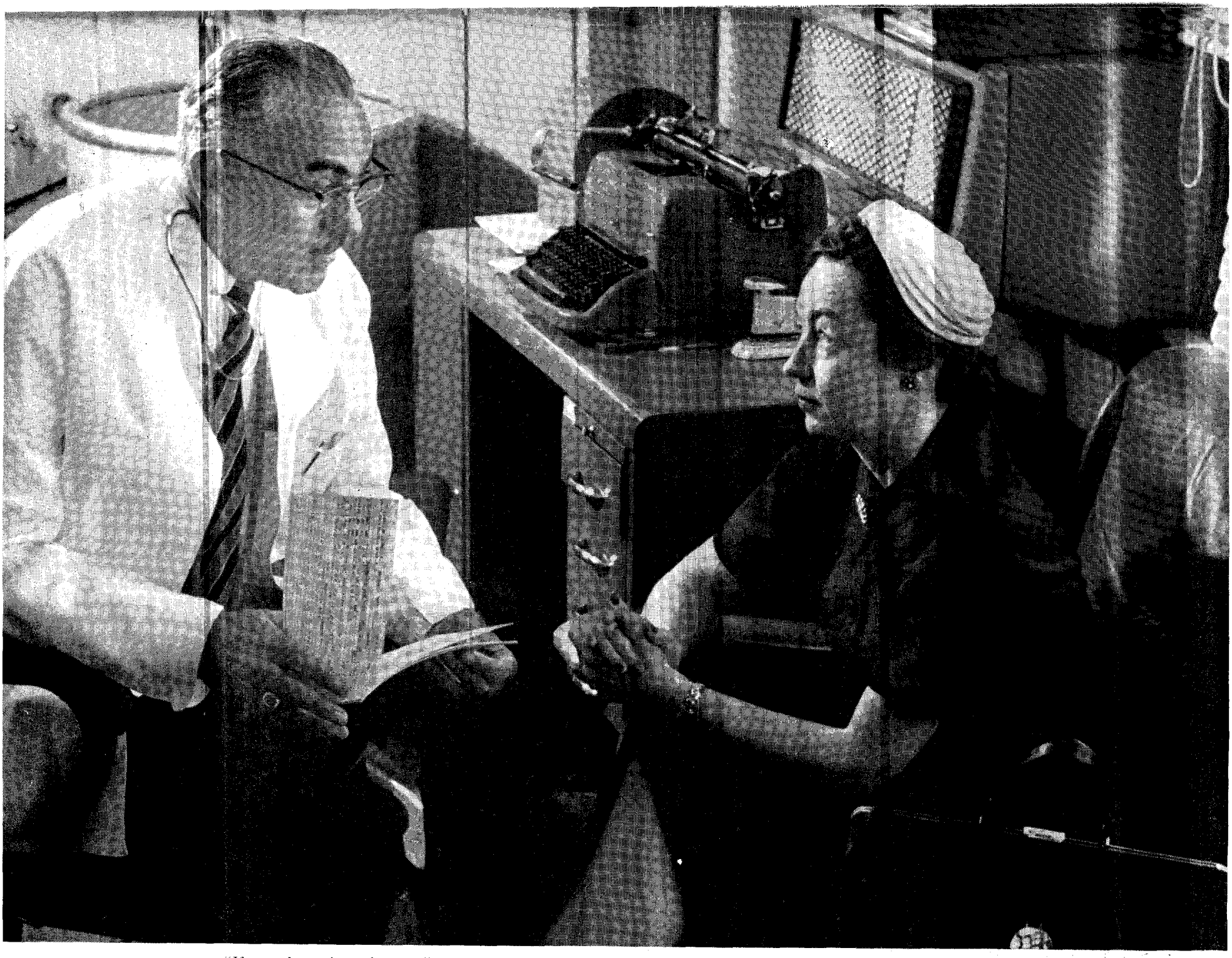

"If your doctor is too busy to listen to you," says Doctor Frohman, "ask him to recommend one who will."

Patients Should Tell the Truth

Shy patients who hide their real symptoms are gambling with their lives. A physician reports on a few of his cases where falsehoods were always dangerous and sometimes fatal.

By I. PHILLIPS FROHMAN, M.D., as told to Scott Seegers

The phone rang at ten P.M., just as I was turning in. "Doctor, please come quickly!" a frantic voice urged. "This is Mrs. Tompkins. I think my husband is having a heart attack."

I tried to calm her. "Now tell me exactly what happened."

She pulled herself together. Her husband had already gone to bed, she told me, when he complained of a pain in the left side of his chest. This spread to his back. He had trouble getting his breath. His face turned ashen and he broke out in a cold sweat.

This sounded alarmingly genuine. "Just keep him quiet and I'll be right over," I said. I pulled trousers and jacket over my pajamas, grabbed my bag and ran to my car. Driving to the sick man's home, I reviewed what I knew of the patient I will call Glen Tompkins—the name is fictitious, as are the names of all patients mentioned in this article. Tompkins was forty-three, on his way up in a big corporation that worked its executives hard but pushed them ahead fast and paid them well. The firm (Continued on Page 102)

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THE REDS BOOTED ME OUT OF CHINA

The author, on the Great Wall of China, near Peking.

By JACK GEE

This British correspondent spent nine uneasy months as the only non-Communist reporter stationed inside the Chinese People's Republic.

The Shanghai businessmen below "voluntarily" handed over their privately owned enterprises to the Communist state. Here they dutifully celebrate the occasion.

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The author barely escaped being seized by this crowd outside the British Embassy in Peking. They were demonstrating against Britain's 1958 intervention in Jordan.

"The patience of the masses is exhausted. All over China they are raising their voices in anger. They will no longer tolerate your slanders. So be prepared for serious consequences."

The scene was a chandelier-hung reception room at the Communist Chinese Foreign Ministry in Peking; the time, September, 1958. The warning, delivered to me in faultless English, was uttered by Mrs. Chen Wei, a thirty-five-year-old United States-educated official of the ministry's Information Department.

Mrs. Chen glared at me through thick-lensed spectacles and concluded on a note of triumph, "But, Mr. Gee, whatever lies you write, China will continue to march forward to Communism."

Then, bobbing a curtsy at the portrait of Chairman Mao Tse-tung on the wall, she swept out of the room and left me still sunk in a deep-sprung leather sofa, with a cup of green tea steaming on a rosewood table at my side.

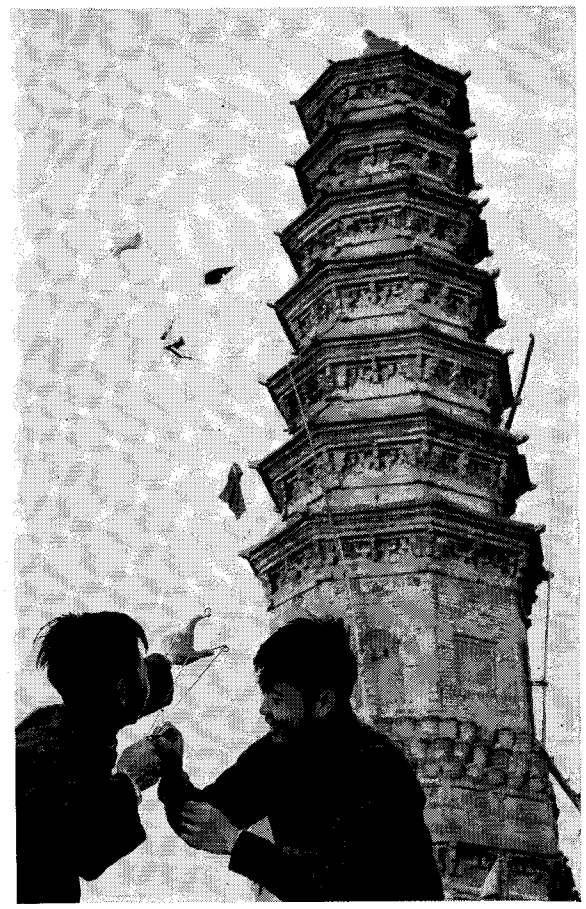
Thus ended my final visit to the Foreign Ministry of the Chinese People's Republic where, for nine months of 1958, I was the only resident foreign journalist who was not a Communist. Attempts to blackmail me into writing the party line had failed. A few days later the British Embassy informed me that the Chinese Government had declared me *persona non grata* and had ordered me and my family to leave the country at once.

The Chinese Government also sent their chargé d'affaires in London to the headquarters of Reuters, the British news agency, to declare me undesirable. "If you don't remove Jack Gee," threatened Huan-Hsiang, "he will be jailed for photographing military targets."

As I flew south to Hong Kong, I could look back on a most rewarding and informative assignment. Since the Communists completed their conquest of the mainland in 1949, other western reporters (Continued on Page 74)

Mrs. Ting Ling, Stalin Prize-winning author. When Gee reported her scrubbing floors as penance for "rightism," Red officials were furious.

Below: Students with a slingshot taking part in the three-day national war on sparrows. The birds were condemned for stealing grain.



August, 1958: Khrushchev (left), Russia's top Red, paid a secret visit to Mao, his Chinese counterpart, while Gee was in Peking.

Premier Chou En-lai (right) set an example for the 400,000 white-collar workers who "contributed" a day's free labor to the Ming reservoir project.

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"Find your jewels," she said,
"but there must be some better way
to do it than to go on bullying
the same innocent people."

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By JOHN REESE

DETECTIVE SISTER MARY

When it came to solving a crime, the nun had methods of her own. . . .

It was a shame to train a brilliant boy like Alfredo Susarrey in auto shop," said Sister Mary Humiliata, A.B., M.A., Ph.D. "Had we had a school like this a few years ago, I feel sure Alfredo would be alive today."

"You can't blame the schools altogether, ma'am," said Jerry Stankel, L.A.P.D. "Most of these juvenile thugs claim to be misunderstood geniuses."

The old nun's eyes glinted. "Alfredo was not a thug, and he was a genius," she said, with icily exaggerated emphasis. "The moment he discovered music, all of his conflicts with society ended."

"I'm sorry. I don't claim to be a sociologist, ma'am," said Jerry. "I'm just trying to find the diamonds."

They were sitting in the principal's office, where an August sun blazed through windows that still bore the glazier's labels. The bookshelves were freshly painted, and the floor was stacked with the nun's books. In the adjoining office, a telephone man was running new wires, and down the hall, expert welders of stainless steel were closing the last seams in the glittering chemistry laboratory.

The letters after Sister Mary Humiliata's name were trophies of a long teaching career, all of it on the East Side of Los Angeles. She was a tiny, energetic woman, whose face, in the shadow of her cowl, was a lacy network of fine, soft wrinkles. It was impossible to tell how old she was, but one thing was sure—the years had not slowed her nimble mind or softened her firm opinions.

The letters after Jerry Stankel's name meant Los Angeles Police Department. He was a detective on the robbery squad, and a very boyish-looking one, being of the new, scientific school of criminology. He was tall, wide-shouldered, with blue eyes and sandy hair. He had come to this job from the top of his class in a college in Worthington, Minnesota, and in his way was probably as dedicated to his career as Sister Mary Humiliata was to hers.

The nun was so wrapped up in her new school that it was hard to get her to talk about this old and hopelessly unsolved case. The Cardinal himself had laid the cornerstone a year and a half ago. Next week His Eminence would consecrate it, with a sermon in two languages. The school stood in the heart of Sister Mary Humiliata's beloved East Side, where Spanish was spoken as often as English.

"Oh, yes, the diamonds," the nun said absently. "Have you talked to Elena Susarrey, Alfredo's sister?"

"No, but a lot of officers have," said Jerry. "She doesn't know much, and anyway, you know how loyal Mexicans are to their families."

"What's wrong with that?" the nun snapped.

"Nothing, ma'am, except that it makes our work harder. Don't misunderstand me! I don't suspect anyone. I don't even expect to find the diamonds, really. I just happened to finish a case, and they handed me this one. Every time a man on our squad gets caught up, they give him this case just to keep him busy."

He smiled. He was trying to be tactful, having sensed a rather impatient hostility here, but it didn't work. Sister Mary Humiliata said, "Well, I imagine all this industry would sound very good to the taxpayers, but I'm afraid that to the people involved in the case, it's just another excuse to roust them around."

Jerry blinked. Roust! That was a term used by cops—or by cop-haters. There were plenty of cop-haters in this part of the city, as there were in every part of every city where poor people lived, but (Continued on Page 92)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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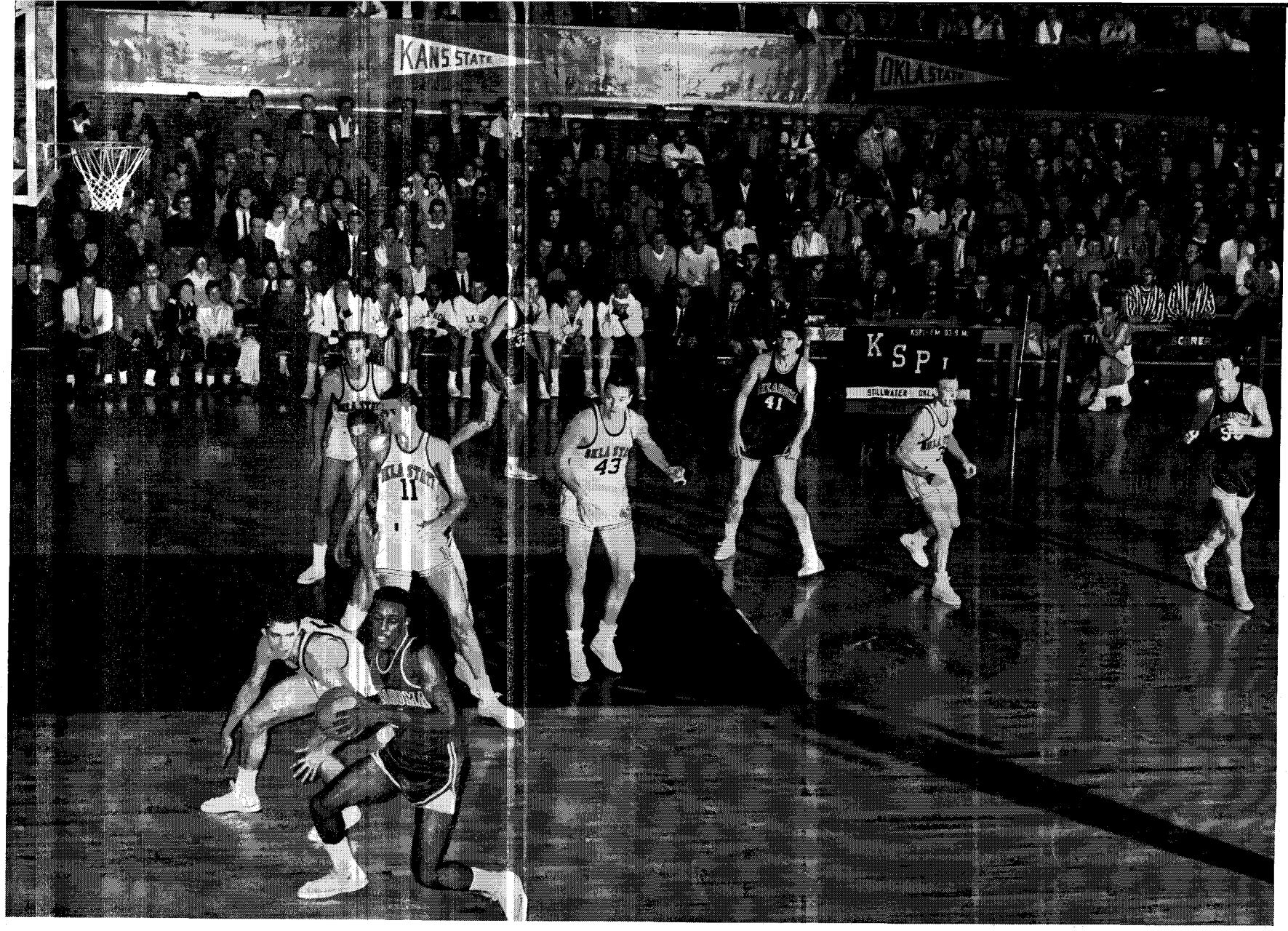

Defensive tactics like this helped Oklahoma State beat Oklahoma last month, 57–38. Aggies use man-to-man system, but "drop off" on men away from ball.

Defense Decides the Big Ones

By HENRY P. IBA, Basketball Coach, Oklahoma State, as told to Harry T. Paxton

College basketball's top defensive strategist explains the spectacularly successful tactics which have made his teams so tough to score against.

The way scoring has gone up over the years, a lot of people nowadays think of basketball as mostly a game of offense. Well, it's only natural that the scores should be higher than they used to be, because there have been a number of developments favorable to the offense. But the defensive side of the game today is just as important as it ever was—if not more so.

At Oklahoma State it's been our bread and butter for twenty-five years, through times of good material and ordinary. It was defense that made us one of the three teams in the country to upset Wilt Chamberlain and Kansas two seasons ago, and one of three to beat Oscar Robertson and Cincinnati last year.

We emphasize defense more than most teams. However, even with clubs that are known for their offenses, you just watch what happens when they get into important games. Rarely will the scores run up into the eighties and nineties. They may have been playing wide-open against teams they outmatched in every respect, but in that key game against a tough ball club, they'll settle down and play a real tight brand of basketball.

(Continued on Page 71)

Oklahoma State players getting instructions—with gestures—from Coach Iba during time-out.

THEY DON'T RUN WILD AGAINST IBA

Big, genial Henry Iba, now in his silver-anniversary year as director of athletics and basketball coach at Oklahoma State University, has the greatest defensive record in the business. In sixteen of the last twenty-three seasons Iba's Cowboys have had the nation's lowest average of points allowed per game. In the other seven seasons they ranked either second or third.

Henry Iba also has more victories to his credit than any current major-college coach except Ed Diddle, of Western Kentucky. Iba's teams have taken two N.C.A.A. titles, and placed fifth or better four other times. They have won or shared fourteen Missouri Valley Conference championships. This season, with one of its most inexperienced squads in years, Oklahoma State is competing for the first time in the Big Eight Conference.

Iba's coaching record:		W.	L.
1927–29	Classen High	51	5
1929–33	Maryville Teachers	101	14
1933–34	Colorado U.	11	8
1934–58	Oklahoma State	507	160
	Career Totals	670	187

THE EDITORS

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The LADY and the KILLER

By DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

Many men were eager to get the outlaw. But it took a woman to do the job.

Steve Lacy was playing solitaire at a rough plank table in the temporary town hall of Big Pass when the stranger came in. Steve was twenty-nine years old then, in February of 1906, and he was chief of police. Just then he was the entire police force in that new, roaring, tough little community on the new railroad. It was hard to keep a man on to help him, because there was always the likelihood of getting shot in an alley, and the pay wasn't enough for the perils involved. The stranger, conspicuous in city clothes, wearing a derby, opened the door and asked, "Is this the police department?"

"Come in and shut that door," Steve advised. "Yes, it is."

"Are you Mr. Lacy, the chief?" The man was very respectable-looking. He looked more like a preacher than the Big Pass preachers did.

"I'm him," said Steve. "Pull up a chair." He opened the top of the wood stove and threw in another chunk of pine.

"I'm looking for a young lady," the man said. "Here is my card." The card said he was L. F. Watson, attorney at law, in a Maine town that Steve had never heard of.

"Glad to meet you," Steve said. "Some particular young lady?"

"The name is Sarah Fields. Her nickname is Sally. Her relatives want to know where she is and whether she is safe and well."

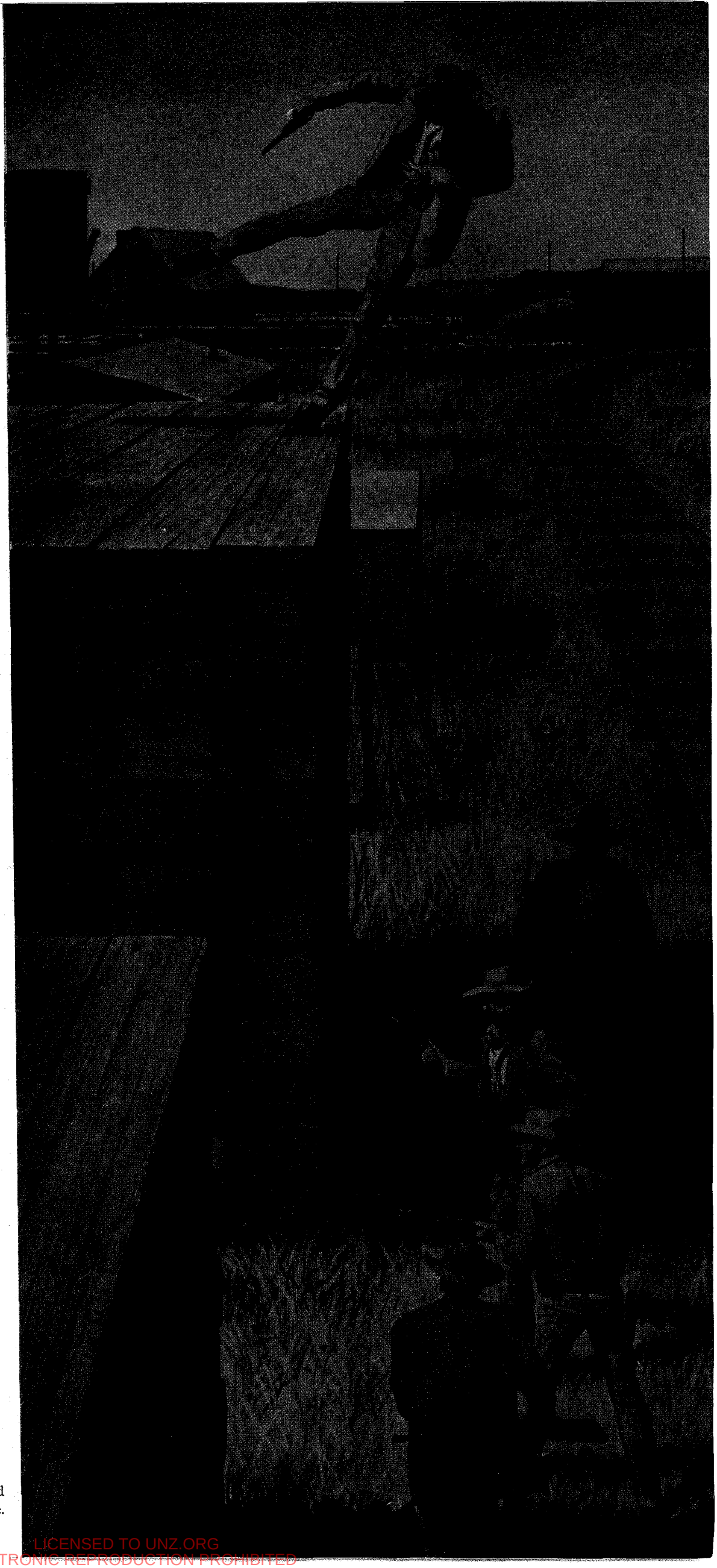
Steve said, "I don't know her."

"She might be teaching school."

"Not here. We've got three schoolteachers, and I know all of them—Margaret Grimm, Thomasina Chapman, Kitty Jones."

I certainly ought to know them, he reflected. *Those girls are underfoot all the time because they live in the same house I do.*

(Continued on Page 77)



The man screamed as he tumbled off the tie pile.

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When Time Began

By FRED HOYLE

Throughout the centuries man, gazing at the night sky in wonder, has never ceased to speculate about the larger aspects of the universe around him. How and when and why did it all begin and will there be an end? In this article I shall describe three different theories which attempt to probe these mysteries of time and space and matter. They will be referred to as the Explosion Theory, the Expansion-Contraction Theory and the Steady-State Theory. Before we begin this cosmological exploration, however, we must understand the background common to all three theories.

Our modern ideas concerning the larger aspects of the universe are both more detailed and more consistent than those of former ages. Observations can now be made, with both radio and visual telescopes, that were impossible a decade ago. We are even beginning to overcome the handicaps imposed on us by the terrestrial atmosphere, through the use of instruments mounted in satellites. And our recent advances in particle physics now enable us to calculate accurately how matter behaves under the extremely varied conditions found throughout the universe.

Space is populated by vast galaxies of stars. The Milky Way, of which the earth is part, is such a galaxy. The galaxies tend to be distributed in groups, sometimes in big groups with as many as a thousand galaxies, sometimes in small groups of only two or three galaxies. Our galaxy belongs to a small collection known as the local group. It has only two main members, the Milky Way and the famous galaxy, M-31, which is seen through the constellation of Andromeda—a configuration of Milky Way stars. If you know exactly where to look, you can see this second galaxy with the naked eye on a dark, clear night.

About a thousand million galaxies lie within the range of the Hale 200-inch telescope on Mt. Palomar in California. They can be observed at the stupendous distance of some 30,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 (30 sextillion) miles. Almost certainly our terrestrial telescopes do not mark the limit of the universe; the galaxies may be strewn through space without limit.

The galaxies move around within their particular group, and sometimes two of them collide at high speed. In such a collision the component stars rarely hit each other, because they are small and the distances between them great. But the galaxies also contain huge clouds of gas, and these clouds do collide.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

About the Author

Fred Hoyle, mathematician and astrophysicist, is a 43-year-old Yorkshireman who recently became one of Cambridge University's youngest professors. As Plumian Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy at St. John's College, Professor Hoyle divides his time between teaching at Cambridge and research at Mt. Wilson and Mt. Palomar observatories in California. A writer of diverse talents, Professor Hoyle has produced, in addition to his scientific papers, several popular books on cosmology and an eerie novel of science fiction, The Black Cloud. Another novel is on the way. Photograph by Eugene Kammerman

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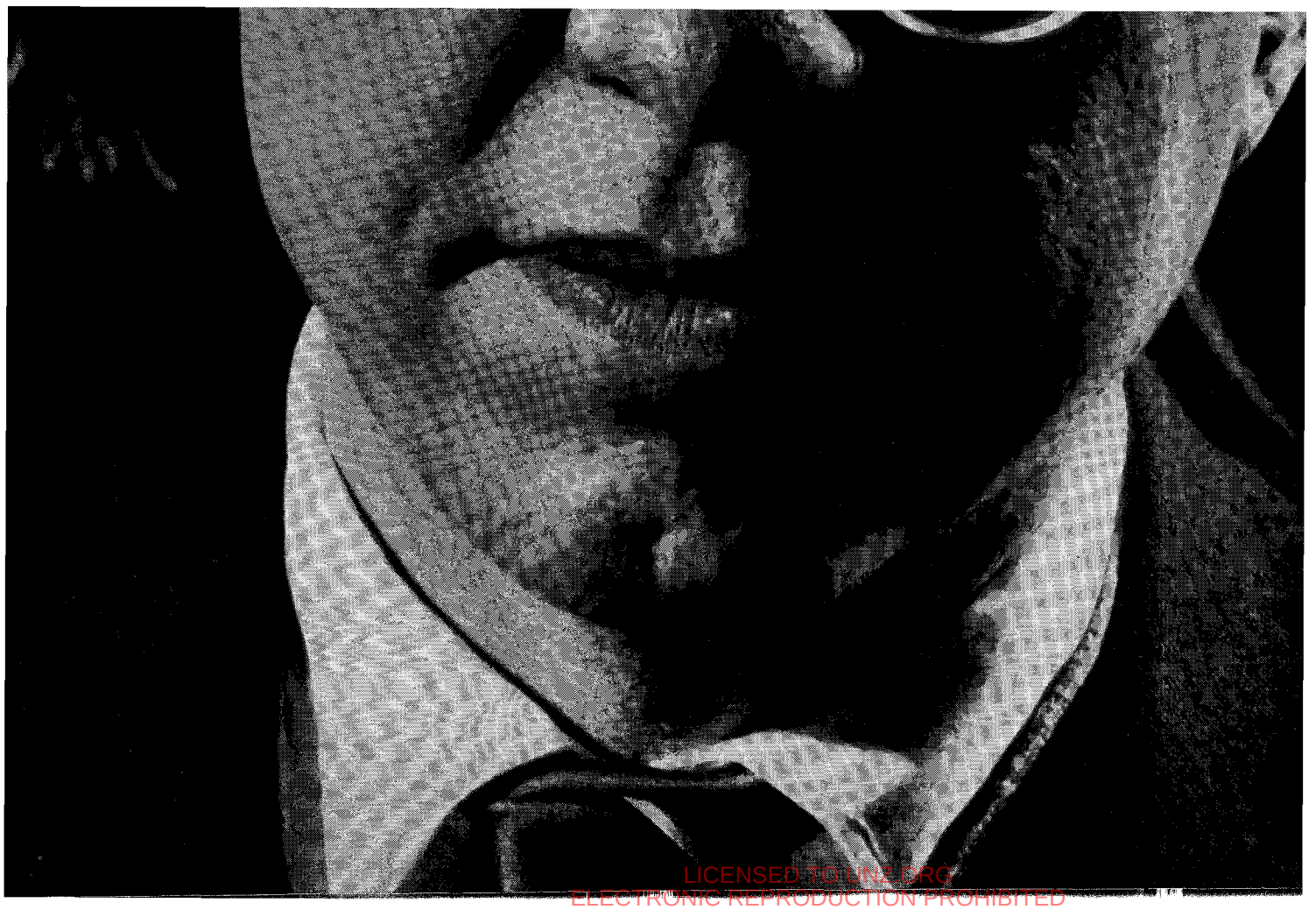

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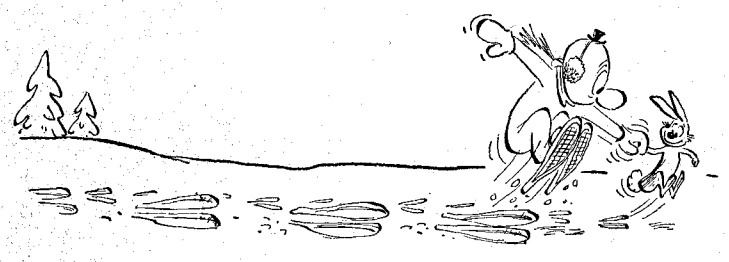
Post Scripts



Only Myself to Blame (And Believe Me, I Do!)

"Paul, all these years you've been saying if there was ever anything you could do."

"It still goes."

"Well, I need to borrow about five hundred dollars, and we'd like to use your station wagon next week when we move. . . ."

"Mr. Law, that was certainly a fine speech you made last week about how we must all work together to make this a better community."

"I meant every word of it."

"I know you did—and that's why we want you to head up the committee to raise funds for a new recreation center. . . ."

"Dear, remember the other night you said, 'Well, if you don't like our furnishings, go out and buy new ones'?"

"You mean when we had that little argument? I'm afraid I was a little unreasonable."

"No, you were right. They're bringing out a new living-room suite today, and if they get here before the men lay the new carpet. . . ."

PAUL C. LAW

Unofficial Host

I'm always on time for a meeting,
In line with the chairman's request,
Which gives me the pleasure of greeting
The chairman and all of the rest.

HAL CHADWICK

Music Criticism on the Local Scene

Last night marked the piano debut of George M. Garnish, a new resident, in a midnight recital at the Alabaster Arms on Lincoln Avenue. With every bed in the house filled, Mr. Garnish opened appropriately with J. S. Bach's Sleepers, Awake!

"A rousing rendition," said Apartment 307.

"Stirring," said Apartment 306.

"Gentle, but uplifting technique," said 311.

While it may be said that Mr. Garnish failed to reach much of his audience with his first selection, his second, The March of the Lead-Footed Soldiers, brought many listeners to their feet. "It was really something," commented 508. "I beat on the radiator for ten minutes."

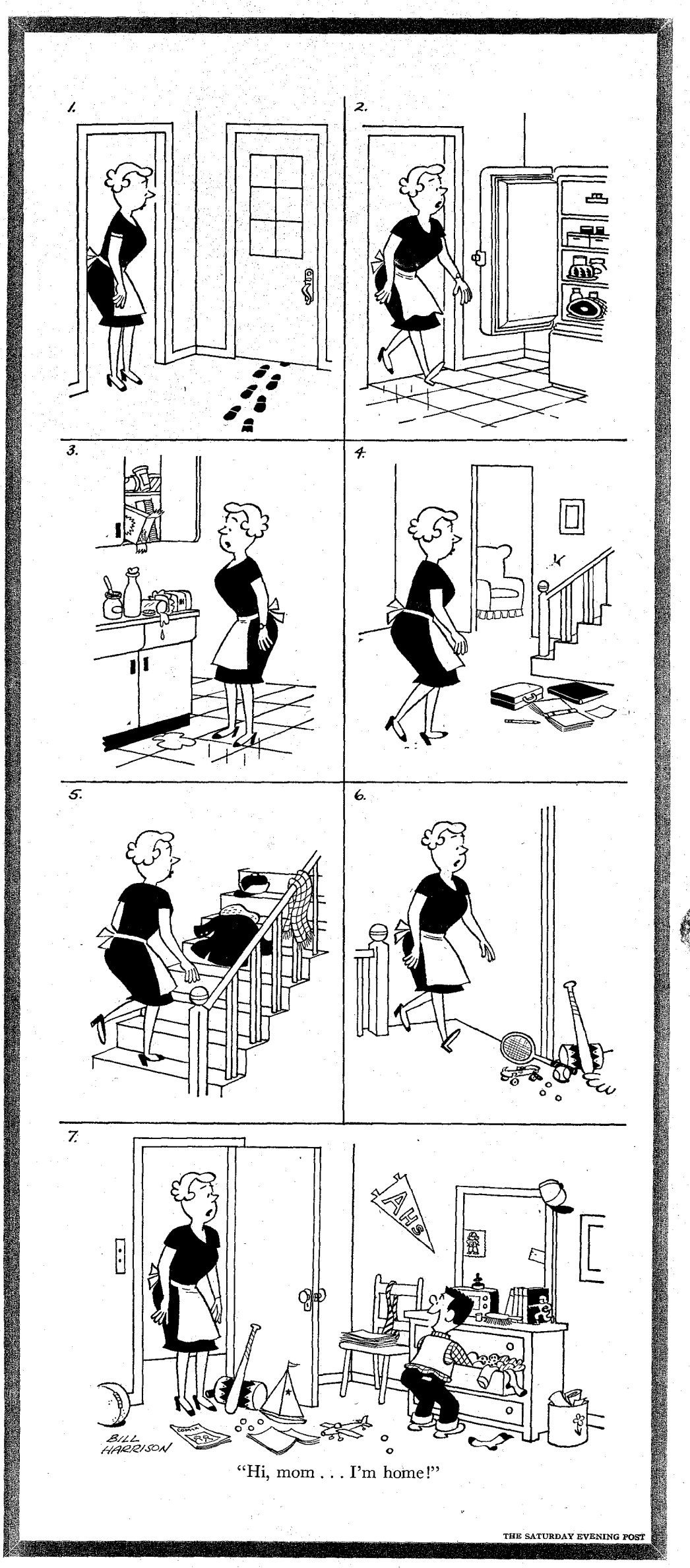
In his finale, the fortissimo passages of the tone poem, Out Cry Norway's Mountains, evoked deep response from the farthest corners of the house. "That fellow is going places, or my name isn't Albert Best," reported the reviewer for 122, whose name proved to be Albert Best.

Reached for comment this morning, the young musician who, an unknown last night, found himself the object of wide attention this morning, said, "I had no idea I would get through to so many people. I mean, the walls certainly must be thin in this house."

Asked which notice had impressed him most, Mr. Garnish indicated that of James Fergus, the apartment manager, which was tacked to his door this morning. "There will be no noise after 10 P.M.," it read. "Violators will be dispossessed."

Said Mr. Garnish, "I may go back to the ocarina."

RONALD M. DEUTSCH



"Hi, mom . . . I'm home!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NOW! NEWLY IMPROVED!

Even more chicken flavor!

Dip in your spoon! That steaming, golden broth is richer, has more body. You can actually see the difference! Yes, there's even *more* chicken flavor in Campbell's newly improved Chicken Noodle Soup. And those tender pieces of chicken, those melt-in-your-mouth enriched egg noodles! M'mm! Delicious! So quick, too – only 4 minutes; and so thrifty – less than 7¢ a serving. Campbell's newly improved Chicken Noodle Soup makes it easy to enjoy the happy habit: Once a day . . . every day – SOUP!

Have you had your soup today?

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No more fighting frosted-up foods! No more frost ever, even in the freezer compartment!

Now FRIGIDAIRE brings you FREEZING WITHOUT FROSTING in the 1959 FROST-PROOF Refrigerator-Freezers!

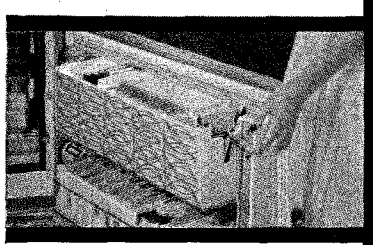
You'll feel like a queen! No frost! No defrosting . . . because the Frigidaire FROST-PROOF Refrigerator-Freezer stops frost before it starts.

Model FP—142—59

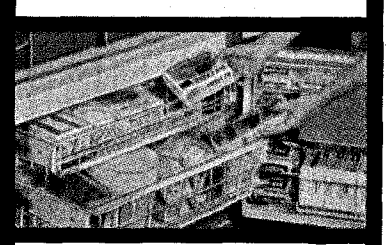
Here are some other wonderful "withouts" you get with Frigidaire!

FOODS WITHOUT STRETCHING
Frigidaire exclusive Roll-To-You Shelves bring things to you at a finger touch.

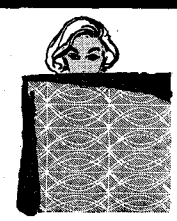
VEGETABLES WITHOUT WILTING
Frigidaire exclusive Giant Picture Window Hydrator keeps vegetables dewy fresh.



ICE CUBES WITHOUT STRUGGLING
Frigidaire "Flip-Quick" Ice Ejector gives you ice cubes as quick as a wink.



FROZEN FOODS WITHOUT DIGGING
Frigidaire Roll-To-You Freezer Baskets put everything in handy-find reach.



Now, the most feminine refrigerator ever! New Lacework Styling makes the Sheer Look more beautiful in 1959. Choice of Turquoise, Charcoal Gray, Mayfair Pink, Sunny Yellow, Aztec Copper, or Snowcrest White.

This is not just automatic defrosting — But something absolutely new and different! *No frost forms at all*—in either the freezer or in the refrigerator section!

Fully frost-proof in the freezer! Never any frost to defrost. Frost is stopped before it starts. A simple system whisks away any heat and moisture before frost can form! Food packages don't frost up. Neither do ice cubes. Foods keep better, look better, taste better.

Fully frost-proof in the refrigerator! No frost ever forms. So there's no defrosting ever. Perfect foodkeeping in Frigidaire exclusive "Flowing Cold." Hurry in and see this sensational new development at your Frigidaire dealer's—and you're sure to say it's time to trade now!

FRIGIDAIRE

GM GENERAL MOTORS FRIGIDAIRE
Built and backed by General Motors

ADVANCED APPLIANCES... DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND

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The Cardiff Giant Affair

Who was the mysterious Madam Janeway? What did she really want?

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Was the Cardiff giant a hoax—or was it, as its discoverers claimed, the petrified body of a huge man? While experts argued, the town of Syracuse buzzed with excitement.

Another sensation in the once-quiet community was created by the arrival of the rich and beautiful Madam Janeway, supposedly the protégé of Daniel Drew, a famous millionaire. In the midst of these goings-on, the town hardly noticed when Orrin Applegate and his father found the body of a murdered man. But Orrin, a young lawyer and Madam's neighbor, was almost sure that he had seen the victim enter Madam's house—alive. Later Orrin and his best friend Lossie saw Madam's butler Oscar practicing the deadly art of knife throwing. They learned that Oscar had once performed in the "medicine show" that was now visiting Syracuse. And they wondered why the adventurous Madam Janeway chose to stay in near-seclusion after the appearance of the medicine show.

IV

I was sitting in my office reading Kent's Commentaries when the door opened without the formality of a knock and two gentlemen entered. I recognized the first as banker David Hannum, character and horse trader, and the second as big George Hall, from Binghamton, where he manufactured cigars.

"'Mornin', Orrin," Mr. Hannum said. "Know George Hall, don't ye?"

I stood up and offered my hand and invited them to be seated. "What service can I render you gentlemen?" I asked.

"Want some papers drawed up," Hannum said. "Figgered you, bein' jest a beginner, 'd do the job cheap."

This was not exactly complimentary, but I made no comment. (Continued on Page 52)

For an instant, the resemblance between Madam Janeway and Gideon Weeks was as the resemblance between twins.

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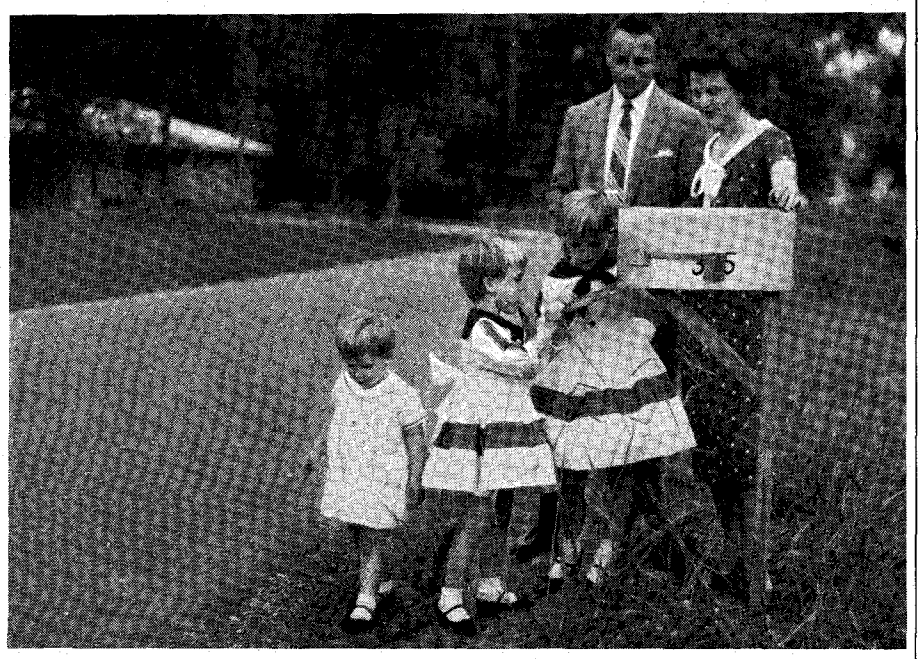
1,600,000 Bell Telephone Share Owners

Most are small share owners. Women are the largest group.

More than 250,000 are Bell telephone employees.



OWNERSHIP IS WIDESPREAD. A.T.&T. share owners live in cities, towns and on farms, in 22,000 communities throughout the country. About 450,000 of the shares are in two names, generally husband and wife. Many hundreds of hospitals, churches, libraries and charitable organizations are among the holders of A.T.&T. stock and bonds.

The Bell System is an outstanding example of American democracy in business.

Millions of people use telephone service. 735,000 people work for the Bell companies. More than 1,600,000 people own A.T.&T. stock.

The owners of American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock are people in all walks of life. Most of them are small share owners. No one individual owns as much as 1/30th of one per cent of the stock. Many thousands own five and ten shares. About half own fifteen shares or less.

Women are the largest group and hold the most stock. Over 250,000 of the share owners are Bell telephone employees.

Some 85 per cent of all the shares are owned by individuals. In addition to these direct owners of A.T.&T. securities, many millions of other people have an important, beneficial interest through the holdings of their insurance companies, pension funds, investment companies, unions, savings banks, etc.

The total of direct and indirect owners represents the great majority of all the families in the country.

A.T.&T. share owners, and the owners of A.T.&T. bonds, are the financial foundation of our ability to serve. For without the money they have put in the business you would not have the quality and quantity of telephone service you enjoy today. Nor would there be work and wages for 735,000 employees.

Obviously, investors will continue to supply capital in the amounts required for present and future needs only if they can expect the Bell System to earn a return on the money they invest that is reasonable in comparison with the earnings rates of other companies and industries.

So telephone progress, and the advantage to all that comes from pushing ahead, begins with good earnings and our faith that Americans want good and improving service at prices which allow a fair profit.

That is the way of life which in our country has stimulated invention, nourished enterprise, created jobs, raised living standards and built our national strength.

As long as we live by this principle – and earnings are sufficient to enable us to carry it out – the future of the telephone is almost limitless in possibilities for service to you.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

This is the Life I Love

(Continued from Page 21)

for example, membership on the board of The Fund for the Republic.

Harry was convinced from the start that I could make a go of Newsday. That I failed to inherit control of the Daily News doesn't mean a thing to me any more, for Newsday is more fun to edit and to publish. We have never succumbed to the stuffed-shirt approach to life; we have never been scared of a fight. The paper is like me, for I am a temperamental person, with violent likes and dislikes.

This note of stubbornness has come down through my family from James Patrick, an Ulster Scots-Irishman who used to dispatch his children on horseback to deliver the Tuscarawas Chronicle to the pioneer families of Ohio. As a child and as a young woman, an Irish determination to have my own way got me into trouble constantly; and when I wasn't in trouble on my own, father was brewing up some for me. He had wanted a boy, instead of three daughters in succession, and that meant one of the Patterson girls would have to be his substitute son.

My older sister Elinor, three years my senior, was a rather withdrawn child who kindled no spark in father's lusty soul. Josephine, seven years my junior, was too young to be a full-time companion. My brother Jimmy, now an assistant managing editor of the New York Daily News, was not born until some years later. Pa talked me, as a substitute son, into taking horses over far higher jumps than I preferred; made me one day stand trembling on a diving board for five hours until I could summon up nerve to leap into the swimming pool; and by sheer, loving force taught me never to be scared.

Long after I had grown up, father continued to exert an almost hypnotic influence on me. I would have died rather than fail him. On one trip to the Panama Canal Zone, father discovered that the best tarpon fishing was to be had at Gatun Dam, a structure 150 feet high that diverts the canal waters into a series of locks. The only way to catch one of those huge fish was to wade out atop the dam, knee-deep in rushing water, and then to cast over the edge to the rocks at the base of the spillway. This entertaining gambit, I was informed, killed about ten persons per year.

At the time, I was convalescing from a serious operation. Dr. Harold Meeker, the family physician, had warned father not to let me exert myself. "Alicia," father said to me, "go out on the dam and try to hook a tarpon." I waded through the roaring torrent and dutifully cast until I hooked a fish. Psychiatrists may suggest that pa felt an ambivalence toward me, a mixture of love and hate, a desire to test my nervous system to the snapping point. All I know is that he helped to make me unafraid. I felt at times like the Spartan boy who kept silent though the fox was gnawing at his vitals.

People who do not know me very well assume I grew up rich from the start. In fact, father was nearly broke when I was born, in 1906, and we were living on a basic income of thirty-five dollars a week. He had left the family paper, the Chicago Tribune, and for two years had been an active member of the Socialist Party. His family had cut him off. His small inheritance went into a Georgian house, a 400-acre farm, and a woebegone herd of Holstein cows out on the prairie at Libertyville, northwest of Chicago. My mother was born Alice Higinbotham, and her father had been president of the 1893 Chicago World's Fair.

The young Pattersons' only outside source of income was an occasional, grudging check, achieved after much pitiful pleading from father. This money came from his highly irritated mother, the former Elinor Medill Patterson. My own mother took it gallantly, even though she would have preferred a more conventional life. In fact, she took everything gallantly, from riding to hounds to going up in an old "box car" plane, *circa* 1911. Father always said she was the bravest woman in the world.

Father never got over his passion for the underdog, which in his later life reflected itself in the pages of the Daily News. As a Socialist, he wrote any number of books and plays, among them A Little Brother of the Rich, a novel that eventually became a play and ran for six weeks on Broadway. Appropriately, it dealt with a young man who gave the heave-ho to the idle life and became a crusading member of society.

To be a Socialist in those days was about equal to being a Communist now. Mother, who found the life perplexing, was once asked by a reporter how she felt about it all. "I don't know what being a Socialist is," she said, "but if that is what my husband is, I'm for it."

As a child, I was not attractive. My hair dangled over my face in lank strands. When introduced to a visitor, I tipped my face sideways and looked sullen. Elinor, by contrast, was a shining blonde, with blue eyes and complete self-possession. She was always the one who wore the blue sash and made the curtsy. I made up my mind that if I couldn't match Elinor in manners, I'd outdo her in meanness.

Josephine shares my philosophy, and we are as close as sisters can be. She now is married to the famous artist, Ivan Albright, and lives much of the year on a ranch in Dubois, Wyoming. In the early 1950's, when I underwent a really grave abdominal operation, I completely lost the will to live. It was Josephine who restored it to me. She sat by my bedside for hours at a time and cussed me out as a yellowbelly until I got so mad I decided to "show her."

The cult of toughness traveled each winter to Chicago, when the family moved from Libertyville to a hotel on the near north side. I sneaked rides on ice wagons, played hooky from Francis Parker School to see the vaudeville at McVickers Theatre, and constantly found myself up before the principal. This led me to be transferred to the University School, where a family joke was born. Father was a sloppy dresser, who preferred to wear sweat shirts, a cap and baggy pants. One day he brought me to school and bade me farewell. The headmistress promptly called up mother.

"Mrs. Patterson," she said in a shocked voice, "I just saw your houseman kissing your daughter."

Father in 1911 abjured Socialism to rejoin the Chicago Tribune, which sobered him down, but only speeded me up. At age thirteen I was retired from boarding school in Lausanne for climbing out a window after hours; at age fourteen I was bounced from St. Timothy's, in Maryland, for general obstreperousness. To everyone's amazement, however, when I transferred to Foxcroft School, at Middleburg, Virginia, I graduated second in my class.

My family's hopes were promptly shattered when they sent me to Rome for further finishing. With six other girls, I climbed over a wall topped with broken glass and sneaked off to a café. The offenders were easily spotted the follow-

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ing morning by scratched and bloody hands, and once more I was Alicia in search of a school. After assorted other European escapades, with mother exerting a desperate sort of supervision over me, father cabled, "Keep Alicia moving." She moved me back to Chicago, where at age nineteen I "came out" at a wingding of a party at the Blackstone Hotel, complete with the chorus of the Tiller Girls, the 1920 version of the Rockettes, and Ray Dooley, the musical-comedy star.

It was luck that kept me from making party going into a permanent profession. One day, while visiting father in New York—he had moved there from Chicago in 1925, leaving mother to keep track of me—I announced, in a lad-di-da voice, "I'd *love* to have a career." I started a career the next morning, in the Daily News office at 25 Park Place. Since then, the paper has built its own skyscraper on East 42nd Street.

Upon my startled eyes there burst an entirely new kind of life. There were giants on the News. Max Annenberg was the circulation manager, a tough-talking ex-boxer with a soft spot in his heart for me. Harvey Deuell was the city editor, a fabulous extrovert who could coax the best out of any reporter or writer. Mark Hellinger was the night-life columnist. And I was in the corner clipping out filler items from other newspapers for use in the Sunday News.

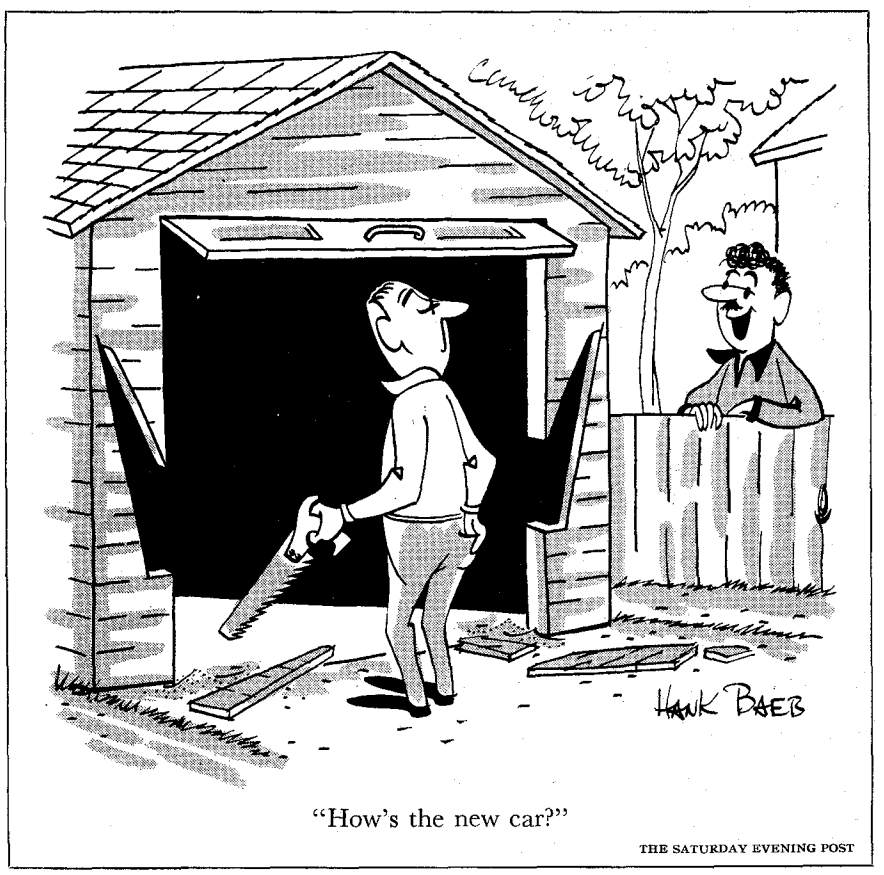
Almost the first news story I covered involved the paper in a stupendous libel suit. I pinned the case on the wrong family. Like all newspapermen of the lusty era, I stayed up all night at the neighborhood speakeasies. This did not please father. I was summoned to a luncheon at which the only other guest was his cousin, Col. Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago Tribune. They fired me from the News, jointly, and shipped me back to Chicago awash in tears.

The family may have hoped that I had settled down, and indeed it appeared so when in 1927 I married James Simpson, Jr., whose father was president of Marshall Field's, but this mating turned out to be a self-canceling contest of wills. We separated at the end of a year. To forget, I traveled for miles into the interior of Indochina, where I shot a very elusive, dangerous and grouchy horned animal called a sladang; and after returning to civilization in 1930 obtained a divorce.

With a patient but wearied air of desperation, father put me to work writing articles, mostly on flying, for Liberty Magazine. This phenomenal money-loser cost the Patterson-McCormick interests $14,000,000 before publication was suspended in 1931. However, it did bring about my marriage to a fine aviator and sportsman, Joseph W. Brooks. Flying to me was a glorious experience, and flying with Joe an education. But as the years went on, I began to feel restive about a life based on sports. Joe and I grew apart, and were divorced in 1938. I married Harry soon after. He started the ball rolling on my newspaper career, by commissioning Max Annenberg to look for a paper. Max found one at Hempstead, Long Island. The paper had closed down, because of labor trouble, after publishing only ten days. Harry bought its two secondhand presses for $50,000. Father didn't think much of the idea. He rather grumpily said that Long Island wouldn't take a tabloid. He added that I'd be crazy if I thought he would sell me any of the successful News-Tribune comic strips, such as Dick Tracy or the Gumps: "I wouldn't give them to anyone else in my circulation area, so why should I give them to you?"

Father's idea of a tabloid did not jibe with mine. I didn't want a sensational paper or a carbon copy of the News. My good friend Janet Chase was married to Fred Hauck, one of the most brilliant typographical experts in the United States. The paper Fred designed for us was clean and crisp, and subsequently won three F. Wayland Ayer awards for excellent typography. The latest news, with sometimes a picture, was spread out on the front and back pages in large and readable type.

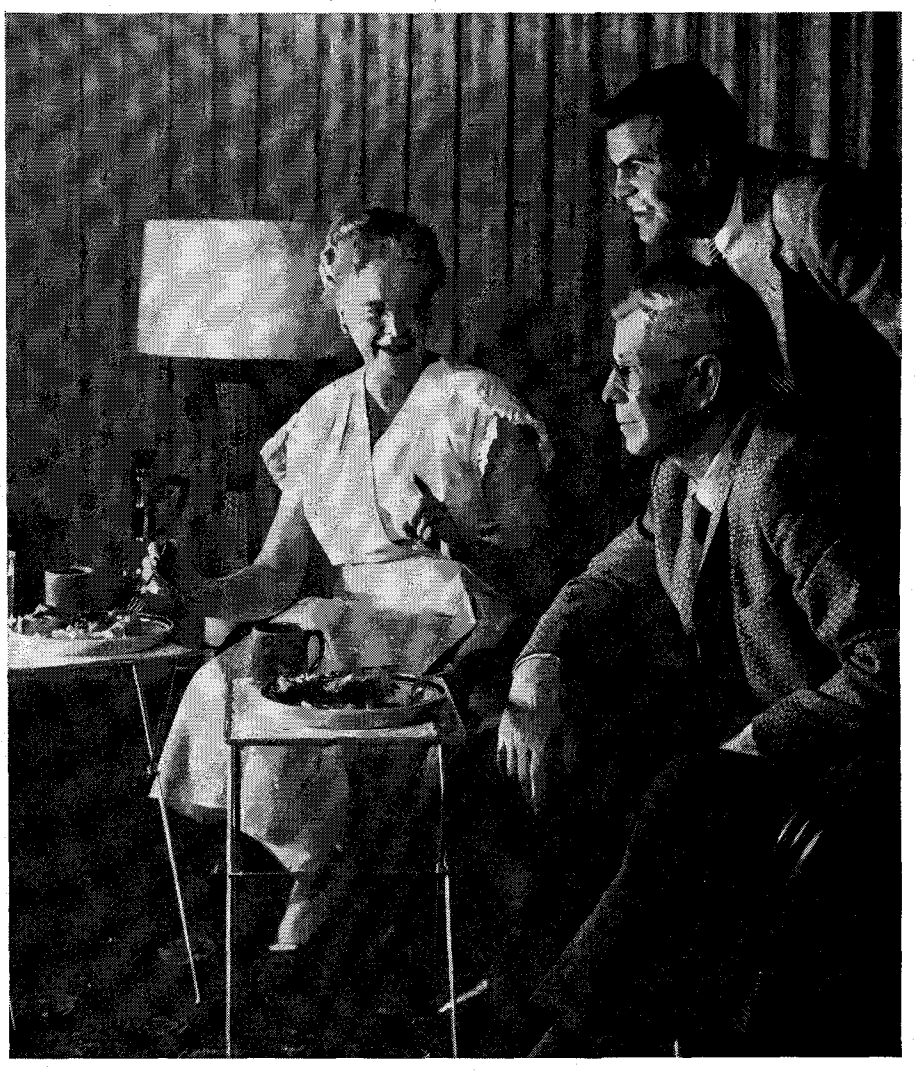
The inside pages were laid out for the reader's benefit rather than the advertiser's. Either a page was solid advertising or it contained a minimum of two columns of news, with no indigestible gleanings from the National Geographic Magazine about the graveyard of the elephants in Tanganyika or the height of the Washington Monument. A paper must have advertising to make a profit and keep running, but I refuse to indulge in any genuflections (*Continued on Page 50*)



"How's the new car?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Act your age about your diet!



• Just as you change *physically* with advancing years ... so should your diet. No matter what your age, the foods you eat must provide adequate amounts of all essential nutrients to take care of your physical needs.

As you grow less active, you may find less need for the energy-producing nutrients. Perhaps you become calorie conscious as you discover that unused calories show up in the form of excessive weight.

But simply eating less *without checking your diet* may result in vitamin-mineral deficiencies that could affect health.

First, exercise as much care as you can to bring your eating habits in line with good nutrition. A second rule followed by more and more Americans is to fortify the diet with NUTRILITE,* a vitamin-mineral food supplement.

Modern science, working with such products of nature as animal and plant life, has verified the great benefits from proper vitamin-mineral intake. A natural base is provided by the *exclusive* NUTRILITE Concentrate.

The wide acceptance of NUTRILITE can only be accounted for by satisfying results in supplementing the diet with this outstanding product of nutritional research. For further information, write: MYTINGER & CASSELBERRY, INC. 1738 SANTA FE AVENUE, LONG BEACH, CALIF.

*TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Local Nutrilite Food Supplement Service Consult the Yellow Pages

See "VITAMINS" or "FOOD SUPPLEMENTS"

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SKYWARD WITH THE HOLCOMBS, Joe and Vesta of El Paso, Texas. This remarkable husband-and-wife team became Mytinger & Casselberry authorized Distributors in 1947 and graduated to the rank of Senior Key Agents in 1955. Their field of operations has grown "Texas style" to include New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma and Louisiana as well as Texas. Personal contact with their ever-growing distributor group is maintained by means of their Cessna 172 shown here at the El Paso International Airport.

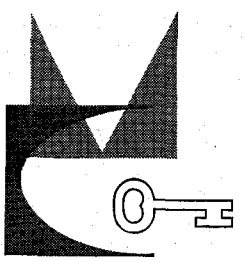
HOLDING THIS YEAR'S "SAMMY," Distinguished Salesman's Award to be presented by the El Paso NSE Sales Executives Club at its annual banquet in February, is El Paso's Mayor Raymond L. Telles, Jr. Meeting with him in El Paso's International Club are (from l. to r.) Robert L. Harbaugh, President; Theodore M. Carpenter, member of the Board of Directors; Joe Holcomb, Past President; Mayor Telles; and Planning Committee Chairman J. Boyd Gauthier, also a Past President.

WHAT'S SO DIFFERENT ABOUT THEM?

Not even the sky could limit the goal of success set by this enterprising El Paso couple

On these pages are seen the heights that Joe and Vesta Holcomb have attained in their eleven years of applying the Mytinger & Casselberry Marketing Plan in their community. Like so many other M&C authorized Distributors across the nation, the Holcombs are independent business people representing quality products of unusual interest. You will welcome the man or woman who calls to inform you about these products. Often, it will be a neighbor or close friend—perhaps someone actively engaged in service to the community. The products they offer are the finest in their respective fields—products carefully formulated without compromise. They are made available to you in your home where the greatest personal attention to your needs can be extended.

This M&C symbol is the key to better products available to you only in your home



Exceptional products sold under this hallmark of quality are backed by the outstanding marketing organization of Mytinger & Casselberry, Incorporated. They are personally presented for your consideration by a select group of men and women who are part of your business community. For messages concerning some of the products represented by your M&C authorized Distributor, please turn to pages 45 and 50.

MYTINGER & CASSELBERRY, Inc., 1738 Santa Fe Avenue
Long Beach, California

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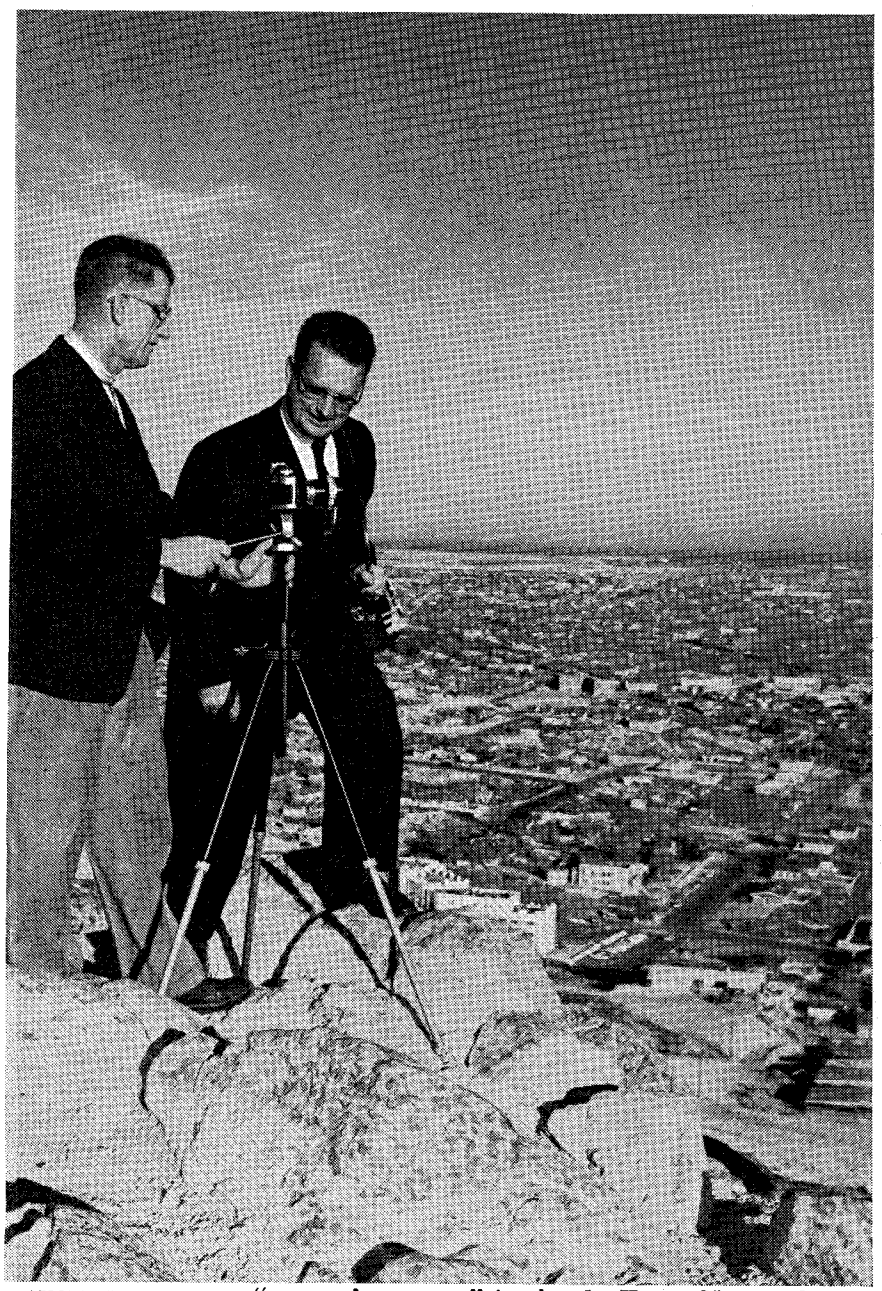

ANOTHER SLIDE FOR "MESTON'S TRAVELS" is taken by Harvey Meston whose 35mm color slides are enjoyed by armchair travelers the world over. Here, overlooking El Paso, he gives expert pointers to avid photographer Joe Holcomb who first introduced the Mestons to M&C authorized products. The Meston library includes more than 15,000 subjects and over one-and-a-half million slides. Meston slides are also available through Grace Lines, Pan American and Capital Airlines.

HENRIETTE WYETH, famous portrait artist and wife of the renowned artist, Peter Hurd, welcomes Joe Holcomb in her studio at "Rancho Centinela," the 3000-acre Hurd ranch located in the shadow of New Mexico's Centinela Mountain. An excellent cook with a strong interest in nutrition, Mrs. Hurd takes a break in her busy schedule to listen to a product presentation by Mr. Holcomb. Daughter of another famous artist, the late N. C. Wyeth, Mrs. Hurd began her career in her father's studio in Pennsylvania's Brandywine Valley at the age of eleven. She has three children . . . is listed in the current "Women's Who's Who of America."

KEEPING EL PASO BEAUTIFUL has the support of these civic-minded women who are responsible for many attractive landscaping achievements in the El Paso area. (From l. to r.) Mrs. C. R. McDaniel, President of the City Council of PTA; Vesta Holcomb, Past President of the Pitaya Toastmistresses Club; Mrs. Dennis H. Lane, President of the Pitaya Toastmistresses Club; and Mrs. E. H. Lewis, Jr., President of the El Paso Council of Garden Clubs.

IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR keeping thousands of satisfied customers in five states supplied with M&C authorized products. Helping Joe and Vesta with the "paper work" are their two daughters, Claudia, 15, and Carolyn (Mrs. W. R. James) whose husband is serving with the United States Air Force. That's William Carl James, age 5 months, getting the center of attention.

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MAGI-CARE

I don't know why... but suddenly she's prettier!

Now...a secret of how you can develop the appearance of a lovelier, livelier complexion is revealed! Start now...give your skin the care it deserves...and expect the results rightfully yours: a radiant, blooming look...and rewarding compliments from the man in your life! Eliminating the confusing clutter of jars and bottles of "trial and error" concoctions, the MAGI-CARE Trio of products brings you a professionally planned skin care routine. The MAGI-CARE plan proves that when it comes to maintaining a glowing complexion there is no substitute for daily care with exceptionally fine products. Applied regularly in their suggested cycle of daily use, the MAGI-CARE Trio of products moisturizes... softens...stimulates your skin, bringing you the joy that comes from the appearance of a lovely complexion lovingly cared for. You'll be prettier...with MAGI-CARE! Try Vita Flair, Cool Blush and Femine 20... you'll be glad you did...and so will the one you want most to please!

MAGI-CARE
KEY TO BEAUTY

TO RECEIVE WITHOUT OBLIGATION A SET OF MAGI-CARE MINIATURES...SMALL, FOIL-WRAPPED PORTIONS OF THESE THREE DELIGHTFUL PRODUCTS WRITE MYTINGER & CASSELBERRY, INC., 1738 SANTA FE AVENUE, LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

(*Continued from Page 45*)

before the door of the business office. Now that Newsday frequently publishes issues of 128 or more pages, I still insist that the reader get the break.

Those were rugged days. The presses broke down regularly. Our editorial staff of less than twenty-five had to queue up for the available desks and typewriters. The cartoonist and editorial writer worked in the composing room, alongside the typesetting machines. My first office had no windows, and reminded me of the black hole of Calcutta. The floor was so cold in winter that I kept my feet in a desk drawer or in the wastebasket. When war came, in December, 1941, all newspapers were rationed on the basis of mid-1941 circulation. Ours was then slightly over 26,000. Newsday had grown so much that we were in a desperate dilemma. We resolved it by rationing advertising space for the duration of the war.

It was not easy for me to stay at a newspaper desk while the world was exploding. Father had been an artillery captain in World War I, and had convinced me everyone should serve his country in times of national peril. I considered joining Jacqueline Cochran in England, whose women fliers were ferrying planes from factories to air bases. This martial ardor was well dampened by Harry, who had been a distinguished naval aviator in the first war.

"I'm going back in the service," he said to me. "You stay home and tend the store." Though overage, he rejoined the Navy, and again acquitted himself with distinction, first as commandant of Mercer Field, New Jersey, near Trenton, and later from a carrier as machine gunner on naval air raids against Japanese positions in the Pacific. This risky performance was not unlike the risks taken by his old friend, Charles A. Lindbergh, as a civilian, in piloting an Army plane against the Japs. In fact, Lindbergh wrote his book, We, at our home, Falaise, at Sands Point, on the north shore of Long Island. That was before my marriage to Harry.

While Harry was gone, tending the store became quite a chore. We could buy only the skimpiest news and photo services. Sometimes, in desperation, we would photograph a picture that appeared in a city paper and reprint it blurrily. This I trust will be forgiven as petty larceny.

The credit for carrying us through those stormy days should not go to me, but to the men who are now executives of the paper—Alan Hathway, managing editor; Jack Mullen, circulation director; Ernie Levy, the advertising manager, who cheerfully threw out all ads though it curdled his soul; and Alan Woods, production manager. Joining them after the war was Harold Ferguson, then comptroller and now business manager. Harry, after taking a serious look at our red figures, brought in Harold, who had been an auditor in some of the Guggenheim enterprises. These five executives, all of whom came up from the bottom at Newsday, join with Harry and me at a weekly meeting to discuss policy and problems.

To illustrate how we did things during the war, there was the case of the cancer series. Cancer in those days was a tabu subject, which the American Cancer Society had asked me to break down. We couldn't get a single professional model to pose. The series involved a loving wife, an afflicted husband, a compassionate doctor, and two tiny children. I was the loving wife; Hathway was the husband; Bill Page, then general manager, was the doctor; and we borrowed the children of one of our reporters. The pictures were a wow, and the series was a huge success.

Looming over us, all through this period, was a newspaper called the Nassau Daily Review-Star, published in Rockville Centre, Long Island. The Review-Star was originally owned by James E. Stiles, but later in part by the S. I. Newhouse interests, which publish a number of other papers, and had a circulation of 35,000. It was old, respectable, fuddy-duddy and to me wholly unreadable. When the Review-Star woke up, Newsday was too far out in front to be headed. The Newhouses suspended the Review-Star in 1953. It was amalgamated with the Long Island Press, published in the Borough of Queens, a subdivision of New York City directly west of us.

What put Newsday in an unbeatable position, if I may venture an immodest opinion, was guts. We have never been ashamed to stand up and fight for what we believe; to yell and holler and pound the table, and if knocked down to get up from the floor and start fighting again. We are not too high-toned to indulge in a little of the old cornball, or you may prefer to call it schmaltz. Sex and divorce stories do not scare us. Most of our readers grew up in the big and hard-boiled city. We don't handle such items, if newsworthy, with a pair of fire tongs, nor do we lick our chops over them. When a story justifies it, we weep real tears or indulge in real belly-laughs.

This should not be construed as a suggestion that we sneer at eggheads or culture. A year ago, the distinguished philosopher Aldous Huxley wrote for us a special supplement, Tyranny Over the Mind, an appraisal of the damage that subliminal advertising and psychological propaganda are doing to free peoples. Our readers liked it because we had not talked down to them. We were flooded with requests for reprints, which we supplied at ten cents a copy. The end result—and, after all, the essential result of all successful publishing ventures—was that we turned a profit on the deal.

We are politically independent, which on occasion causes me to disagree with my devotedly Eisenhower-Republican husband. Harry served as Ambassador to Cuba under President Herbert Hoover, and on numerous diplomatic and economic missions. Therefore, when Franklin Roosevelt ran for a third term, against Wendell Willkie, Harry and I split the opposite-editorial page in the middle. On one side, my editorials supported F.D.R. On the other, his signed editorials asked votes for Willkie.

We have not since resorted to this technique, but should we ever differ again, which is highly possible, we won't be ashamed to repeat the procedure. I am basically a Midwestern progressive of the La Follette-Norris-Carl Sandburg breed. Newsday was first to propose that Dwight Eisenhower be drafted to run for President. When he ran for a second term, we switched sides and backed my friend from girlhood, Adlai E. Stevenson. Not by design but by conviction, Newsday keeps the readers guessing.

As to Newsday's crusades, these have embraced such varied items as preserving Walt Whitman's birthplace; eliminating "Dogdom's Dachau," meaning a brutally run dog pound; and electing a Democrat to Congress from rock-ribbed Republican Suffolk County. This involved the defeat of the county's boss, Congressman W. Kingsland Macy. In his own weekly newspapers, Mr. Macy revenged himself with cartoons in which I was portrayed as a witch stirring an evil caldron and labeled "Malicia" Patterson. He also had me summoned before a congressional committee on the charge that Newsday had financed part of his opponent's campaign. The accusation was disproved.

The best and longest crusade of all won us the Pulitzer Prize for Meritorious Pub-

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lic Service in 1954, and confirmed the old newspaper axiom, "Never let go, once you have sunk your teeth into a good story." In this case, the teeth were provided by Alan Hathway. As managing editor he is, if anything, even more stubborn than I am. For three years, Alan pounded away in the news columns at William C. De Koning, Sr., boss in Nassau County of Operating Engineers' Union. The stories proved that De Koning was shaking down his own union members, as well as the employees of the trotting track at Roosevelt Raceway, by forcing them to join a social club and by other more devious means. De Koning was convicted of extortion and sent to prison for a year, and we got the Pulitzer prize.

There are exceptions to every rule, however, and failing to let go of a story mixed us up for years with Butch. He was a large-eyed, floppy-eared, sad-looking St. Bernard that used to board the Long Island Rail Road train daily at Glen Cove and ride out to Oyster Bay, where the children made much of him. The story was a natural; we gave it all we had. Butch finally died. We unearthed his son, half St. Bernard, and gave him the same old treatment. Butch II turned out to be a sheep-killer on our north-shore estates, and had to be exterminated. We commemorated the day with a sorrowful cartoon, "My Son, My Son," in which Butch, Sr., looked down from dog heaven on his scalawag offspring.

A Butch III was inevitable. I bought him from a kennel and turned him over to the embarrassed mayor of Glen Cove, Luke Mercadante, who then became known as "the dog mayor." Butch III, regrettably, hated children and bit them at every opportunity. For once without publicity, I crated Butch and shipped him to Josephine, in Wyoming. He promptly bit one of her children. Perhaps we were to blame. We were constantly dolling Butch up in hats and posing him for special pictures—enough to give any self-respecting dog a trauma. Finally, an infuriated rancher killed him. Newsday has been out of the Butch business for six years, and proposes to stay out.

This kind of journalism, while not exactly in the vein of either the News or the Chicago Tribune, was close enough to obtain for me the appreciative attention of my cousin, "Uncle Bert" McCormick. As a newspaperwoman, I had his approval. As a Patterson, I was somewhat suspect. Before his death a few years ago, I was present one day at a cocktail party of Daily News and Tribune executives when he remarked: "Of course the Pattersons were all descended from Scottish cattle rustlers, but *I* (underlined) am the descendant of Virginia gentlemen."

Still fixed by his glassy eye, I made the best retort that came to my mind: "Well, you have to be damned smart, Uncle Bert, to be a cattle rustler in Scotland."

If all this suggests that I am a whiz at the *mot juste*, or that on Newsday I try to be the Madcap Merry Fahrney Pickering of the newspaper business, please let me set the record straight. Merry was the tabloids' prize playgirl of the '30's, but I am not the prize playgirl of the 1950's.

My job is to make Newsday readable, entertaining, comprehensive, informative, interpretive, lively, but still sufficiently serious-minded so that no Long Islander will feel compelled to read any New York City paper. My husband's equally complex job is basically to conserve our profits, which are substantial, for future expansion, and to supervise the business end of this enterprise. This is a family business, in which Harry owns 51 per cent of the stock and I own 49 per cent, and we do not make our earnings public. We don't owe anyone a cent; we plow the profits back into the paper.

At the rate the Long Island population continues to grow, I see no limit to Newsday's future. Harry has planned so wisely that we now have a press capacity of 450,000 copies of the paper each day, which should take care of us for the next few years at least.

When the time comes for me to retire as publisher, a good long time from now, the sixth generation of my family may be ready to step in—my nephew, Joseph Medill Patterson Albright and his sister Alice. Joe, having graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Williams College, is now a reporter for the Chicago Sun-Times. Alice, a freshman at Radcliffe College, is trying out for the editorial board of the neighboring Harvard Crimson. I hope both of them have the spark, but it will take hard work on their part to prove it to me. You can't make a business out of pleasure, but there's more pleasure in newspapering than in any other business in the world. THE END

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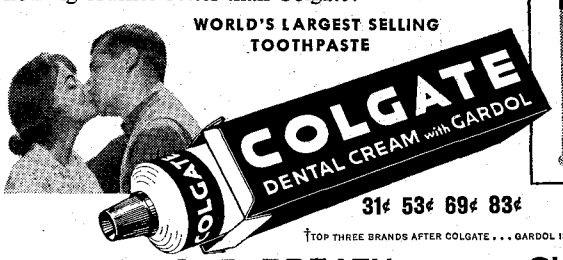
NOW— For New FINGER-TIP EASE— America's First Aerosol Dentifrice! Simply remove red cover, touch the top and release the desired amount of COLGATE DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL! 98¢



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CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

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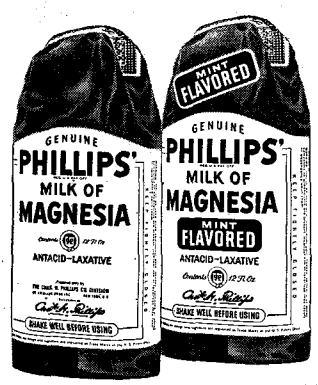
Feeling "HALF-THERE" due to Upset Stomach?

Settle Your Stomach in Seconds with Milk of Magnesia!

Scientific tests show that Phillips' Milk of Magnesia actually settles your stomach in *seconds!* That's because Phillips' is one of the *fastest, most effective* stomach acid neutralizers ever discovered!

So whenever upset stomach, gas, heartburn or other symptoms of acid indigestion have you feeling only "half-there", take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia right away. In almost no time at all you'll be back to normal—feeling bright and chipper again. Get Phillips'—either regular or in new, mint-flavored form that tastes delightfully clean and refreshing.



REGULAR OR FLAVORED

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia

The Cardiff Giant Affair

(Continued from Page 43)

"If ye wa'n't perty smart," Hannum said, "that woman wouldn't be hirin' ye."

"It's a kind of a bill of sale we want drawn," Hall said. "Unusual bill of sale for an unusual piece of proppity. I'm sellin' two thirds of the Cardiff Giant."

"You are selling?" I exclaimed. "I thought Stubby Newell owned it!"

"Ye don't need to fret about that," Hannum said. "George has got a title to it that contents me."

"Very well, Mr. Hannum. And what are the terms of the sale?"

"I'm payin', on behalf of me and others, thirty-seven thousand dollars fur a two-thirds interest in the critter. George here agrees we shall take over management 'n' handle all business matters. Accounts to be rendered every three months." He had not taken off his horseman's cap. Now he pushed it to one side and scratched his head. "Kind of got the best of P. T. Barnum," he said, with a shrewd, self-satisfied grin. "He wanted it fur that New York museum of hisn."

"I venture to say ye haven't heard the last of him," Hall remarked dryly. "Next to Bob Ingersoll, he's the man I admire most. Got rich bamboozlin' suckers."

"Use the right bait at the right time," Hannum said through his nose, "and everybuddy's a sucker."

"The bigger the swindle," Hall said, "the more folks'll b'lieve it."

"Do you mean," I asked undiplomatically, "that the Cardiff Giant is a swindle?"

"Some says yes," Hall replied. "Some says no. I got no opinion. The stronger they argyfy the more dollars roll in."

"Git to whizzin', Orrin," Hannum said impatiently. "We hain't got all night."

I took foolscap paper and a new pen from a drawer and wrote rapidly. I wanted to impress these men with my ability, so I wrote without hesitation. But that was a mistake. When I had completed two copies for their signatures and they had signed and Hannum had given Hall his check for the purchase price, Hannum coughed dryly. "Haow much do I owe ye, Orrin?"

"Five dollars," I said boldly.

"Five dollars!" Hannum exclaimed. "Fur a job ye done like greased lightnin'? Give ye two-fifty."

"You," I said with such determination as I could muster, "are not paying me for writing a few words. What you're paying me for is knowing what words to use. My price is five dollars."

Hannum scowled at me an instant; then he slapped his thigh and bellowed with laughter. "Bub," he said, "that's the way to talk up! By dad! Make up your mind what you're wuth 'n' never let nobuddy beat ye daown. You'll be gittin' more business of mine."

They walked out of my office and I pocketed the five-dollar bill with elation. It was a splendid fee. If the time ever came when I could take in that much every day I would really be established. It would amount to fifteen hundred dollars a year.

I returned to Kent's Commentaries and read until noon, when I put on my hat and walked home to lunch. I saw Madam Janeway's equipage stop under her porte-cochere and Madam and Lossie alight and go into the house. I ate a leisurely dinner with mother and father. In those days the heavy meal of the day was served at noon. I walked back to the office through air that was becoming brisk, hinting of a winter not too many weeks away. I sat at my desk, putting away from me an urge to lift my feet to its top and be comfortable. If I permitted a laxity such as that when I was alone, it might grow upon me until I would exhibit an undignified behavior in public. It was fortunate that I maintained an erect posture, because there came a knock on my door. Upon my invitation, a man entered whom I did not at first recognize. He was tall, erect and fashionably dressed.

"Mr. Applegate?" he said.

"How do you do, sir?" I inquired.

"My name is Gideon Weeks," he said. "I have seen you frequently in our audiences, accompanied by a charming young lady."

I recognized him then, of course. He seemed to be the manager or proprietor of the medicine show, as well as one of its entertainers. It was he who did the actual selling of the bottles of medicine while he performed quite startling feats of legerdemain. He was an unusually handsome man with burnside whiskers and a humorous, ready smile. Lossie had thought, on that day when we had seen the troupe debark from the packet boat, that she had seen him before in other circumstances, and now that I scrutinized him close at hand I felt that I, too, had encountered him somewhere in the past. It was an elusive impression.

"You came," he said, "to see our performance so often that I inquired who you were." His charming smile flashed. "And so, when I had need of a lawyer, I naturally came to you."

That did not follow naturally, but I saw no reason to argue the point.

"And how may I serve you, Mr. Weeks?"

"I understand," he said, "that lawyers sometimes accept cases and agree to speculate on the outcome. I mean they agree to take as their fee a share of the sum awarded as damages."

"A contingent fee," I said. "It is done."

"Would you accept a case on that basis, Mr. Applegate?"

"That," I told him, "would depend upon the nature of the case and the probability of winning a verdict."

"Of course," he agreed. "It is a case of personal injury. A small boy—you have seen him; he is our mesmeric subject—was struck down by one of Whitman's drays, driven at reckless speed by a drunken driver."

"Do you," I inquired, "stand *in loco parentis* to this boy?"

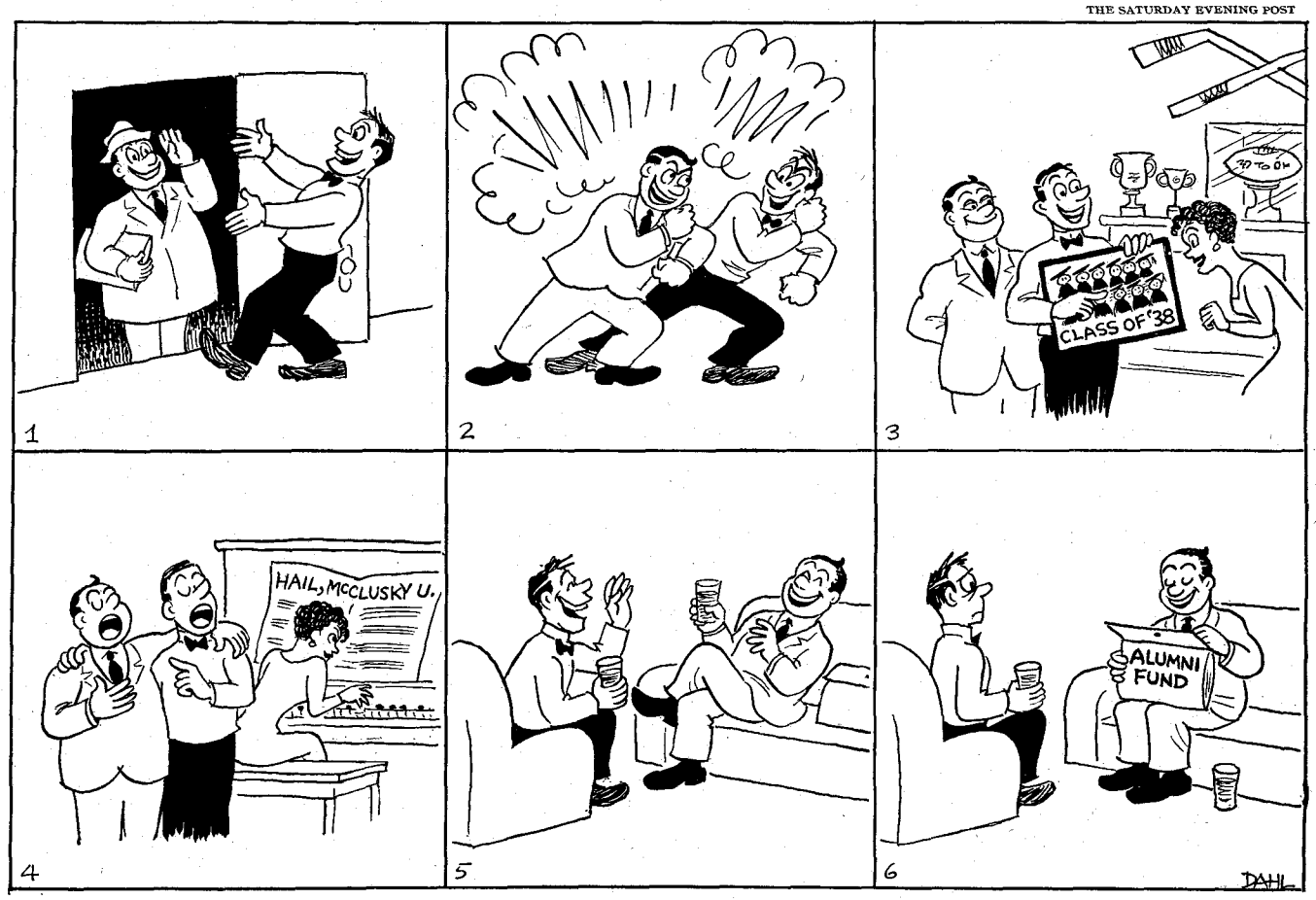
"No," he replied. "He is a homeless orphan that Signor Manetti befriended." Signor Manetti was their mesmerist.

"Before he would be permitted to figure in a lawsuit," I explained, "it would be necessary for the court to appoint a guardian *ad litem*."

He nodded his understanding and proceeded to recite to me the details of the accident and the (*Continued on Page 56*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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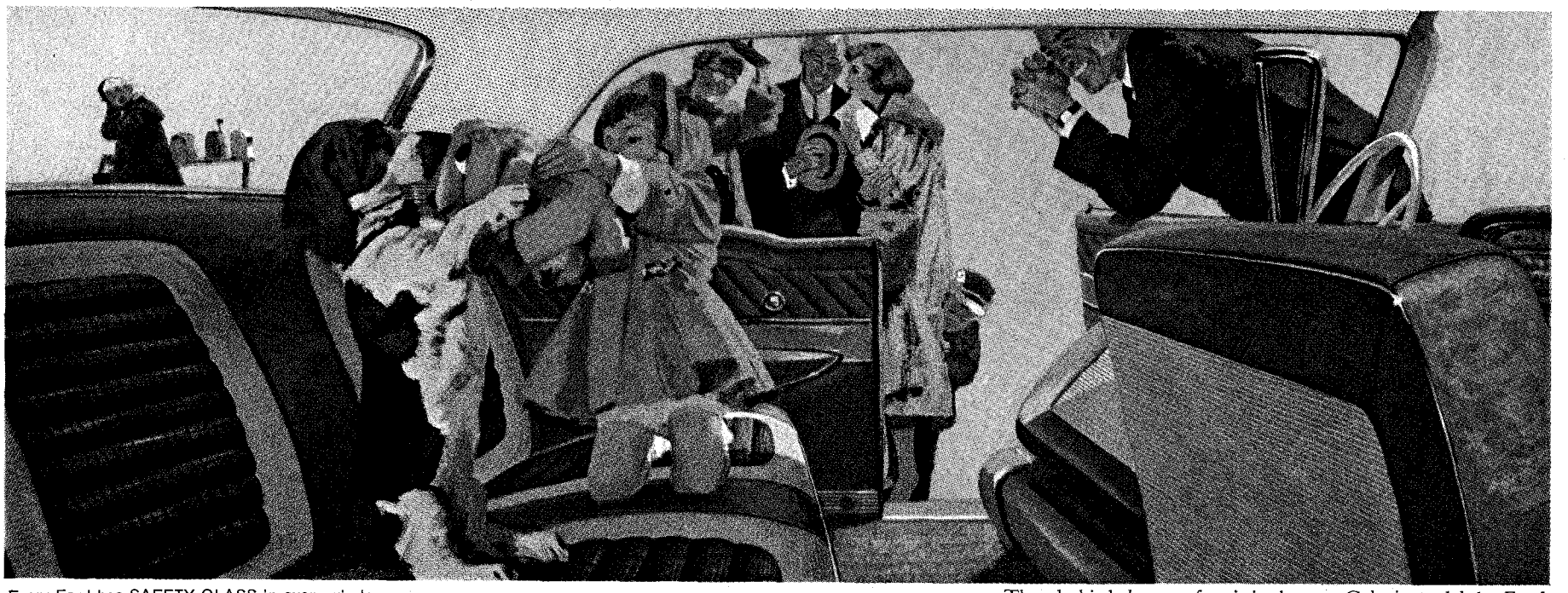

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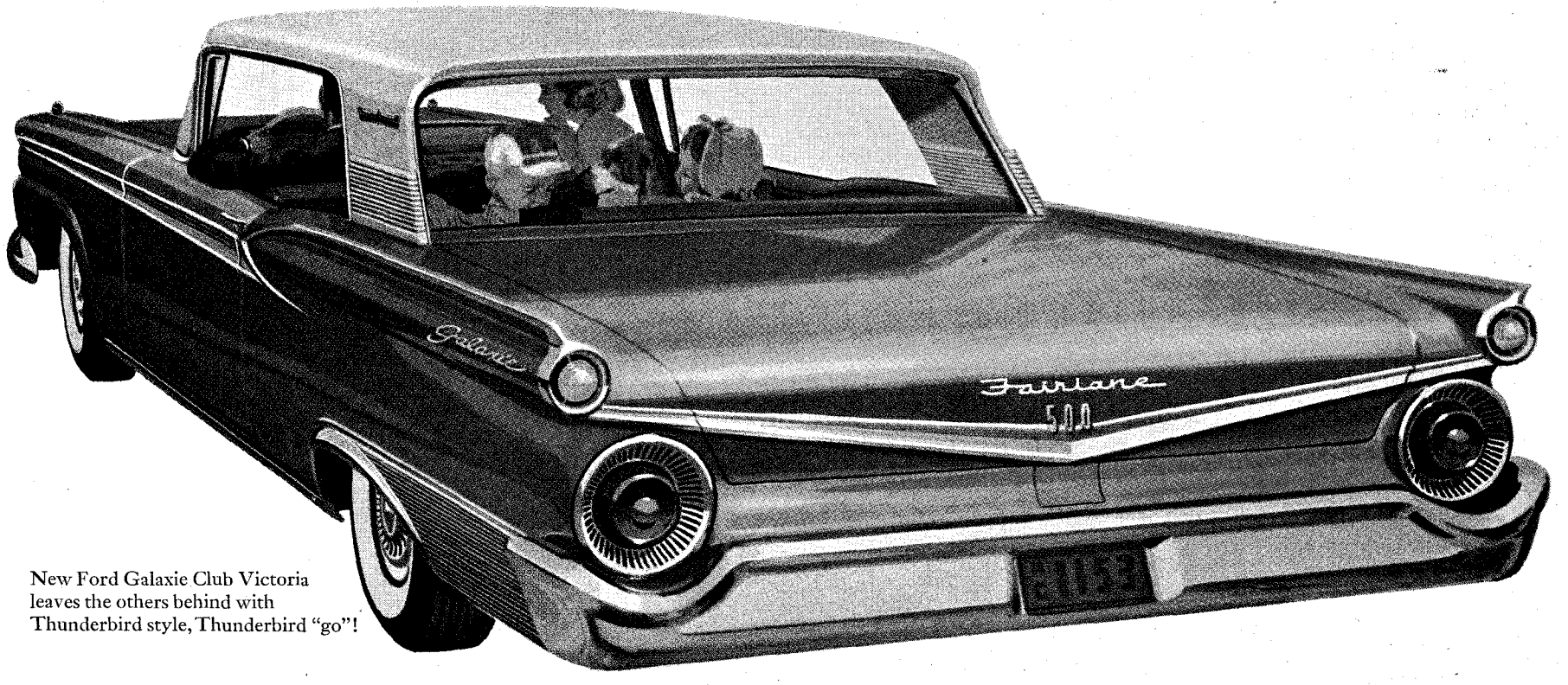
Thunderbird elegance for *six* in the new Galaxie models by Ford

59 FORDS are built for people

59 FORDS are built for savings



New Ford Galaxie Club Victoria leaves the others behind with Thunderbird style, Thunderbird "go"!

Naturally you want your new car to carry your whole family *comfortably*. You want a car built for *people*. That's what you *get* in a 59 Ford! It's beautifully proportioned for people to step into . . . settle down in . . . see out of. And it's beautifully proportioned for people to drive!

Put on your hat (there's plenty of headroom) and let's take a trip through this Thunderbird-elegant Ford. Notice how wide the doorways are. Man-sized, you'll say! Sit down in the seats. Bounce up and down. The middle seats are just as deep and soft as the rest. After all, Fords are built for *six* people. Look around you. The ladies will love Ford's Thunderbird elegance. Next, sit behind the wheel and look out over the hood. You can see more of the road. No need to squint. Ford's windshield is a sunshield, too! And, rear-seat passengers get the same consideration.

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Economy never looked so good before. Let your Ford Dealer show you why!

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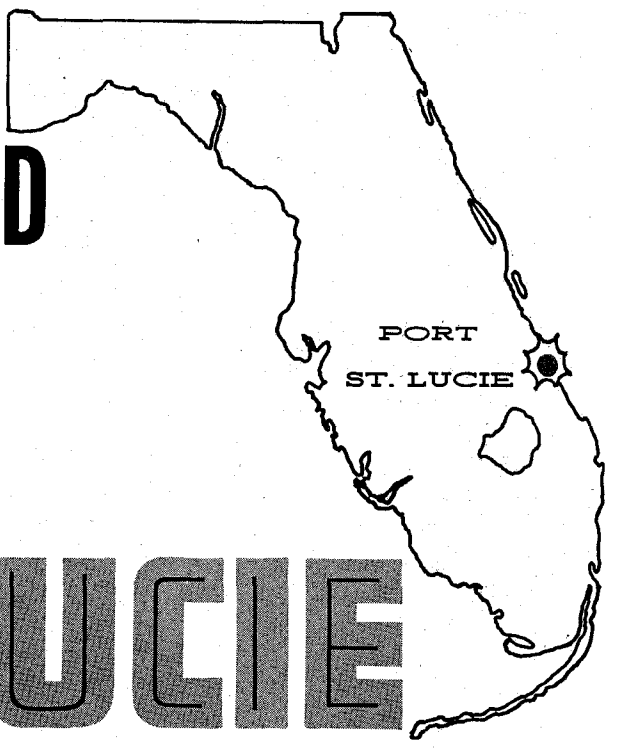

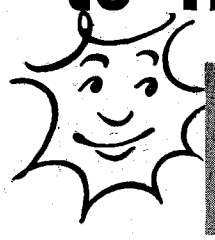

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SALE PRICE $995

Florida's sub-tropical "Gold Coast" has long been famous for its fabulous estates and multi-million dollar resort hotels . . . a place to be dreamed about for vacation or retirement, but scarcely to be hoped for by the family of average means.

But this was before three brothers, Elliott, Robert, and Frank Mackle, originated the now famous Mackle Plan, and applied it to Port St. Lucie.

Named after the lovely St. Lucie River, which winds through the property, Port St. Lucie is being built on a large tract of beautiful land, extending from the Indian River to the Sunshine State Parkway, and beyond. It has 14 miles frontage on the Parkway, 7½ miles frontage on U.S. 1, Florida's most important highway, and 8 miles of picturesque water frontage on the St. Lucie River.

Port St. Lucie is no dream of the future. It is an active, progressive community, with attractive homes, wide, paved streets, parks, electric power, and telephone service.

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All this is progressing according to a master plan to make Port St. Lucie one of the finest, most attractive cities in all Florida. For Port St. Lucie enjoys wonderful natural advantages in location and environment.

Lying between Fort Pierce, one of Florida's larger cities, and Stuart, "Sailfish capital of the world", Port St. Lucie is well within Florida's glorious sub-tropical zone.

Here you enjoy your favorite outdoor activities all year round. Safe ocean bathing from broad, sandy beaches. Picnics, barbecues, and beach parties. Fishing in the surf, Gulf Stream, rivers, and inland lakes. Boating on the St. Lucie and Indian Rivers, Intracoastal Waterway, and Atlantic Ocean.

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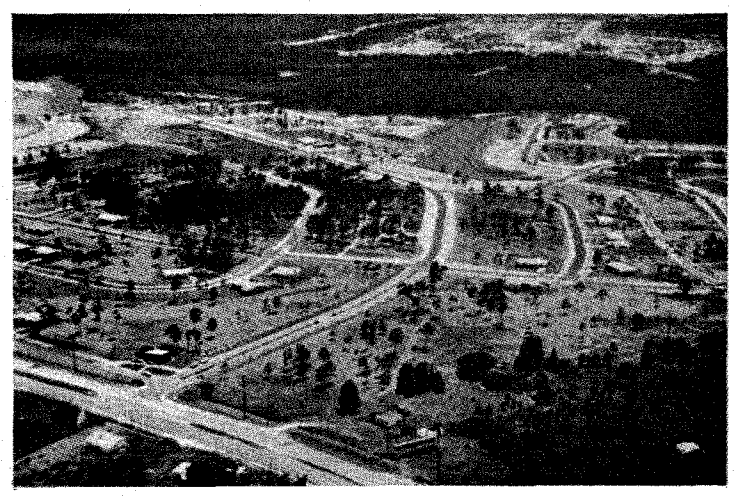
Fill out the coupon below and send it with a $10 deposit. As soon as your deposit is received, you will be sent a contract, and map showing the exact location of your property. Then pay only $10 a month until your contract is completed. *What else can you possibly buy for $10 a month that will mean so much for your future?*

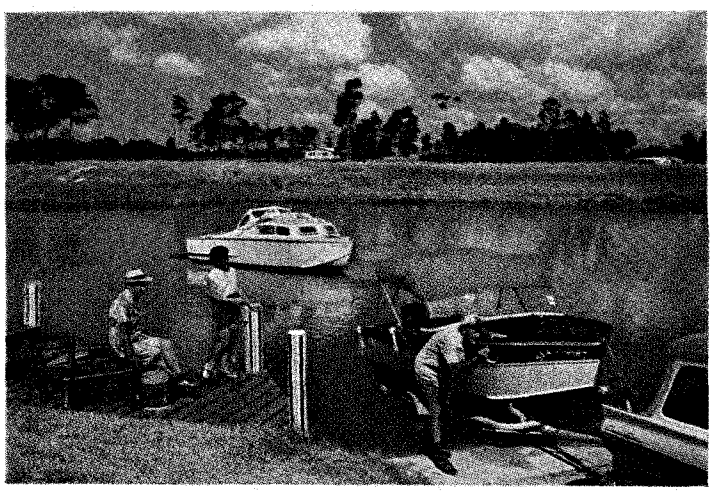
And remember, you are protected by an unconditional 30 day money back guarantee. If, at any time within 30 days, you want your $10 deposit returned, it will be sent back to you, without question.

But, don't delay. The sooner you start, the sooner you'll be able to take your place in the sun . . . in Florida! Act now! Send the coupon with your $10 deposit today!



Recent aerial view of Port St. Lucie.

Have fun at barbecues.



Boat launching ramp for use by property owners.

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PORT ST. LUCIE DIVISION, PSL-8
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Please reserve .... (fill in number desired) lots (each 80 x 125 feet.) I enclose $10 payment on each. Rush purchase contract and map showing location of my property. My deposit will be returned promptly and without question if I notify you within 30 days.

(*Please print name exactly as you want it on contract*)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE....STATE.....

TELEPHONE NO.....

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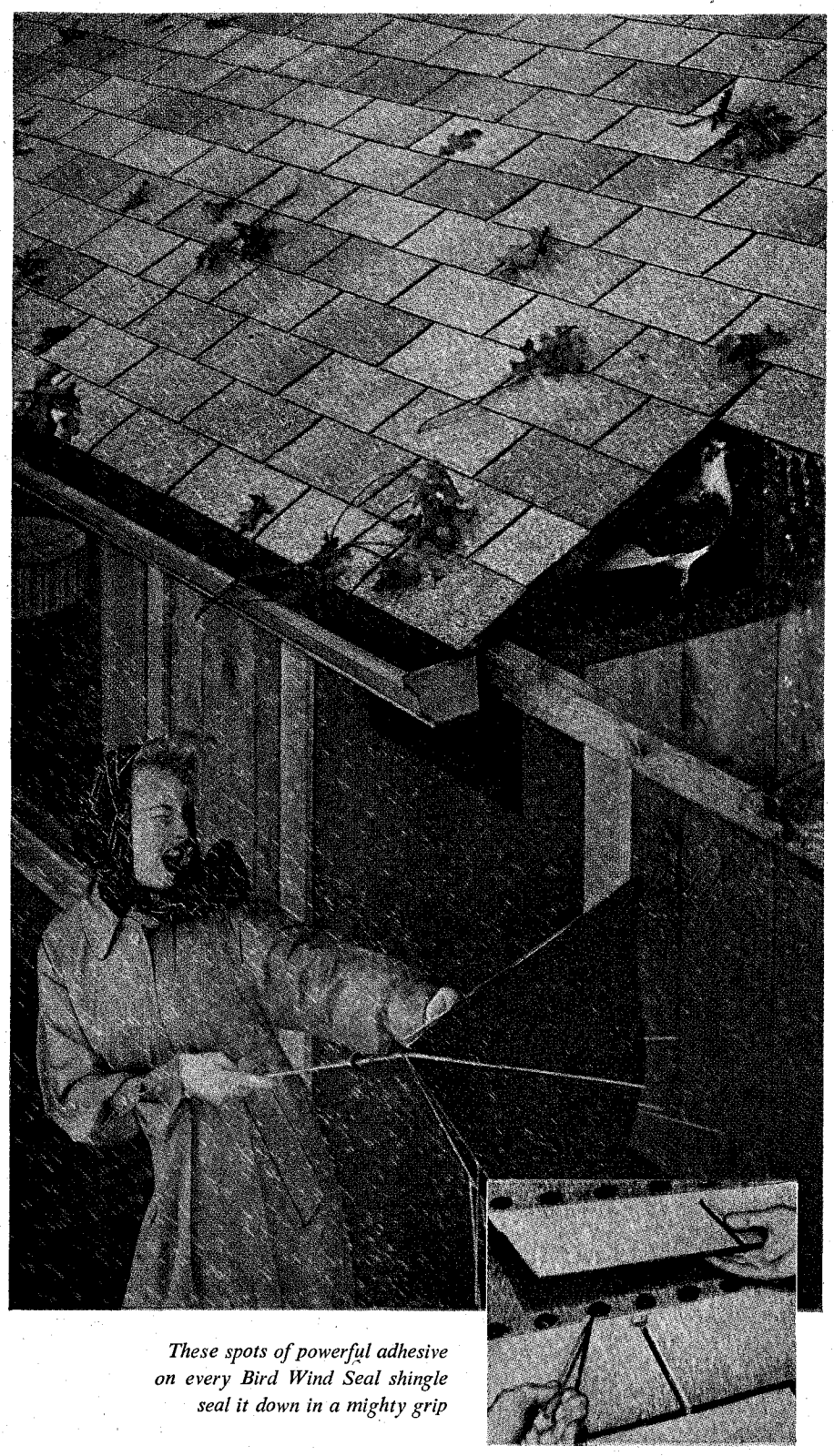

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Roofs THEY LIVE A LONG LIFE

(*Continued from Page 52*) names of witnesses who would be willing to testify to what they had seen. Upon his relation, it seemed to be a perfect example of negligence, if not worse. Of course, I would have to examine these witnesses and form an opinion as to their credibility.

"How seriously is the child injured?" I asked.

"Dislocations, bruises, contusions, and something seems to be amiss with his spine."

"Very well," I told him. "If my investigations bear out your story, I will accept the case on a contingent basis—fifty per cent of the damages awarded. In view of the fact that I take all the risks, it is not exorbitant."

"Very well," he agreed. "Business has not been too flourishing or I would retain you on a regular basis. We have had desertions, Mr. Applegate. Our show is not the colossal thing it once was. Our strong man took other employment, and our Venetian glass blowers disappeared. Our four jubilee singers left us. We have been unable to replace them."

"Is that the complete list of deserters?" I asked. To this day I do not know why.

"It is not," he said. "We had a marvelous knife thrower and his lady, at whom he threw his knives, and who doubled as a singer of ballads."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "Indeed!"

Even as I made this exclamation an alarm bell rang in my head, not loudly and urgently, but faintly and almost inaudibly. I did not heed it. On the surface there was nothing to put me on my guard, and the possibility—probability—of a fee amounting to a couple of thousand dollars blunted my caution.

I wrote down the names of witnesses and their addresses.

"These," I told him, "I will interview and give you my decision tomorrow afternoon, if you will call again."

He arose, and his height was imposing. I took his extended hand and he left the office. I was pleased with myself. In one day an actual cash fee of five dollars and a damage case which very well might earn me five hundred times that much. I wanted to go home and boast a little to father and mother—but mainly to Lossie Fox. For some reason I found it essential to impress her with my importance.

I sat thinking about my latest client and of my impression that I had seen him somewhere before. Then I became certain that I never had seen him before in some other environment. It was not that. I became convinced that it was a resemblance, a similarity to someone I did know. Mr. Gideon Weeks bore a remarkable resemblance to someone with whose face I was familiar. But struggle as I might, I could not identify that other face.

I closed the office early because I wanted, I suppose, to strut a little. I should have known Lossie better than to try it on her. She always had had a very special way of pricking bubbles, especially if I had blown them. I walked rapidly home through autumn air that was agreeably weighted with the odor of burning leaves. Lossie, a long-handled wooden rake in her hands, was scuffling through the maple leaves which had fallen thickly on our lawn. She waved at me and called to me to get a rake.

"Bonfire!" she cried out, almost as excitedly as she would have done ten years before. "The leaves are dry as dry!"

"Why," I asked patronizingly, "don't you grow up?"

She leaned on her rake, very young and lovely and somehow elfin, and made a face at me and said, "Young spriggins, when I grow up I'll grow up. I won't just puff up." She waggled her thumb at the barn and commanded, "Go get a rake." There was no slight resemblance now between this *gamine* and the grand lady she had learned how to become when she saw reason for it. I started back for the barn obediently, and she called after me, "When you come back, I'll listen to your brags!"

I felt my ears reddening, and almost went into the house in a huff, but that would only have drawn more tormenting remarks from Miss Lossie; so I came back with a rake and commenced to help her pile up leaves in the driveway, where we could set them ablaze.

"All right, Alexander," she said presently, "what worlds did you conquer today?"

"I thought," I said, and the hurt of it must have been audible in my voice, "that you might have been glad to hear about it."

Instantly she was contrite. "Of course I want to hear about it, Orrin," she said in a gentler tone. "But you exasperate me. You're so biggety."

"I had two clients today," I said.

"Oh, how nice!" she exclaimed genuinely. "Can you tell me?"

"One of them," I said, "was David Hannum. He came in with George Hall. To get me to draw a bill of sale of the Cardiff Giant. I charged him five dollars," I said smugly.

"So now," she responded, "you can buy me an enormous box of candy."

"The other client," I went on, "was Gideon Weeks, the medicine-show man."

She dropped her rake and grasped my arm. "That handsome young man!" she exclaimed and gave my arm a little shake, saying urgently, "What did he want, Orrin? What did he want?"

"That little boy that they mesmerize," I said. "He was run over by a dray. I'm to sue for damages. I took it," I said, "on a contingent basis, and my fee might be as much as two thousand dollars." I paused to let her exclaim, but she did not exclaim. She became very grave.

"I don't like you to have that man for a client," she said.

"Why in the world not?" I demanded. And then I remembered the first time we had seen the medicine-show troupe and Mr. Weeks, and how Lossie had said she had seen him sometime, somewhere, and had seemed disturbed about it. "Do you know, it's a funny thing," I said before she could answer, "but today I had the same impression you had—that I had seen him before. But when I got to thinking, I knew I never had seen him before, but someone who looked like him."

"Who was it?" she asked.

"I don't know. I can't figure it out."

Just then Madam Janeway's splendid team of horses drew her carriage down the street and turned in at her drive. She waved to us gaily.

"It's odd," I said thoughtfully, for my mind was still upon Weeks and his troupe of performers, "that Madam never will go with us to see the show. She always wants to be at everything that goes on."

"Nothing," Lossie said solemnly, "is strange when you understand the reason for it."

"Do you?" I asked.

She was very pensive. Her enthusiasm for raking leaves and building a bonfire seemed to have abated. Her lovely eyes were dark and brooding.

"I hope I don't know the reason," she said, "and I hope I never find out."

"I see by the paper," said Lossie's father in his dry, ironic voice, "that they're havin' quite a time of it down to New York. Mobs looting grocery stores and the like of that."

"Distress is said to be acute," replied Madam Janeway, who was the dinner guest of the Foxes at a casual evening gathering.

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"But Syracuse," went on Uncle Lander, "is resting on a firmer financial foundation. Paper says our drugstores sold fifteen thousand bottles of bitters and three thousand two-ounce bottles of soothin' syrup this year. Yes'm, to the virtuous and nondrinking citizens of this town. Calc'late our future's safe, though I'd admire to know which sect prefers soothing syrup to bitters."

"Lander Fox!" his wife said sharply.

"Panic-proof business," Uncle Lander persisted. "I calc'late to argue Silas here to quit salt boilin' 'n' go into patent medicine. In addition to making money, it's got what you might call its humanitarian aspects. Yup. Think how many old wimmin it solaces for bein' wives to deacons and elders and such like who have no other high jinks this side of the grave."

"Madam Janeway," said embarrassed Mrs. Fox, "I hope you'll pay no attention to my husband. . . . Lander Fox, you're irreverent."

"Jest observing," said Uncle Lander. "Like every time I've dropped around to this Umatilla Indian medicine show, Deacon Milliken's coachman's been there buyin' two bottles. Looks like somebody's layin' in a bulwark against the coming of a drought." He uttered an arid cackle. "Besides which, this Umatilla elixir has taken pains not to disguise the taste of pure whisky."

"The poor, starved things!" Madam Janeway said sympathetically.

Uncle Lander was on his way and not to be stopped. "I'm not a drinking man, as all Syracuse can testify," he said, "but I've tried 'em all, in the interests of science—Kickapoo Elixir of Life, Hoffenderfer's Bitters 'n' a dozen others—and I'm in a position to testify this Umatilla tipple is the tastiest of all. Also," Uncle Lander finished up, "they got the best show. . . . You seen it Madam?"

"I've not seen it," Madam said not unpleasantly. "That sort of exhibition wouldn't entertain me, I fear. I have avoided it."

Lossie whispered in my ear almost inaudibly, "And it hasn't seen her."

"What do you mean by that?" I demanded.

"Since they've been in town," Lossie said, "Madam has been practically invisible."

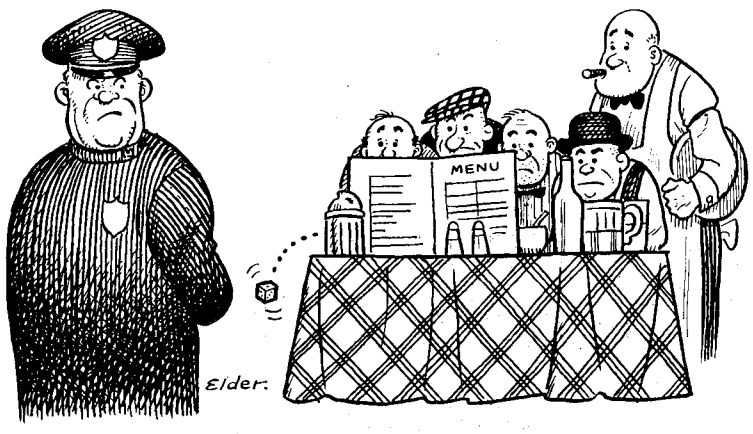
"Nonsense," I said tartly.

"What did you say, Orrin?" my mother asked.

"Nothing, mother. I was just telling Lossie she was talking nonsense."

"As she so often does," said her father, with a grin of affection in her direction. "But look out, Orrin. Sometimes her nonsense has more bite to it than other folk's logic."

On occasion I became seriously impatient with Lossie, for she blurted. She would up and out with things for no apparent reason at all, and they could be embarrassing. (*Continued on Page 60*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Phil's Grill was a favorite hangout for a sporting set with little visible means of support. Time and again, the clientele became so involved in betting and games of chance that police hauled them in. Chief Kelly, weary of this process, one day assigned his biggest and toughest cop to the place. This worthy stood inside the door, glaring at one and all, until Phil in extreme anguish rushed to court to make Kelly move the cop.

"Kelly may have a right to station an officer on the sidewalk outside my place," Phil conceded, "but when he plants his man inside to be a wet blanket, he interferes unduly with a private business. Unless his cop comes in to arrest someone who has broken the law, he should stay out."

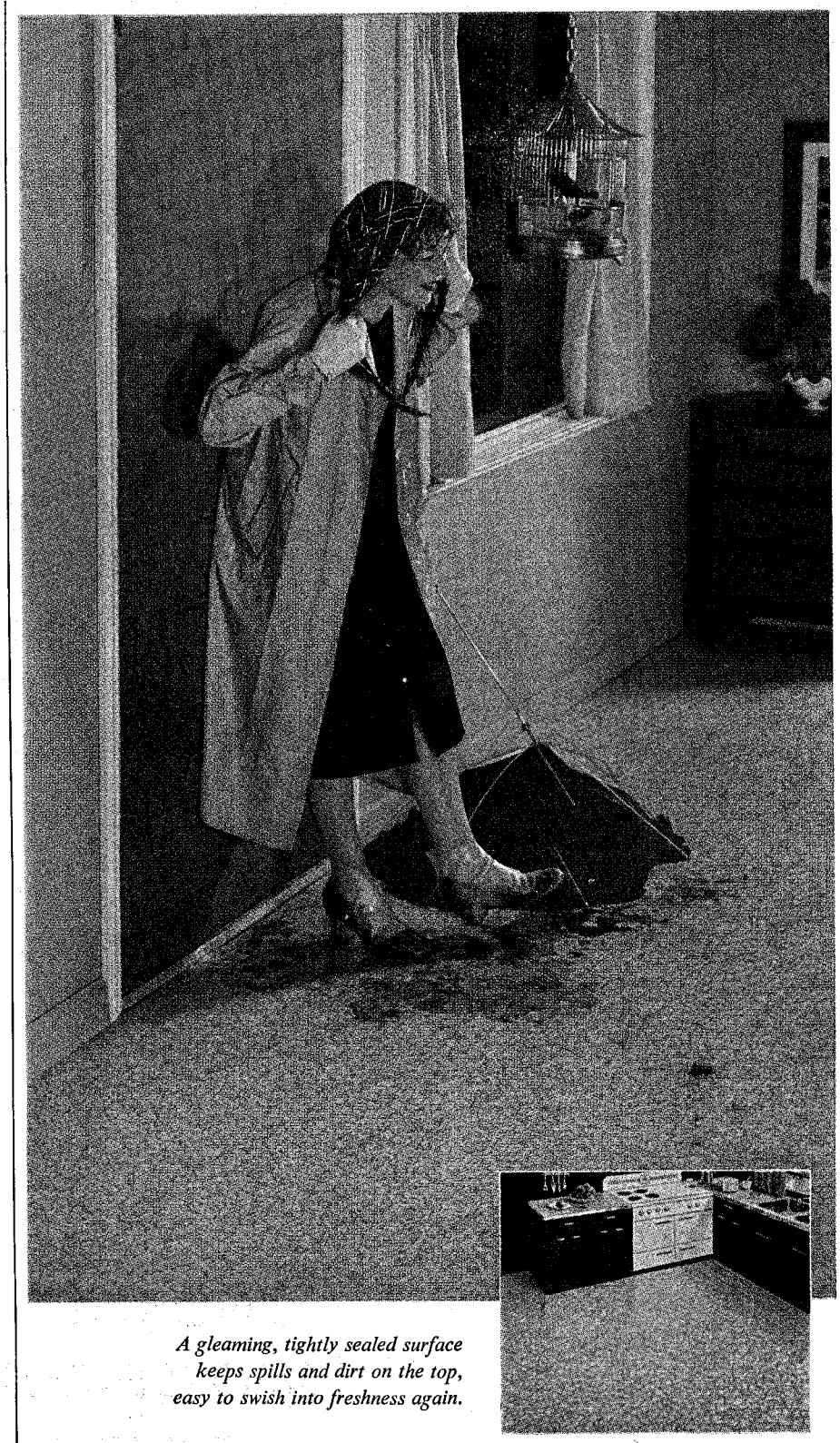
"If Phil's customers are pure of heart, the presence of a policeman won't spoil their innocent fun," Kelly countered. "But if there are black sheep among them, it is the right and duty of the police to apprehend them even if that necessitates keeping an officer continually inside the place."

If you were the judge, would you make the cop scram?

• •

The police won. The court said a restaurant invites the public and therefore is open to inspection and surveillance at all times "for the welfare of the public." It added that "it is infinitely better to prevent the commission of crime than to await . . . and then to punish."

Based upon a 1939 Ohio decision.



A gleaming, tightly sealed surface keeps spills and dirt on the top, easy to swish into freshness again.

Weather never hurts it

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Drip, drip, drip. But home's in a sunshine mood!
Spills and stains and mud don't hurt this floor — everything vanishes from Bird Vinyl's smooth surface with a swish of a damp cloth.
Bird Vinyl creates its own atmosphere of cheer,
because it makes living so easy. And it's easy on the budget too.

BIRD

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See how Pall Mall's famous length of fine tobacco travels and gentles the smoke —makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

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FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULA
PEOPLE CONGREGA
"RAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST
2 Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally . . .
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You can light either end!
PALL MALL
PALL MALL

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(*Continued from Page 57*) "The Umatilla tribe," she said distinctly, "have become clients of Orrin's."

Madam looked from Lossie to me with arched brows. One could see that she was not pleased.

"Is this true, Orrin?" she asked.

"Not exactly," I told her. "Not definitely. I've been asked by their Mr. Weeks to take a personal-injury case on a contingent basis."

"But you have not bound yourself?"

"Not, Madam, until I have investigated the evidence carefully."

"Madam Cissie," Lossie said with vast sobriety, "Orrin always can be relied upon to look before he leaps. There's no fun reading a story when you always know what's going to happen in the next chapter." Her temper suddenly was up, as happened sometimes so unaccountably. She seemed to have forgotten that she and I were not alone. "Orrin Applegate," she said sharply, "do you have to be a model young man? If just once in your life you'd do something unexpected, like—like getting in a fight or cutting up a caper!"

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"One flibbertigibbet in a neighborhood is enough," I retorted.

Madam seemed to be distrait. What had started out as a merry evening began to drag. For a time, conversation languished. Even Lossie withdrew into herself, and Uncle Lander's story of funny reminiscences dried up. So it was that shortly after nine Madam Janeway, politely concealing a yawn, announced that she had spent a tiring day and longed for her bed. She smiled at me.

"I wonder, Orrin," she said, "if you would escort me across the street." She glanced around the company half humorously. "A small matter of business upon which I wish to consult my attorney."

After we had crossed the street and mounted Madam's porch, the door was opened to us by the butler, Oscar. The sight of the man always upset me. He was a strange-looking creature, and I marveled that so dainty a person as Madam could tolerate him about her. I wondered if she knew how truly weird a servant she harbored, with his knife throwing out in her barn.

She led me into her little office and dismissed Oscar. "That will be all," she said to him. "You may go to bed, Oscar."

He stood still and expressionless, his pale eyes unwinking before he turned on his heel and withdrew. Perhaps I made some movement, perhaps I even shuddered. At any rate, Madam became aware of my aversion for the man.

"Oscar," she said, "fails to make a happy impression. But he has qualities, Orrin. His has not been a happy life. I do not know what I would do without him."

She bade me be seated and then she leaned forward a little with earnest face.

"Orrin," she said gravely, "you can learn the law from books. You can commit to memory ever rule and statute. You can be letter perfect in every printed word, but that does not make you a lawyer."

I waited. This was a strange beginning for a consultation between attorney and client. "No, Orrin," she continued. "It's not enough to know the law; you must know what to do with it. To be a great lawyer you must have experience in the everyday affairs of life. You must know human beings and what arouses their emotions and how they react when their emotions are aroused. Through experience you must learn what to expect in a given set of circumstances."

"Yes, ma'am," I responded, still bewildered.

"You have to know the acts wicked people have perpetrated, and why good people have slipped. The more you know about what has actually happened, and what people really have done, the better lawyer you will be."

"That is undoubtedly true, Madam," I agreed.

"Give time to reading about crimes and plots and chicaneries, and remember the details, so that you will recognize them when you encounter them. Men do not invent new wickednesses; they simply repeat old crimes or adapt old ones to fit their needs. So, Orrin, the more you have studied these matters and read of them and discussed them, the more likely you will be to recognize them in your practice and to thwart them."

"A wide field of study, ma'am," I said.

"But fascinating," she rejoined.

She arose and opened the iron safe. Inside I saw shelves and compartments and pigeonholes crammed with papers and documents and what appeared to be securities. She withdrew a volume of the scrapbook variety and spread it on her desk.

"I," she said, "have made a pastime of clipping from newspapers accounts of clever or unusual crimes. There are hundreds of such clippings here. I find them amusing and sometimes useful."

She turned pages until, apparently, she came to what she sought.

"Please," she said crisply, "state the particulars of this injury case you have been asked to take."

I did so in detail. When I was quite through, she smiled, arched her brows and asked, "Can you describe the man who brought this case to your office?"

I did so with some accuracy, for I remembered him well—and besides, there was that haunting impression that I had seen him elsewhere, or someone resembling him. She nodded emphatically and then read aloud from her scrapbook:

"'A novel fraud was detected here yesterday by Doctor J. M. Pettigrew. A small boy for whom damages were claimed by reason of personal injuries was examined by this physician after others had pronounced his injuries to be serious and genuine. It was detected that the boy possessed an unusual facility. He could at will dislocate almost any joint in his small body and so appear to have suffered great physical damage. The boy and his accomplices vanished before they could be arrested and brought to justice. The boy was a weakly wizened lad; his principal accomplice was a handsome blond man in his early thirties whose business was the selling of patent medicine.'"

It seemed to me, as one who delights in facts, that here was a very poor account of the affair, even for a country newspaper. Names had not appeared important to the writer, nor other vital particulars. But even so, insufficient as it was, it was sufficiently ample to shock me beyond measure.

"The description of the boy seems to tally with yours," said Madam tersely, "and also that of the man who came to your office. Also, he sells patent medicine."

"Madam," said I, "this alarms me seriously."

"As well it may," she said, leaning forward so that the light fell upon her face, which had been in shadows.

"Madam!" I exclaimed, and arose abruptly to my feet.

"What is it, Orrin?" she asked solicitously.

I did not tell her, but the thing that had so startled me, was that, as Madam leaned forward and the light fell upon her features, I knew why the face of Gideon Weeks had seemed so familiar. For an instant the resemblance between Madam Janeway and Gideon Weeks was as the resemblance between twins.

She leaned back into the shadows and the impression passed. But it had been unmistakable.

She spoke sharply. "You have been placed on the alert," she said. Her eyes narrowed as she studied my face. "What action shall you take?"

"Madam," I said, "I shall make closer investigation."

She moved her hands impatiently. "Perhaps," she said, "Lossie's criticism of you was not unjust. You certainly do not leap without looking."

"I would not do an injustice," said I. "What would you have me do?"

I would not take my Bible oath to it, but it did seem to me that there was malice in her voice when she replied.

"Your duty as a citizen," she said inflexibly, "is to run the rascal out of town."

"Madam," I said, perhaps unwisely, "you speak as if the matter were of personal consequence to you."

"It is," she snapped, "as all law breaking—and especially clever frauds—is

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bound to be." She stood up imperiously in dismissal. "I hope, Orrin," she said more kindly, "that after you have slept on the matter you will agree with me what your course of action shall be."

I bowed and retired, but in a troubled state of mind. Oddly I wished I could lay the facts before Lossie and have her advice. I doubt if ever before I had considered her advice worth following.

I walked downtown after breakfast, worried about the situation that confronted me. On the way I passed the Bastable Building at Warren and Water Streets where the Cardiff Giant was being exhibited in a store. The rumor was traveling about that it was to be transported to Albany and exhibited in Geological Hall. I did not climb to my office, but continued on to the field on the outskirts of town where the medicine show was encamped. There I found a semimilitary encampment of which the large, ornate van was the center. Now the performers and employees were eating breakfast in an open-sided tent, and they did not seem to be the glamorous lot that displayed themselves to the public in the evening performances. Rather a sorry sight they presented, unshaven, in shirt sleeves or even not too immaculate flannel undershirts. The coffee, however, smelled good.

I approached the table at the head of which Gideon Weeks sat with his ham and eggs.

"Hey, rube!" someone called warningly as I approached, and a dozen heads turned in my direction.

"Mr. Weeks," I said, "may I speak with you?"

"Certainly, certainly, Applegate," he responded, and emptied his coffee cup at a draught. He threw his long legs over the wooden bench upon which he sat and strode toward me. He was a fine, upstanding body of a man, almost as tall as myself, but more neatly made.

"What," Weeks asked of me, extending a carefully tended hand, "brings you here so early in the morning?"

"We can," I said stoutly, "dispense with handshaking until we clear up a moot point."

His eyes narrowed and his lips formed a line under his mustache.

"Moot," he said. "Moot! That means a point about which there is an argument, doesn't it? Just what point is moot so early in the morning-o?"

I did not beat about the bush. "Your honesty," I said directly.

Weeks hunched his shoulders and doubled his fists, and I thought he was about to strike me, but I spoke quickly, "Hold your hosses," I warned. "I'm pretty stout, Mr. Weeks, and the canawlers have taught me how to rassle. I'd get the best of you."

He stopped and relaxed, and then grinned almost amiably. "Maybe you'd get the best of me, son, but what if I sicked the troupe onto you?"

"Why," I said, "I'd fight until I got licked, a dozen against one. And then I'd go down to the canal and collect my own dozen and demolish your troupe and camp and leave the place a shambles."

He studied me a moment and shrugged. "I thought," he said, "that you were one of those James Street aristocrats."

"So I am," I told him, "but I ramify."

"Very good, Applegate, you ramify. You use words. You're a lawyer with book learning. You talk about moot. Now let's get down to this moot. What gives you the idea I'm not as honest as the sun that shines?"

"Well, Mr. Weeks," I said, "there's a sort of a freak of nature going around the country. It comes in the shape of a small boy who is endowed with a peculiar physical ability. He can disjoint himself at will. He can throw out his hips or his shoulders or his knees whenever he wants to. Which is a very handy thing if he wants to perpetrate a fraud. He can pretend to fall down somebody's stairs or to be hit by somebody's horses, and it looks like a genuine and severe injury. It even passes doctor's inspection because there is actual, visible dislocation. And he has a very good case for damages." I paused and fixed my eyes on his. "Is that moot enough for you, Mr. Weeks?"

He returned my gaze and quirked his head to one side and shrugged. "Just what steps do you intend to take, Mr. Applegate?"

"Why, first," said I, "I shall give you the opportunity to allow a committee of surgeons to verify the actuality of your boy's injuries. Following that, criminal prosecution will ensue."

"How old are you, Mr. Applegate?" he asked.

I did not see how it could concern him, but I told him my age.

"For the life of me," he said admiringly, "I can't see how you could learn so much language in that many years." Then, becoming serious, he wrinkled his brow and narrowed his eyes and whistled through his teeth. "Sonny," he said

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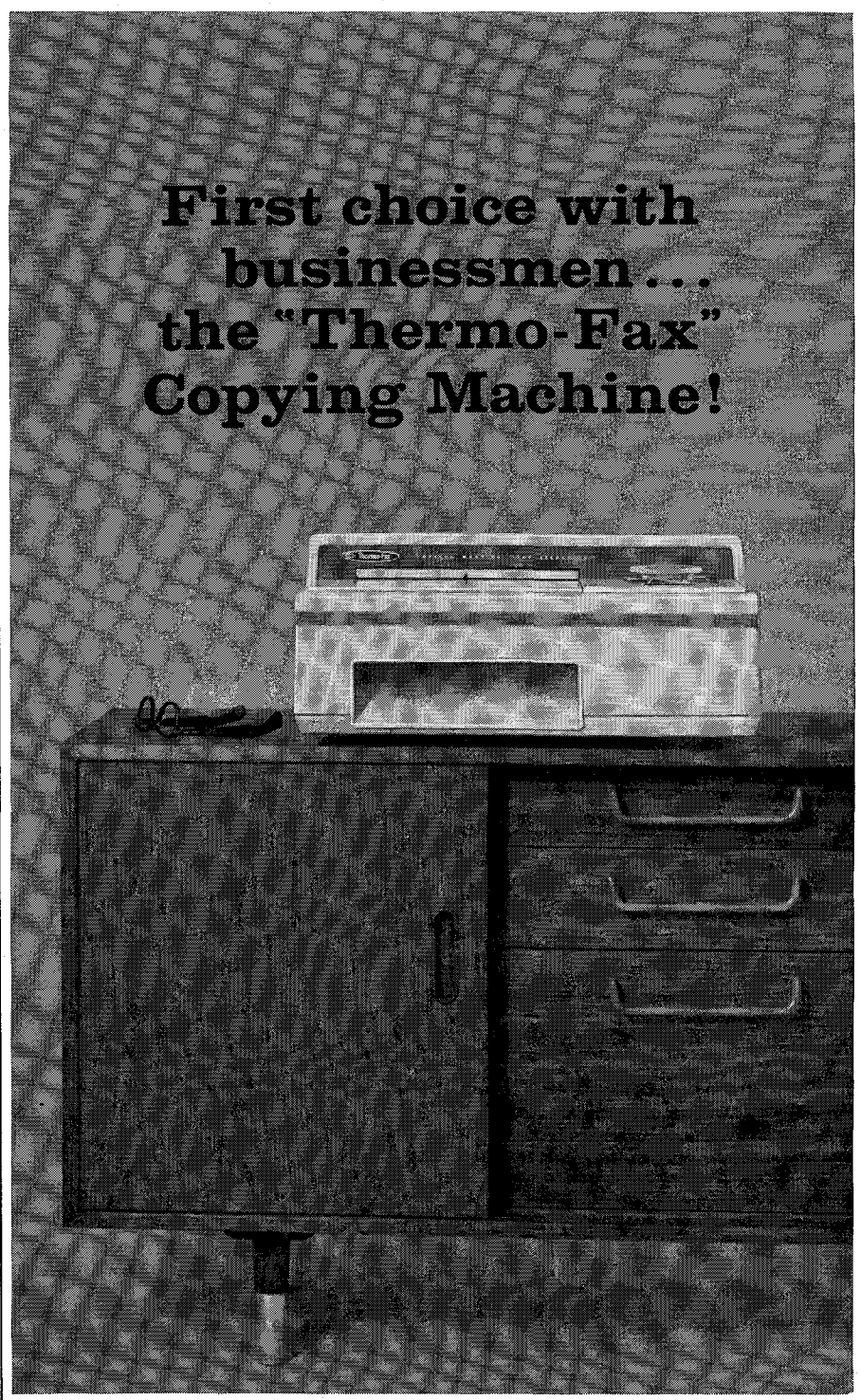
"Better take Riley off wedding cakes until he patches up his marital troubles."



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patronizingly, "you didn't come up with this all by yourself. No young rube lawyer in this back country was ever that smart. I'll be obleeged to you, Mr. Applegate, if you'll tell me who put you wise."

"You're not denying?"

"Hell's floating rib, of course I'm not! I'm caught, so I'm caught. What's your proposition?"

"Clear out of town," I said firmly.

"No law?"

"Just clear out," I said.

He shrugged. "We got the place practically milked dry," he said. "I'd rather take my tarnation time pulling out than have to skedaddle between two days. But have it your way, Mr. Applegate; we vamoose."

"Twenty-four hours," I said.

"We'll head south. Frost's in the air. No hard feelings, sir. Come and have a cup of coffee with us. I'd like my folks to meet a smart rube lawyer."

He made a place beside him at the trestle table and a plate of ham and eggs and a tin cup of coffee were placed before me.

Mr. Weeks appeared to hold no resentment, but, on the contrary, paid me compliments upon my astuteness and prophesied that one day I would be elevated to the Supreme Court. The small boy was brought out all properly jointed again. He seemed a stupid, mentally stunted child and I thought this might be due to the fact that he was nightly used as the mesmerist's subject. Much of the conversation was unintelligible to me, it being a sort of argot of the open road and of show business. A slim, weasel-faced, lugubrious man sat next to me and never moved a muscle of his face except to chew food.

Weeks indicated him to me. "He'd be the best conjurer in the nation," Weeks told me, "if only he had the patter to go with it. But he's practically dumb. But he's useful, Mr. Applegate. He's useful." He widened his eyes and peered at me humorously. "Now I warrant your wallet is full of money," he said, "and you've got a handkerchief in your back pocket and pencils in your vest and maybe a jackknife."

I felt for those articles, but my pockets were as empty as the day they came from the store.

"Give them back to our guest, Monk," Mr. Weeks said gaily, and the dour, skinny man passed back my belongings one by one without a glint of laughter in his dull eyes.

"If," said Weeks genially, "you want to learn things you never dreamt of, come and travel with us for a month. Human nature we'll teach you, and the work of nimble fingers, and the ease with which yokels can be made to bilk themselves. Sharpers, Mr. Applegate, don't have to be so sharp. It's the cupidity of people makes it easy for us. Smart alecks trying to overreach us. Get something for nothing. Now, offhand, you might say, Mr. Applegate, that we played tricks on folks and maybe weren't a hundred per cent honest. But if there wasn't a broad streak of dishonesty in the crowds that come to see us, we'd have no luck. Come travel with us, Mr. Applegate. A couple of months on the road and you'll learn more than lawbooks can teach you in a year."

I was enjoying myself; of such frank rascality I never had dreamed. These people did not seem to me to be so much immoral as amoral. They lived by a different code from normal folks'. They made no effort to justify themselves, but seemed to be convinced that they were merely holding their own in a dog-eat-dog world, and that there was no wrong in cheating somebody before that somebody could cheat them.

"But," I protested, "everybody in the world isn't trying to cheat everybody else. Syracuse is full of people of rectitude and integrity, living normal, honorable lives."

"To be sure," said Weeks. "Like those upstanding citizens who are making money hand over fist exhibiting a fake stone giant. I even hear rumors you had a murder here not so long ago."

"Some bad things happen among the canawlers," I said.

"This wasn't a canawler murder, the way I heard it. A stranger throttled and left in somebody's barn."

"Oh, that!" I said. "It was a dreadful thing. The victim was found in my father's barn, sitting in his carriage."

"And nobody," said Weeks, "has been arrested for it. Why not, Mr. Applegate? Somebody have influence?"

"No, indeed," I protested. "The dead man has not even been identified. No one in Syracuse ever had seen him alive."

"Somebody must have," Weeks said. "He didn't strangle himself, did he?"

"No. But he was exposed in the undertaking parlor as long as it was possible, and hundreds looked at him without identifying him."

"What kind of a looking hairpin was this feller?" asked the pickpocket, who sat next to me.

"A large, beefy man," I told him, "with burnside whiskers, kind of reddish color, and pale popeyes."

"Dew tell," exclaimed the man with the deft fingers. "Naow he wouldn't maybe have had him on his right cheek a kind of a purple mole about the size of a sixpence?"

I sought to visualize the horrid face of that dead man as I had seen it in our carriage on the Sabbath morning. There was, indeed, if my memory served, a round discoloration on his cheek. "And another thing," I said, recollecting, "the second finger of one of his hands—I think it was the right—had been cut off at the second joint."

There was silence about that table—an ominous sort of silence. The members of the troupe looked at one another with narrowed, malicious eyes. Then, after a moment, all was as it had been.

Mr. Weeks shrugged. "For a moment," he said, "we thought it might be someone we knew."

"It was," mumbled the dull-witted boy. "I knowed right off when he said about the cut-off finger. It was the Dook."

"Aw, shucks," said Mr. Weeks. "It couldn't have been."

"It was the Dook," reiterated the half-wit.

"All right," Weeks said after a moment. "It was the Duke. And if we didn't have to skedaddle out of town like we have, I'd make it my business to find out who treated our friend so."

"Me," said the slovenly girl who looked so lovely under the flaring lights at night, "I always said he'd come to a bad end. Always snoopin'. Always apryin'. Always tryin' to find out secrets. What I repeat is he come to the end I expected. He found out one secret too many."

"The Dook," said my light-fingered neighbor, "was a stout, heavy sort of a man. Anybody that hung onto him and throttled him with his hands would have to be stronger'n that feller that fit battles with the jawbone of an ass."

"Only man I know of stout enough to do that, 'n' then hoist him into a carriage and set him down all neat and peaceful," declared the girl who sang ballads, "was Bigfoot Swede."

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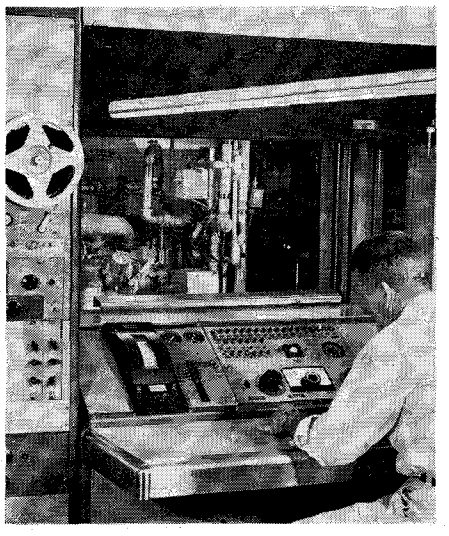
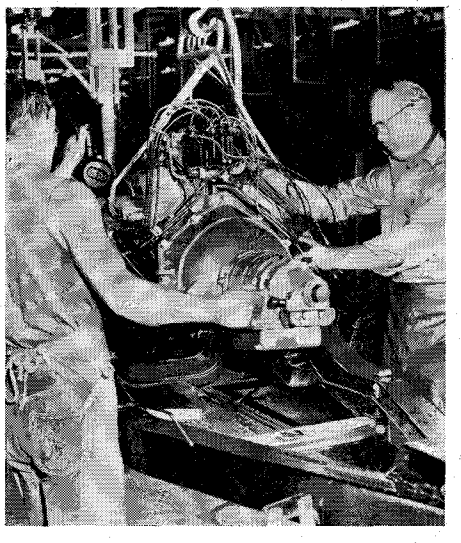
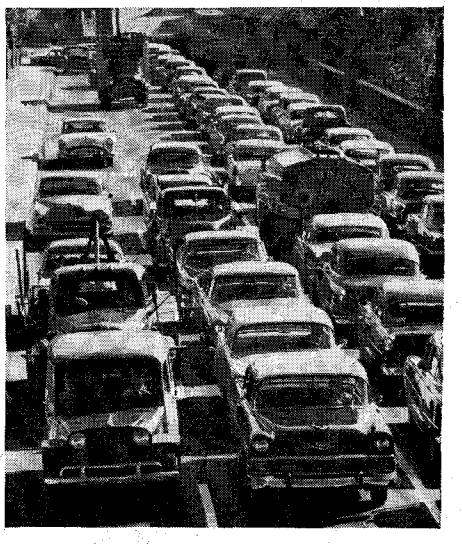

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"If he done it," said the mesmerizer, "then I calc'late not to make it none of my business."

"Perhaps," said Weeks, "it is just as well we are moving south. . . . But Bigfoot's act did draw people to see our show."

"What," I asked, "was the Duke's real name?"

"Seems like I forget," Weeks said. "He was kind of chary of mentioning it."

Weeks stood up politely and extended his hand to me. "It has been educational meeting you, Mr. Applegate," he said graciously. "I hope we meet sometime again."

After that I had to shake hands with all the members of the troupe, including the boy who could disjoint himself. And then I strolled back toward my office.

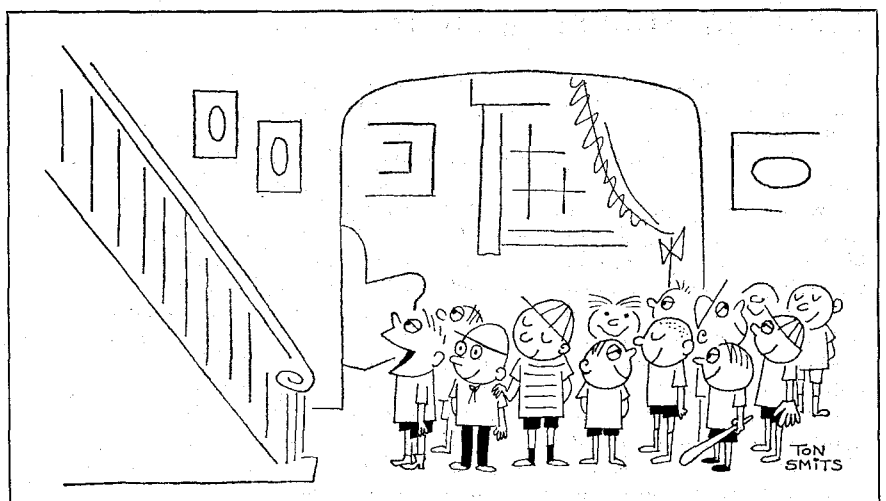
As I walked along, I had to face the fact that the most promising piece of law business that had come my way had blown up in my face and Lossie would laugh at me for being so thoroughly taken in by a scalawag. And I would have been taken in, had it not been for Madam Janeway and her warning. I might even have become an innocent party to a fraud and a sharer in its profits.

When I reached the building in which my office was located I found a dray at the door on which was a modern safe of medium size. Pete Boss, the drayman, said he had thought I never would get there and that they had been waiting for an hour.

"But," I told him, "I've bought no safe."

"That," Pete said, "is what you think. But here's the safe, all paid for, to be delivered to your office. Paid for in cash money by Madam Janeway."

There was nothing I could do about it. Maybe it was one of those lavish gifts



"Mom, guess whom I brought for dinner!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

for which Madam was so noted. Maybe she wanted me to have a safe for some reason of her own. I would call upon her at the first opportunity and find out. If it was a gift, then, of course, I would decline to accept it. If, for some business reason, she wished to have a strongbox in my office, that would be a cat of another color.

"What's the combination?" I asked Pete.

"Me, I jest deliver. Don't know nothin' about combinations," he said.

I had my lunch downtown and spent a long afternoon in study and in waiting for clients to present themselves. At five o'clock I walked home. Again Lossie was raking leaves. I would have avoided her, but she pinned me down.

"And how," she asked, "is the burgeoning law practice today?"

"Big words!" I said. "Know what they mean?"

"You would be surprised half to death," she retorted, "if you knew what words I know, and other things."

"Ladylike, I hope."

"Useful anyhow," she said. "Are you going to take that damage case?"

"No," I told her. "Did you hang around and waylay me to find out?"

"Yes," she said promptly. "Why didn't you take it?"

"It was a fraud."

"So-o-o!" She drew out the word irritatingly. "And how would you recognize a fraud if you saw it?"

"I'm much smarter than you think."

"You're smart when somebody tells you how to be. What did Madam Cissie tell you last night?" Her voice was sharp, for which I could see no reason.

"If you must know," I told her, "Madam showed me a newspaper clipping about a boy who could disjoint himself whenever he wanted to."

"And how," she said, still tartly, "did Madam happen to have such a clipping handy?"

"She has a scrapbook," I said. "In it she keeps pieces about clever crimes."

"Oh-ho! And what did you do about it?"

"I told these medicine-show people to vamoose out of town."

"Was that your own idea?" she asked.

"Anyhow they're clearing out. And I admit I sort of liked them. Scalawags or not, I liked them."

She gave quick, little, jerky nods of her head. "Then the day wasn't wasted," she said. "You're improving."

"Also," said I a bit boastfully, "I found out something all the police in Syracuse have missed."

"My, what a long tail our cat has got!" she jeered.

"I found out the identity of that murdered man in our barn."

"Why, Mr. Pinkerton!" she exclaimed. "Who was he?"

"A man," I told her, "named the Duke."

"That makes everything clear. A medicine-show man?"

"Yes," I said. "They think he was strangled by another man they know, called Bigfoot Swede."

"And what, Mr. Pinkerton," she asked, "do you propose to do with this knowledge?"

"Keep it to myself while I think it over."

She blinked at me. "Little playmate," she said, "if I were you I'd keep it to myself longer than that. I'd tie a stone around it and sink it in oblivion. At this exact minute, Orrin, I would estimate that it is the most dangerous bit of knowledge existing in Syracuse."

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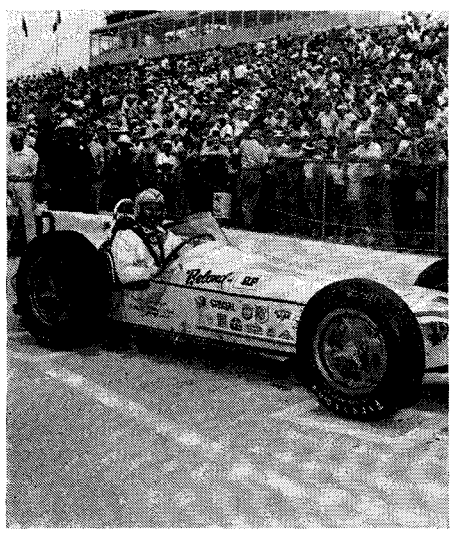

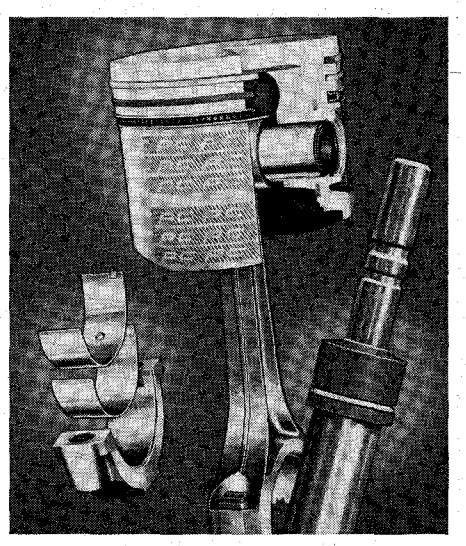

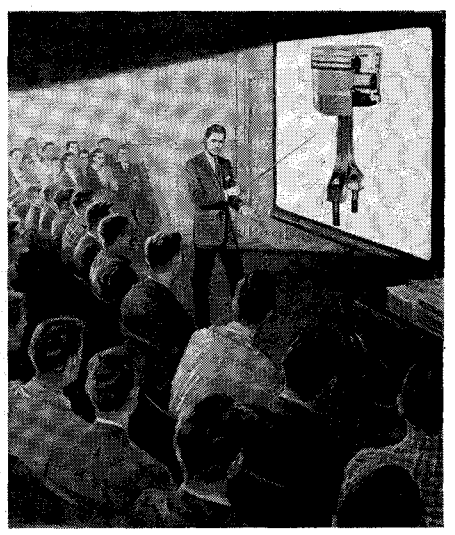

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"How I use **Murine to soothe my eyes** and so relax tension"

BEN ALEXANDER

Sgt. Smith of "Dragnet"

"Off camera, I'm a Ford dealer operating three agencies. I drive miles every day, often in smog, dust and glare. When my eyes smart and feel 'gritty,' I use Murine. It's cleansing and comforting." Ben Alexander is so right. Just a couple of drops of Murine in each eye seems to float away discomforts of close work or outdoor exposure and so helps relax tension. Use Murine morning and night and *whenever* your eyes need rest.

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES*

The Murine Co., Inc.
Chicago, U.S.A.
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Phantom Millions (Continued from Page 30)

thirty-six, he had the tight-lipped look of a man whose pay checks had come in in a photo finish with his bills for so long that now he only wondered what to do about it.

"Well, here I go off on another gay mad round of parties," he said at the door. He kissed Joan twice and went out to the car, wondering what had ever made him think he could buy a split-level for no more than he'd been paying in rent.

The drive across town to the plant took only five minutes. Pottsburg was a town of 6750, every one of them in some way or another dependent on the Pottsburg Division of the Elwell Machinery Corporation. That's what you got for living in a company town, Paul thought—a nice song and dance about "your future here, Paul," until you had the baby and couldn't risk striking out somewhere else.

He crossed Main and Elm and turned down Race Street to the brick three-story factory, parked his car and went into the side entrance. By the time he reached the top floor his clothes stuck to his body.

"Well, if it isn't the man most likely to fail," said Bill Heeney, the other accountant in Renewal Parts. They were the only two who had to come in.

"Funny," Paul said. "I always feel lousy until I see you and realize things could be worse." He took off his coat and said, "Why don't you turn on the fan and circulate the heat?"

"It blows the papers."

"Yes. Of course. Naturally, anything that might just make a day like this survivable would blow the papers."

He loosened his tie and began to work. At ten-thirty he said, "Hey, this must be our annual report." He had found a carbon copy of the division's statement in with his inventory sheets. "Looks like the Pottsburg Division made half a million this year."

"Let's split it up."

"They put it in research. New fan models, it says here." That was what the Pottsburg Division made—industrial fans and blowers.

"Brother," said Bill, "if I had half a million, fans aren't the models I'd be interested in."

"They invested a whole million," Paul said. "The half a million profit and another half million the company kicked in." A million bucks to find a new way to make a fan, he thought, and he couldn't scrape up fifteen bucks to paint his house.

At noon Bill said, "One of the advantages of being on the Junior Management team is that you can take a full hour for lunch on the Saturdays they don't pay you for. Want a couple of cool ones at the Red Eye?"

"I brought a sandwich," Paul said.

He waited until Bill left, then phoned Joan. If his insurance dividend hadn't come in the morning mail, he'd have to phone Doctor Brice and ask him to wait a while for the bill for Petey's polio shots. Then the female Dracula in Brice's office would be on his neck again. "Why don't you send us a little on account, then, so you won't have so much to worry about?"

On the phone, Joan said, "It didn't come, hon."

"Great."

"Paul?" Joan said.

"M'm'm?"

"Herb Folter's coming over to see you tonight. He says the rain washed all his new seed down to our lawn, and he wants you to pay for it. He says he paid two and a half dollars a box for it and he waited all winter to see whose yard it came up in. He knows it wasn't our fault, so he'll let us have it for half price."

"Why doesn't he talk to the rain?"

"Oh, Irene wants to know if she can take the car this afternoon. Alice Garvey told her about a lawyer in Pine Crest. Alice said he's the best in the state for divorces."

"The car's down in the lot here," Paul said. "How can she borrow it?"

"She's going to take a cab over to the plant. I told her you wouldn't mind walking home. After all, she is having a pretty hard time of it, Paul."

"Sure, sure," he said. He thought, *It's only a mile. What could be nicer than a nice long walk when it's 101 degrees?*

The carbon of the annual report didn't occur to him again until he was eating his sandwich. He studied it. A million bucks on new fan models?

Not once had Renewal Parts checked an item out to the Research Department. Unless Research was buying brand-new stuff from outside—shafts, bearings, motors, blades, gaskets, and every single bolt, screw and belt—he didn't see where they got the parts for the models they were supposed to be building.

Bill Heeney came back at one-thirty and said, "Don't ever let me drink beer for lunch again. Paul, I'm knocking off. If I'm going to die, I want it to be at home with my family." He looked ill.

"Go ahead," Paul said. "I'm quitting myself when I finish this section."

After Bill left, Paul sat back at his desk. It was too hot to work any more. But if he went straight home, he'd have to call Doctor Brice's office. He began to poke around and walked across the shop floor to the Research Department.

In Research was a ten-foot-high fan that looked like a huge steel snail. He recognized its name plate as a competitor's make that he'd processed the order for two years before. It cost $18,000. It would, he thought, take fifty-five of them to cost a million.

To kill time, he began to leaf through a large loose-leaf binder labeled RESEARCH PROJECTS, 1957–58. After a moment, he frowned. Did these guys in Research think they were privileged characters? After a description of each of their projects was a list of the parts used and their cost. One was a K-31 motor, drive and shaft assembly, listed as coming from Renewal Parts and costing $625. Nobody was supposed to take anything from Renewal Parts stock without a requisition, and he'd seen none for this motor.

Angrily, he got a pad and went through the big ledger, copying all the parts they had used. They must have taken stuff from stock every day. The inventory he and Bill had been working on was useless. *We'll just see about this*, he thought. He'd wasted his Saturday for nothing.

It was five-thirty when he finished. He stopped in Harmon's Drugstore for cigarettes and the paper. Mrs. Gillis, who'd taught him algebra twenty years ago, was at the counter, getting tobacco for her pipe. "Hello there, Mr. Burns."

"Hi, Mrs. Gillis." He'd given up trying to tell her he wasn't Arthur Burns. "Pretty hot for you to be out, isn't it?"

"Oh, no; no, I find if I drink plenty of hot coffee, I stay just as warm inside and the heat doesn't bother me. How's your family?"

"Fine, thank you. Still smoking Riordan's Rough Cut, I see."

"Oh, my, yes. That's why I took up the pipe. My husband used to smoke it and the smell makes me think he's still there. Well, it's been nice seeing you, Mr. Burns. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Bubs Sorse, Harmon's night-and-week-end pharmacist, was on duty. When Paul paid for his paper and cigarettes, Bubs said, "Oh, Irene was in, Paul. She forgot her purse and asked if she could have a pack of cigarettes if you'd pay for it when you came by for the paper."

Good old Irene. He said, "Sure." Did she realize how much of his gas she was using to get to Pine Crest? No. Not Irene. She was one of those golden people who never had had to worry about things like that.

Back when Paul was dating Joan, and Irene went with the country-club crowd, she'd once said, "Hank's flying Rickie and me down to Atlanta for the Cotillion. I asked him if you and Joanie couldn't come, but his plane's only a five-seater." Paul said there were only five of them, but she said, "But where would Waterloo sit?" Waterloo was Hank's cat.

On his way out of Harmon's, Paul saw Al Foy passing and waited until he was gone. Al was his cousin, one of the two tellers in the bank, and the only man in the world who wouldn't understand why a little old thing like its being over 100 degrees outside would keep you from playing softball tonight. He'd call him from home and tell him. Right after he called Doctor Brice's office.

A bright red car sailed by with a blat of its horn. Ernie Wild. A few years on the road for a TV outfit and he was district manager now. It showed how far you could get when you started out without a family to worry about. But Paul waved as Ernie went by. He always did.

When he got home, Joan said, "Paul? Irene got us some wine for dinner. Isn't that nice?"

"Not just wine, darling," Irene said. "Lorraine, 'thirty-five."

"Oh. That's very nice." Paul sat down and Irene poured some for him. It was ruby-colored and tasted like gasoline.

"It's the least I could do," Irene said. "You two have been so nice to me." She looked out the window. "Is that Herb Folter coming in?"

Joan said, "Let's go upstairs, Irene. This isn't a spectator sport."

"Hello, Paul," Herb said when Paul let him in. "I guess Joan told you what I was coming over for."

"Grass seed. Want some wine?"

"Mm'm'm? Oh. No, thanks. Heh, heh, that seed sure made your lawn look nice, didn't it? That's all bent and fescue, you know. That's the best you can get. Not, heh, heh, that I'd think of asking you anywhere near what I paid, of course. I figured maybe half, heh, heh."

"Yes? Well, Herb, I don't see where you get that. I didn't have anything to do with your seed washing down here."

"You got the lawn I paid for."

"I didn't ask for it."

"Well, you got it, didn't you?"

"I'm not denying it, Herb, but it's just bad luck and I don't see why I should pay for it. I just don't."

"Well, heh, heh, I never thought you'd take this (*Continued on Page 66*)

Tale of Two Shortages

The reason you are apt to see
A stranger hired to pitch our snow
Is that at our house energy
Is even scantier than dough.

Irene Warsaw

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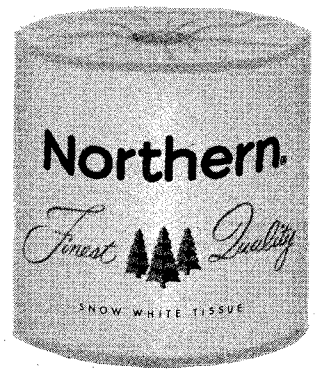
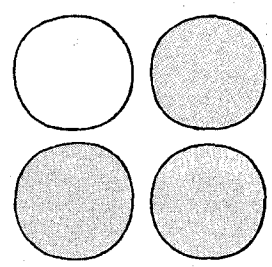
A furry mitten
white as snow
Is not the softest
thing I know

Softness is Northern

Northern Tissue is
made with fluff
Nothing else
is soft enough





In fresh, clean colors—too

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(*Continued from Page 64*) attitude, Paul. Well, I guess you never know who your friends are."

"Not," Paul said pointedly, "when you charge them for it."

When Herb was gone, Joan and Irene came back. Joan said, "You know who's going to have this all over the neighborhood!" Henrietta Folter's ability to dramatize life's little experiences was notorious.

Irene said, "Paul, you're out of wine. Here, have some more."

On Monday, Paul went to see Harrigan, the plant manager. He wasn't wasting his Saturdays on a useless inventory without saying something about it.

Harrigan was a short man with the face of an angry dwarf. "I'm busy this morning, Paul. Is it important?"

"Yes, sir. Research has fouled up the inventory, and I can't finish it until they straighten it out."

Harrigan had been gathering papers as though for a meeting, but at Paul's words he stopped, then slowly put the papers down on his desk. "When did you find this out?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

Paul didn't know what to make of it. "Saturday. Mr. Ace asked Bill Heeney and me to work on the inventory Saturdays."

"Heeney?" Harrigan paled. "Does he know about it too?"

"No," Paul said. "He got sick and went home. I haven't seen him today yet. I came right in here."

"Well, that's something, at least."

"Sir?"

"Paul, I'm afraid I'm going to have to tell you something. You've stumbled on this much, I suppose you'd only find out more anyhow."

Paul looked at him uneasily.

"We're supposed to have made a profit of half a million in this division this year," Harrigan said. "Did you know that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—we didn't. If you want to know, we lost half a million! And we lost half a million last year! And half a million the year before that! In the last three years, this division has lost a million and a half dollars." He looked at Paul with haggard eyes. "Do you know what that means?"

Paul shook his head slowly.

"It means if the home office ever heard about it, we'd be finished. Out of business. Kaput! You, me, the plant—the whole darned town!" Harrigan sat with his head in his hands. "I tried to keep it covered up, but I suppose it was only a matter of time until somebody stumbled on it."

Paul said, "They'd close the plant——"

"They should have closed it years ago. Or modernized it. We're holding our machinery together with bailing wire. It actually costs us more to make fans than our competitors are selling them for."

"So you've been calling the losses 'research'?"

"That's right."

"What are the chances of its getting better?"

"Well, I've been after the home office to put up a new plant." Harrigan's voice turned ironic. "I told them if we could make half a million on the equipment we have now, we could clean up with a modern plant. But they won't do it."

Paul said nothing.

Harrigan said, "You were born in Pottsburg, weren't you? Your friends and family all live here?"

Paul nodded.

"Well, if you have some hidden grudge against them, now's your chance. One word from you could ruin them all."

Paul asked, "Who else knows about this?"

"Ryan, in Research. Joe Beeman, in Production. Earl Gordon—he takes care of the books. And you."

Paul thought: *Four managers and me.* "How much longer can you go on like this? Won't the home office get tired of putting all this money in research?"

"Yes, they will. All we can hope for is to find a way out before they do. If nothing else, maybe we can keep the plant open until Pottsburg can get some other business to come in here."

Paul said, "A half a million dollars! I guess you want to know where I stand now, but I just don't know."

"I don't blame you, Paul. Why don't you think about it for a while. O.K.?"

Paul said, "Yes, sir. I'll—let you know."

Harrigan got up and put his arm around Paul's shoulders. "There are six thousand people in this town, Paul."

Paul nodded. "Yes, sir," he said.

When he got to his desk, Paul's mind was on the blockbuster Harrigan had just given him. Six thousand people. Herb Folter, Al Foy, Mrs. Gillis, Bill Heeney—here—everybody he knew.

He thought of Ernie Wild tearing across Maple in his red car. That's what he should have done. He should have got out when Ernie did, put in a couple of years on his own, with no family to keep him cautious, until he got a spot like that.

On his way across town that night, he found himself noticing things he'd not been aware of before. Curling around the tall thick oak in front of Clarence Martin's house was a dense growth of poison ivy. It had been years since he sat

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The sure way to keep a home going nowadays is by buying a trailer.

BOB BROWN

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in on Clarence's nickel-and-dime poker games. Not since Petey was born. Clarence used to blow up when he lost. He'd bump you and bump you with a high straight, then look at you with a popeyed stare when you laid down five nice little spades, then throw his cards across the table and go look out the window until he cooled off. Clarence was a real-estate dealer. Fat lot of houses he'd sell if Pottsburg went broke.

There was a grape arbor in Adele Langley's front yard that he hadn't noticed before. What a stupid place for a grape arbor. Then he remembered that her father had had the whole front porch moved from the Elmhurst side to the Maple side. The arbor hadn't changed. The front yard had. Old Langley had owned the Pottsburg House, the town's little hotel, until his heart attack. Now his daughter, Adele, gave dancing lessons to make ends meet. What would happen to her if the plant folded and everybody was out of work?

"Paul," said Joan as he got home, "did you tell Petey he could play with the hose today?"

"No. Why?"

"Then he fibbed to me. He said you said he could. He got my wash all wet with it."

"O.K., I'll—talk to him. Where's Greta Garbo?"

"Who?"

"Irene."

"Why did you call her that?"

"She's the big thing around here, isn't she?"

"After how nice she's been to you, you can say a thing like that! She's kept out of your way, tried to get you little things like the wine last night, never butted in——"

"Never washed the dishes, never contributed a dime toward her food."

"What's got into you?"

"I'm just sick of having somebody lying around all day like Cleopatra while the rest of us do all the work, that's all."

"She's had a very hard time. I'd think you'd be decent enough to remember that."

"Irene never had a hard time in her life."

"Now you stop it! Here she comes!"

"I'm going out and work on the garden."

Joan looked at him queerly as he took off his necktie and went out.

He wondered at himself as he knelt on the grass and loosened the garden soil with a tubular-shaped blade to pull out weed roots. Grousing about things wasn't going to make the big thing go away. The only thing he could do was face it.

He sat back on the lawn and lit a cigarette. No matter how you sliced it, no matter how many people's lives were at stake, it still came down to the same thing. Harrigan had virtually stolen a million and a half dollars from the company. To keep the plant open, he'd deceived the home office so that they lost half a million dollars a year.

"Paul?" It was Joan, at the back door. "Telephone."

As he started inside, he saw that she was excited. She said, "It's Mr. Harrigan!"

He picked up the phone in the dining room. "Hello?"

"Paul?" It was Harrigan, all right.

"Yes, sir?"

"My wife and I are having cocktails at the country club. How about you and Joan joining us?"

"Well, all right, sir." He felt himself stiffening. Harrigan was putting the pressure on. "Can you give us about a half hour? I want to wash the garden off my hands first."

Joan said, when he'd hung up, "What did he want?"

"He wants us to have cocktails at the country club with him."

"Paul! Mr. Harrigan?"

"Yep. Mr. Harrigan."

Irene was impressed. "I know! You're Daddy Warbucks in disguise!"

"Oh, dear," said Joan. "Look who's coming."

It was Al Foy. He had a baseball mitt. He called through the screen door, "Anybody home?"

"Come on in, Al," Paul said.

"I'm on my way over to the Green. The firehouse wants to play tonight instead of Thursday. Can you make it?"

"I can't tonight, Al."

Joan said, "We're having cocktails with the Harrigans at the country club!"

"Harrigan from the plant?"

"Is there any other Harrigan?" Irene asked.

Al said, "Honest, hey? Harrigan himself?"

Paul wondered what would happen to Al if the company pulled its account out of the bank. But all he said was, "Yep, Harrigan himself."

The cocktail lounge at the country club was air-conditioned. Harrigan himself had on a silk sports jacket and a soft rust-colored shirt. His wife was taller than he was, with a refined, chilly air. "How do you do, Mrs. Gable," she said to Joan with a thin, but decent smile. "This evil-looking mess is a frozen daiquiri."

"Lot cooler here than in the office, eh, Paul?" Harrigan said.

"Yes, sir." To the waiter, Paul said, "I'll have a bottle of beer."

Joan said, "Paul!"

"I want a bottle of beer," he said truculently. "Is it all right?" For some reason, it was as though if he stuck to beer he wouldn't be taking as much from Harrigan. He wouldn't be quite as obligated.

Harrigan said, "Paul, I asked you and Joan here because I think a wife ought to be in on her husband's good news."

"Isn't he a lamb?" Mrs. Harrigan said dryly. "When he made plant manager, I read about it in the paper."

"Paul!" said Joan.

"Congratulations," Mrs. Harrigan said. "Sam tells me being made assistant plant manager in Elwell is almost a guarantee of getting a plant of your own someday."

Paul was stunned. Assistant plant manager! Ten thousand a year!

Harrigan said, "Well, say something."

Paul grinned uncertainly. "I don't know what to say."

"Oh, Paul, I'm so proud of you," Joan said, on their way home. "Assistant plant manager! Why, next to Mr. Harrigan, you'll be the biggest man in town. Mrs. Harrigan said he's already put us up for the country club. Honestly, didn't you have any inkling——"

"Nope." He could feel his mouth forming a lopsided smile. They were sure fencing him off. What the devil was he supposed to do now?

When they got home, Irene said, "Well, did you find out what it was all about?"

Joan said, "Please, Irene. A more reverent tone. You are now in the presence of the new Paul Gable—assistant manager of the whole Pottsburg plant!"

"You're fooling."

"At, I might add, double his salary!"

Irene stared at them. "Why, that's wonderful!" she said. "It's—it's incredible! Joan, may I kiss your husband?"

"Be my guest."

The new Paul Gable, he thought as Irene kissed him. *Leader of men.*

The next morning, Joan said, "Now don't forget—you call me the minute you find out any more."

He rubbed his eyes wearily as he drove over Maple. He hadn't got to sleep until nearly five. What should he do? Let them rob the Elwell company blind?

If he exposed them, what would happen to Pottsburg? To people who couldn't start over someplace else, like Adele Langley and Mrs. Gillis?

He went to his regular desk in Accounting when he got to the office, and the first one to say anything was Ruth Sweetholder. "Congratulations, Mr. Gable!"

Mr. Gable. She'd always called him Paul. He said, "Thanks."

Bill Heeney said, "Funny, but you look just like a bum I used to know." He grabbed Paul's hand and shook it. "I knew I shouldn't have quit early Saturday! How long have you known about this, you old bluffer, you?"

He said, "Just yesterday."

Bill said, "Ace almost had a stroke. He's taking this as a deliberate slap in the face, you know."

"Why?"

"Why! How would you feel if somebody under you suddenly got made your boss? Hey, here he is."

"Congratulations, Paul."

"Thank you."

"This is quite a surprise. Had you known about it long?"

"No. I just heard about it yesterday."

When Ace walked on, Bill said, "Is he chewing nails!"

Paul sat down at his desk and looked at the inventory folders before him.

Presently Miss Grains, Harrigan's secretary, came out. "Congratulations, Mr. Gable. Mr. Harrigan asked me to show you your new office."

"Thank you." He followed her.

"Here you are," she said, stopping outside the office that had once been the division treasurer's. "Mr. Harrigan asked if you'd mind (*Continued on Page 68*)

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(*Continued from Page 66*) using Mr. Cranston's furniture until the decorator comes."

"What? Oh. Oh, no, of course not."

George Ryan, from Research, came by. "Hi, Paul. Welcome to our merry band."

"I guess," Paul said slowly, "it's not who you know, but what you know, after all."

Ryan looked at him queerly. Then he said, "Let's have lunch one of these days. How about today?"

"Sure."

Paul sat down in the old chair in his new office. The desk was tremendous, the chair finished in rich leather. He looked at the rug on the floor, the draperies on the window. The wages of sin, he thought, weren't bad at all.

He had lunch with Harrigan and Ryan. Harrigan said, "You know, we're pretty lucky it was Paul and not somebody else who stumbled on our little arrangement."

Ryan nodded. "It takes a big guy to put his home town ahead of himself."

"By the way," Harrigan said, "your new salary will be retroactive to the first of the month."

"Thanks," Paul said.

That evening when he stopped by Harmon's for his usual paper, Bubs Sorse was off and John Harmon himself on duty. "Paul, congratulations! I just heard about it this afternoon."

"Paul?" said a voice behind him. He turned to see Doctor Brice standing by the magazine rack. "Al Foy tells me you've been keeping secrets from us." He held out his hand. "How does it feel to be a new brass hat? Or don't you go into orbit until the first of the month?"

"I don't know yet," Paul said. There it was again. The new brass hat going into orbit. The new Paul Gable, Joan had called him. Why did they keep calling him a "new" something? What did they think—that everything was up to him now?

"Well, it's a good thing," Brice said. "You're the first real Pottsburger that ever had any say over there. I don't mind telling you, Paul, having an old buddy in the front office will mean a lot to folks around here."

"Well, I hope I don't disappoint anybody." What else could you say?

When he reached his driveway, the front door flew open and Joan came out. "You didn't call me," she said. "What did you do, spend the day in big meetings like they do on television?"

"I spent a good part of it in a bar with Ryan and Harrigan."

"What's the matter?"

"M'm-m-m?"

"You look funny."

"Oh, nothing. Nothing."

"Guess who came by again."

"Joe Dowl?"

Joan nodded. "To listen to him, you'd think he bought that car instead of mother. Irene finally went up to her room and wouldn't come down. Oh, how I can't stand him! Do you know what he said about your promotion? Talk about sour grapes! He said, 'It's all just a matter of being in the right spot at the right time.' Oh, you should have heard him: 'Brother, would I know what to do with a chance like that!'"

Paul said, "Well, you know Joe." But he thought, yes, Joe would know what to do. He'd do just what Harrigan was trying to get him to do. Suddenly, he said, "I have to drive into the city tomorrow. Did my shirts come back from the laundry?"

"Business trip already?"

He nodded. "Yep. A business trip already."

By morning, Paul had slept a total of two hours. He'd spent the rest of the night thinking of the people he knew and what he was going to do to them. His friends, some of them his relatives, everybody he'd grown up with. Ryan called it being "big" to carry on for their sake. Harrigan had said, "We'd be out of business. You, me, the whole town."

But Joe Dowl had it right. He'd know just what to do with a chance like that. It was all as simple as that. You were Joe Dowl or you weren't Joe Dowl.

The drive to the city took an hour. Paul had no illusions about Pottsburg—they'd say he sold them out. So much for the new Paul Gable. Everybody's buddy!

He lit a cigarette. How could you tell them that what Pottsburg needed wasn't an old buddy, but a new factory?

The Elwell chairman of the board was a man named Ernest Reinhardt. Paul, expecting a crisp executive in his fifties, was taken aback to find a man who was not only almost eighty but also shy to the point of awkwardness.

Reinhardt seemed distressed rather than shocked by Paul's story and said in a whispery voice, "Dear me. Oh, dear me. You realize, of course, that we've kept the Pottsburg plant open only because we thought it was showing a profit."

"Well, yes, sir," Paul said, "but all we need is new equipment. After all, all we've had to work with is baling wire and adhesive tape. Think what we could do with decent machinery."

"That," said the old man, "is a luxury the firm could not afford, sir. Operating with present equipment is one thing. A new investment is quite another. Just getting some return on an investment won't do, you see. If we don't get the greatest possible profit from it, it's a poor investment that should have been made in some other direction."

"Now wait a minute," Paul said. "Pottsburg's a good town. These are Elwell people." He knew, somehow, that he'd blundered in shifting from the practical to the sentimental. "They threw in their lot with you over forty years ago. You can't just dump them."

"I can neither dump them nor not dump them. My responsibility is to our stockholders. It isn't my money, Mr. Gable."

"But couldn't you put another plant there? You're always building new plants. Look, our taxes are low, our power's low, the labor's cheap—there ought to be something you could do." But there was no mistaking the glazed look that came over the old man's face.

It was after five when Paul got back to Pottsburg. He had walked the streets of the city, overcome with self-disgust now that it was all over. No matter how he looked at it, it seemed to him now that he had sold out. Harrigan had been big enough, but he hadn't. Now he had to tell everybody what he'd done.

He pulled into his driveway, thinking that he should have phoned. He didn't notice the spot on his front door until he got up to it. Had Petey been throwing dirt? But in the house he stopped. There was dirt on the rug too. And several stones. And the window was broken! "Joan!" he called. "Joan! Petey!"

"They aren't here!" The harsh voice came from the kitchen. Harrigan! The older man sat slumped at the kitchen table. He was in his shirt sleeves, his tie gone and his hair tangled. "Well, well, well! The Boy Scout returns! Give you a medal for your good deed, did they?"

"Where's Joan? What happened!"

"Why, she's hiding, my boy. Same as I am. Of course, I'm just hiding from the telephone and the newspapers—this seemed to be the last place they'd look

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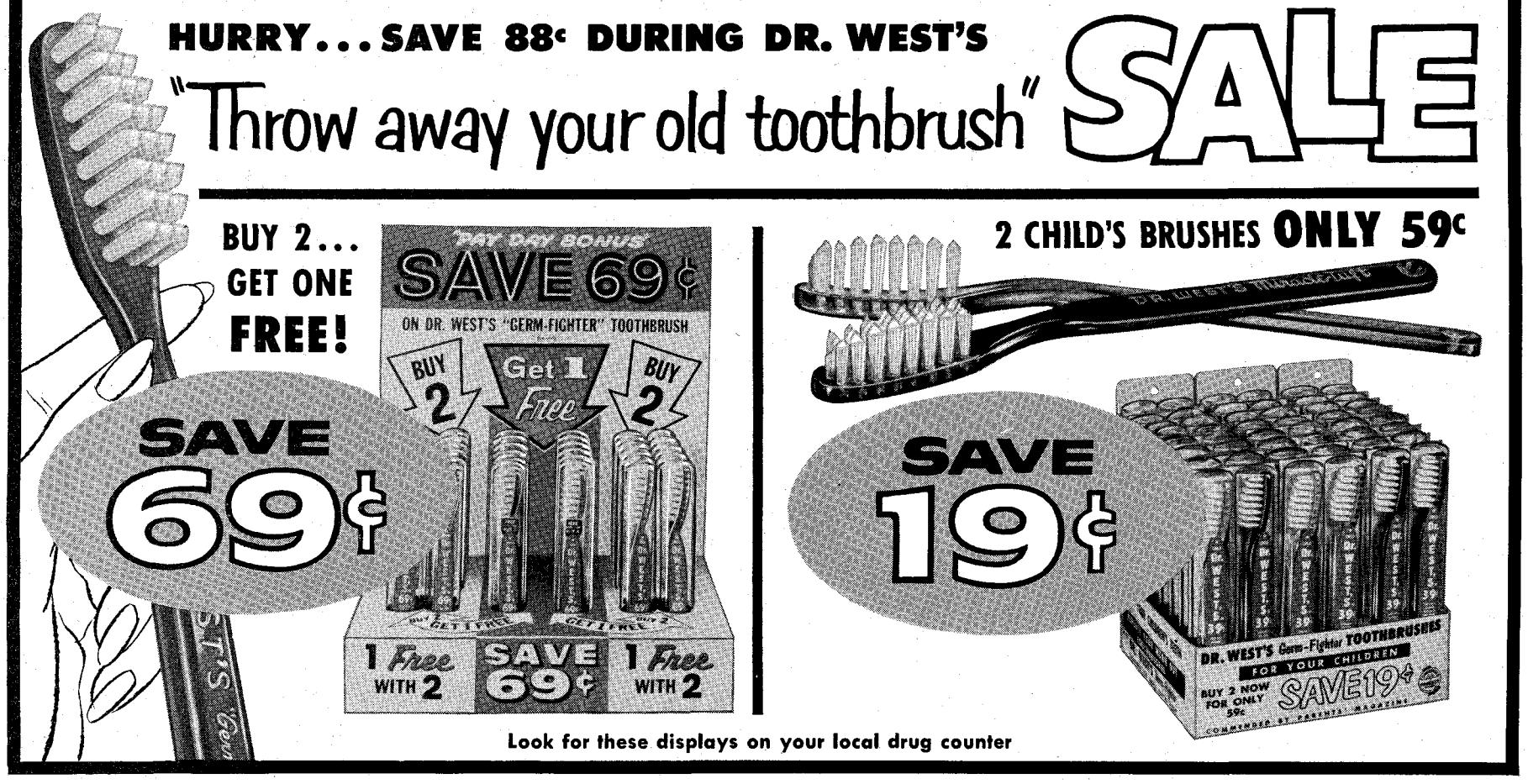

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for me." He looked at Paul sardonically. "I trust you don't mind!"

"What happened?" Paul said again.

"Why, my boy, at a quarter to eleven this morning I was honored by quite a phone call—quite a phone call." Reinhardt, it developed, had not wasted a minute. The plant was to be closed immediately, pending an investigation. And, while Reinhardt was confronting Harrigan with Paul's story, "Little Miss Associated Press, Ruth Sweetholder, seems to have been listening in on the switchboard. In other words, my boy, the story is out!"

"But what happened here? Who broke my window?"

"Oh, just some morons. Don't worry. The police chased them off, and your wife took the boy to one of the neighbors. Not that I'd go downtown just yet, if I were you." Suddenly, Harrigan sounded tired. "Paul, where did you ever get the nerve to do it? Heaven knows, I couldn't ——"

"You?" Paul stared at him. "You wanted to go to Reinhardt ——"

Harrigan nodded. "Yes, I knew the longer I hid the mess, the longer it'd take to do anything about it." He paused and looked up with haggard eyes. "But I was in charge, don't you see? I just didn't want everything to come apart while I was in charge."

"But you must have known it couldn't go on forever."

"I know. I just kept hoping something would turn up. Even when I knew I was making things worse, I just couldn't give up hoping." Harrigan's smile was twisted. "Oh, what's the use? You did what I should have done. At least it's out where somebody can do something now ——"

The doorbell rang. Paul looked at Harrigan, then picked up a paperweight. They weren't throwing rocks at a woman this time.

"What's that for?" asked Bill Heeney on the front steps.

Paul stared at him. And at John Harmon, Doctor Brice, Al Foy and Mr. Ace behind him. "What's all this?"

Heeney said, "We're the backward vigilantes of Pottsburg. We chase other vigilantes."

Paul let them in, and Harmon said, "What're you trying to do, boy—carry everything on your own shoulders?"

"He's a bum," said Heeney. "I'll bet he doesn't even have any beer."

Al Foy said, "Well, you needn't look as though it's the end of the world."

"But it would have been," said Doctor Brice, "if we ever had to take up larceny to keep going."

"The hell of it," said Ace, "is that if they'd only put new equipment in, the plant could still make money."

"Well, they won't," Paul said. "Harrigan tried to get them to, and I did too."

"What'll they do with it?" asked Foy.

Heeney looked at him disgustedly. "Close it—what did you think?"

"Funny," Harmon said in a bitter voice. "Here we have a plant that could make money, the people to run it, and a product the public knows. So naturally, we're closing the factory!"

"Correction," Heeney said. "Elwell's closing the factory."

"Sure," said Paul. "If it was our factory, there wouldn't be any ——" He stopped with a queer look.

"What's the matter?" asked Brice.

Paul turned to Ace. "What will they do with it? Just let it sit there?"

Ace shrugged. "What else?"

Paul looked from Ace to Harmon to Brice. "Think they'd lease it?"

"Lease it!" Harmon said. "Who to?"

"Us!" said Paul. "You just said we have the men and the factory. What if the town bought the new equipment? Why couldn't we run it ourselves?"

"Are you nuts?" said Harmon. "How could the town buy two hundred thousand dollars' worth of new machinery?"

Paul said, "You don't need two hundred thousand. If we got ten per cent for a down payment, we could do it. That's only twenty thousand—the town ought to be able to dig that up. I could get a thousand myself on my car."

Harmon said, "You mean—run the plant ourselves?" He stared.

For a moment, they all looked at Paul in stunned silence. Then Ace snapped his fingers. "Hell, if we couldn't buy the equipment, we could always rent it!"

Heeney said suddenly, "Why not? The plant won't be doing Elwell any good. They ought to be glad to lease it!"

Paul said, "We could have the new machinery paid for in less than ten years."

Al Foy said, "Elwell might even buy it back when they saw that it worked!"

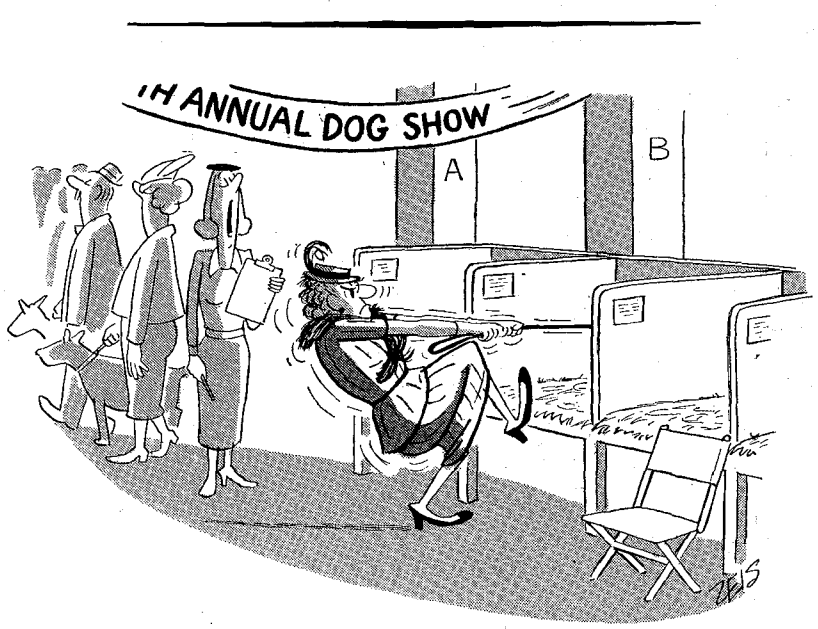
"The point is," said Brice, "we'd keep the plant open. We'd still be in business."

Heeney looked at Paul with a widening grin. "Why, you bum. You bum!"

But Paul had cocked his head with a surprised look. Had that been the kitchen door closing? As Brice, Heeney and the others gathered around, he looked toward the kitchen wonderingly. Harrigan must have left without a word. But Paul didn't go to see. He thought, *I'll talk to him later.*

Now there was work to do here.

THE END



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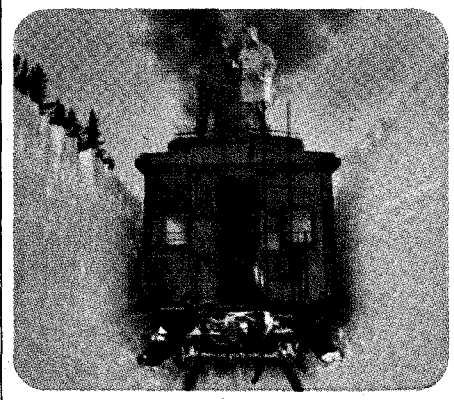

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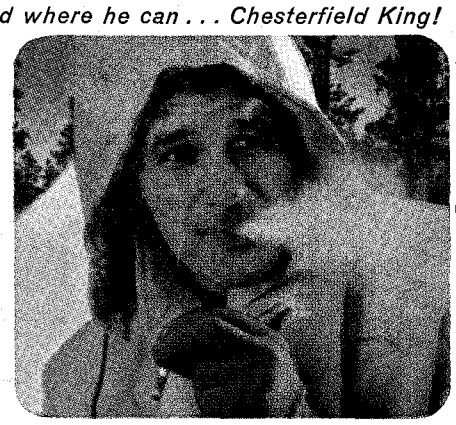

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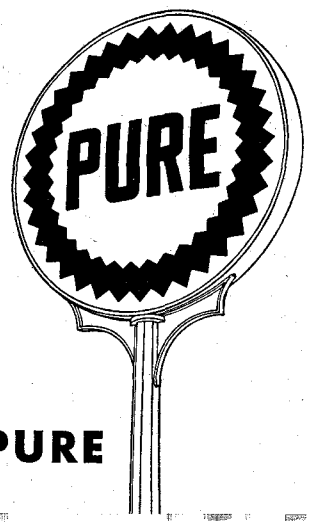

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Defense Decides the Big Ones

(Continued from Page 36)

It's usually that way in the big N.C.A.A. tournament games at the end of the season. Take 1957, when North Carolina met Kansas for the title. North Carolina had been averaging eighty points a night that year, and Kansas seventy-two. In their championship game, though, the final score was only 54–53, in favor of North Carolina—and they went into three overtime periods, at that.

From the standpoint of basketball technique, it was one of the best-played games I've watched in a long time. The North Carolina coach, Frank McGuire, was using a zone defense and surrounding Wilt Chamberlain, and North Carolina stayed with it real well. The Kansas coach, Dick Harp, also did an excellent job. The North Carolina high scorer, Lennie Rosenbluth, fouled out before the end of regulation time, and that was largely due to the way Kansas operated against him. Both teams played a defensive and a ball-control game throughout.

This sort of thing is pretty common when the blue chips are down. One good example is Jack Gardner, of Utah, who used to coach at Kansas State. In his heart he's a runner. But, still, in that extra-important ball game, he'll go out there and show you some fine defensive basketball. It's the same with Everett Shelton, of Wyoming, who hasn't been blessed with too much material the past few years.

Everett Case, down at North Carolina State, appears to be swinging in this direction. For years he has been known as a tremendous offensive coach. Lately he's been playing more conservatively. The local rivalry between him and Frank McGuire, at North Carolina, seems to have had that effect on both of them. In winning the Dixie Classic tournament this season, Case's club wasn't following any run-and-shoot pattern. They beat Louisville by 67–61, then Cincinnati by 69–60, and finally Michigan State by 70–61.

Then there's Adolph Rupp at Kentucky. He always could play good defense. Back in the 1949 N.C.A.A. final, for instance, we lost to one of Rupp's most talented squads in a 46–36 ball game. That was a season when Kentucky was averaging close to seventy points, with boys like Alex Groza and Ralph Beard.

I'd say, though, that Adolph Rupp probably did his greatest coaching job last year. I don't believe his material was as outstanding as it has been in some other seasons. But he combined a ball-control game with spot shooting and sound defense, and wound up with a team that brought him another N.C.A.A. title.

In the championship game Kentucky came out on top against Seattle, 84–72. You couldn't call that a real defensive game. However, just as defense can win the big ones, so lack of defense can lose them. In this case I think it was lack of defense in a particular situation that beat Seattle. I don't mean this as any criticism of John Castellani, their coach, or of Elgin Baylor, who was the defensive player involved. It was just one of those things that could happen to anybody.

Anyway, Seattle was using a man-to-man defense. In the Kentucky offense, Adolph Rupp had two men playing the post, or pivot. They were in what we call high posts—meaning that they were stationed back in the vicinity of the free-throw line.

Over on the right side Rupp had Johnny Cox, a real good scorer, who is the top man this season on another strong Kentucky club. Elgin Baylor was guarding Cox.

Now let me say that I believe Elgin Baylor will go down in basketball history as one of the all-time greats. As a rookie in the pro league with Minneapolis this year, he's proving that. But great as Baylor is, he wasn't able to cover Cox all by himself in that big game last March. It's become almost impossible for a defensive man to handle that good offensive player without some help.

What Kentucky started doing was to give the ball to Cox over in the right corner and have him drive along the base line toward the basket. There was nobody to help Baylor defend against this, because those high posts had pulled the other Seattle men away from the base line. Well, four straight times Cox drove along there, with Baylor doing everything he could to stop him, and three times fouls were called on Baylor.

Seattle was leading at half time, 39–36, but by the three-minute mark in the second half, Baylor had drawn his fourth foul. One more and he'd be out of the game. To keep him in there, Seattle switched to a zone defense which blocked those drives along the base line. However, Adolph Rupp had some good shooters who could hit from spots around that zone defense. So the game was turned completely around, and all because the defense had broken down against that one offensive maneuver.

When a weakness shows up in a team's defense, the coach naturally tries to do something about it. There's a great deal of experimentation going on in basketball defense today. It's like the recent trend in college football, where they've come up with a lot of new defensive patterns—and forced the offense to develop some new patterns too.

In college basketball the two basic defenses, of course, are man-to-man, where each player covers an individual on the other team; and zone, where each player guards a certain area on the floor. Not too many years ago almost everybody played straight man-to-man. You might go through an entire season without facing more than one or two zone defenses.

Today you hardly know what you're going to find. Probably a majority of your opponents will be using some sort of zone. Or a team may play five minutes of zone, and then five minutes of man-to-man. There are all sorts of variations—pressing zones, man-to-man with switching, defenses that are part man-to-man and part zone. Some clubs may have their front line of defense at the free-throw circle; others may pick you up at the middle of the floor.

Early this season I phoned Bob Calihan, the University of Detroit coach, and said, "Bob, we're going to play West Virginia pretty soon. I understand they're an unorthodox team."

He told me, "They picked us up when we got off the train there last year, and never did cut us loose until after the game." That was his way of saying that West Virginia had played a full-court press for the whole forty minutes, with each man guarding his opponent tightly the entire length of the floor. That goes to show how radical these defensive experiments can get.

Many teams today use different defenses against different opponents, depending upon the other club's style of attack. At Oklahoma State we stick to a single system of defense. We believe it is adaptable to any offense. And we think that with the limited practice time available in college athletics, we can do a better job concentrating on the one system than we would if we tried to teach our boys a variety of defenses.

We follow the man-to-man principle in defense. I've only gone to a zone once in my life. That was when I had Bob Kurland, a three-time All-American, who was seven feet tall. He and George Mikan, of DePaul, were the first of the outstanding big men in college basketball. In Kurland's sophomore season in 1944 I had him act as a goal tender on occasion. He was big enough and agile enough to bat shots away before they went through the basket, so I had him stand right under it and play "goalie."

Before the next season they passed a new rule to prevent that, which was what I expected—and wanted. I was hoping that they'd abolish the three-second rule, which prohibits any offensive player from staying inside the free-throw lane for more than three seconds at a time. Then the offense could have stationed a man in there to counter the goal tender. Instead, they put in a rule making it illegal for a defensive man to interfere with a shot in its downward flight to the basket. Anyway, this restriction didn't prevent us from winning the N.C.A.A. title in both 1945 and 1946.

Well, getting back to our present man-to-man defense at Oklahoma State, people seeing us for the first time often mistake it for a zone. That's because we drop off pretty freely on the men away from the ball. We operate on the premise that no offense can put all five men in the act at the same time. There are never more than three who are simultaneously in a position to hurt you. In a five-man weave, for example, two men are always going to the side lines away from the ball.

We never follow them to the side. Whoever is covering those men will drop off to help out against the men handling the ball. We want to have two of our boys helping our other three at all times. Of course, we also want them to get right back to their men if they become ball handlers again. We spend a lot of time working on that.

All this is in line with what I said earlier in connection with that Elgin Baylor-Johnny Cox episode in last year's N.C.A.A. final. On offense today everybody is trying to create that kind of one-on-one situation, where the good offensive man will be too much for a single defensive man to handle. On defense we try to make it a two-on-one situation. For example, on that move along the baseline that Cox kept pulling, our system would call for the defensive player to step back between Cox and the baseline and drive him toward the middle, where help would come from another defensive man dropping off the post.

Another way to break it up is to play a zone defense, as Seattle eventually did. With a zone you can crowd the area so that a man can't drive. It's the easy way of avoiding those one-on-one situations.

Well, I'd use a zone defense myself if I could be sure that in every ball game we'd be in the lead going into the last three or four minutes. The problem is that if you're trailing in the closing minutes, you have to come out and start pressing for possession of the ball. That's a difficult adjustment for a team that's accustomed to staying back in a zone. You're really in trouble when you get behind.

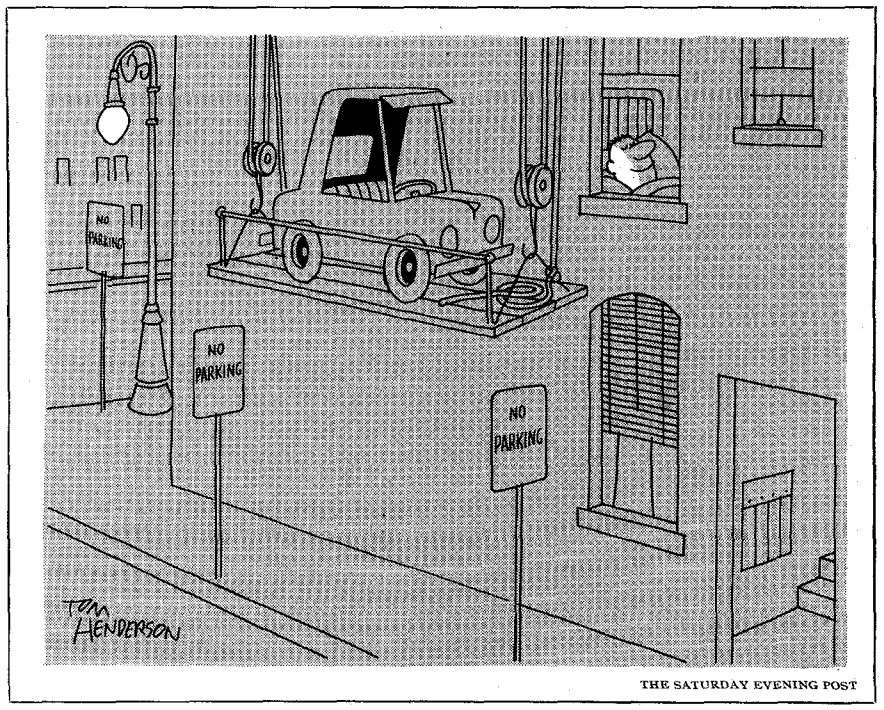
Our defense at Oklahoma State can operate on any part of the floor. Normally our front line is one stride ahead of the free-throw circle. In our terminology, this is a "ten" defense. It can work well against most offenses. However, it won't beat a team that has a good screening game, or one with a man who is outstanding at playing the post, or pivot. When you come up against clubs like that, you have to start checking them earlier. So we change to a "twenty" defense, which is three strides farther out on the floor.

If we're behind in the late stages and have to go after that ball, we switch into a "thirty," in which we move out to the middle of the court. Finally, we have a "forty"—our full-court press—in which we're picking them up all over the floor. No matter where we put our front line, though, it's basically the same defense.

We stay with our regular system even against a Wilt Chamberlain or an Oscar Robertson. Many clubs will rig up special defenses against men like that, but our system already provides for double-teaming on the exceptional individual. We'd rather let him get his usual number of buckets, and concentrate on holding down his team's scoring as a whole.

Against Chamberlain, all we did was to go into our "twenty" defense. He was such an outstanding post player that Kansas would have riddled us in our normal "ten." By moving out into a "twenty," we were going to pull him out of the hole—make him come out a little farther to catch the ball.

The first time we faced him was at Lawrence, Kansas, in February, 1957. Well, that Kansas team had so much speed and ability, and moved the ball so well, that whenever we tried to set up a "twenty" defense, they just pushed us right back into a "ten."



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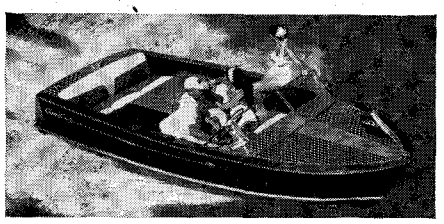

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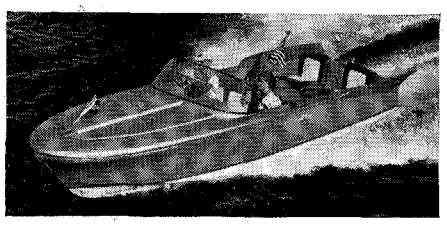

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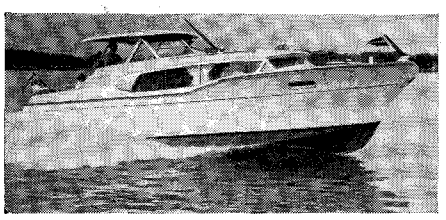

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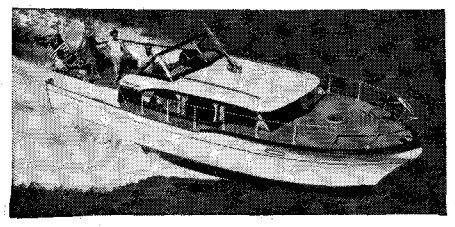

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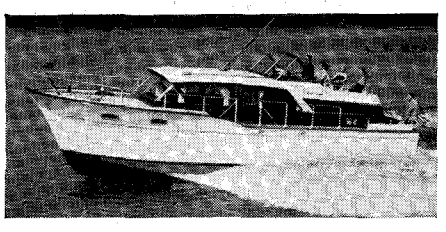

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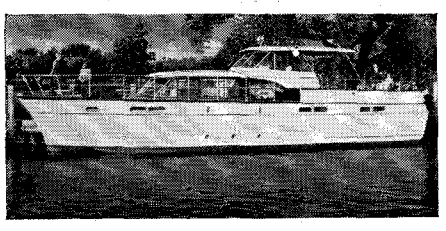

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My assistant, Sam Aubrey, who has had a lot to do with whatever success we've enjoyed in recent years, was sitting alongside me on the bench. He said, "Coach, there's only one thing we can do. We'd better go to a thirty."

That turned out to be the answer. From then on we started out in a thirty, picking them up at the middle of the floor. Then that speed would hit us and they'd push us back again. But when we finally caught ourselves and got a good defensive stance, we'd be in a twenty, which was what we wanted.

Chamberlain had been running us crazy in the first half, but in the second half, after we managed to pull him out of the hole, he was just a normal ball player. They beat us that night, 62–52, but when they came down to Stillwater later in the month, we turned the tables, 56–54.

In neither game did we hold down Chamberlain's individual scoring especially—he got thirty-six points the first time and thirty-two the second. But that wasn't our main objective. We were out to beat the Kansas team. Last year we broke even with Kansas again, although in the game we won, Wilt didn't play. He was sick that night.

Against Oscar Robertson and Cincinnati last season we also used our twenty defense. Robertson doesn't just stay in the post, the way Chamberlain did; he plays both inside and outside. We did one special thing against Robertson. Whenever he went inside without the ball, we tried awfully hard to keep him from catching it.

That Cincinnati team was strong with him. They knew how to move, and when Oscar caught the ball, they would clear the area around him and create a one-on-one situation. It was easier to double-team him before he got the ball than it was afterward.

Of course, we couldn't keep him from catching the ball all the time, or even half the time. But I'd say we succeeded more than a third of the time. That was enough to make a big difference. Cincinnati was the third-highest scoring team in the nation last year, with an 86.5 average. In their two games with us, they lost by 61–57, and then won by 71–59. In that second game they had a phenomenal shooting percentage. Although we limited them to forty-nine field-goal attempts—compared with their season's average of sixty-eight—they sank twenty-eight.

When you're up against superior ability, your only real hope of staging an upset is to play a good defensive game. I began thinking along those lines very early in my career. I played my first basketball at a little school in Easton, Missouri. My first year in high school we didn't have uniforms, or even a gym—we played in our overalls on an outdoor court.

Anyway, there were only a few boys in the school, and sometimes we'd have to play teams from big places like St. Joseph, Missouri. We'd get beaten real badly, and on the way home I'd be saying to myself that there must be some way for a team like ours to make a respectable showing against the larger schools.

My thinking progressed under Coach Jim Pixlee at Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri. I remember one night we were playing William Jewell College, which was a big game for us. Jim Pixlee told me, "You're our high scorer, but tonight I don't want you to worry about how many points you get. What really matters is whether you get those rebounds off the backboards."

Well, I had pretty good luck under the boards that night, and we won the game. I did very little shooting, but I grabbed a lot of rebounds, and I got just as big a kick out of it as if I'd scored twenty points. This brought home to me the fact that scoring wasn't the only important thing in basketball, and it also showed me that boys could be sold on this approach if it was presented to them in the right way.

Every boy starts out wanting to be a shooter. From the time he first picks up a basketball around the age of eight or so, he works mostly on putting it through the basket. During the past twenty years this has increasingly been the case. Every community has courts available for a kid to practice shooting, and if he's really interested a basket goes up in the back yard at his home.

That's why we have more great shooters in basketball today than ever before. The coaches have had very little to do with it. It's mostly been a matter of these boys training themselves. They practice different shots hour after hour, day after day, just as a baseball pitcher perfects a pitch by throwing it over and over.

Well, when the other club has some of these exceptional scorers, and your boys are just average, there's no way in the world you can match them in a shooting contest. If a boy is only an ordinary shooter by the time he reaches you in college, you're not going to make a great one out of him. However, the average boy can learn to be a superior defensive player. This will at least partially offset the advantage some of his opponents are going to have on offense. The scorer may have learned to shoot by practicing alone, but he didn't learn any defense that way.

Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean you can build a good defensive team with just anybody. When I talk about "average" players, I'm referring to the general run of material you can expect to bring in at the bigger basketball schools. They may not be superathletes—that kind doesn't come along very often—but they're still pretty good boys. And desire can take them a long way. I'd rather have heart and enthusiasm than ragged ability.

Actually, even the average player is a potential scorer in double figures today. It isn't easy to get the modern boys defense-minded. One of our selling points with the boys at Oklahoma State is that if they play the kind of basketball we're trying to teach them, they'll seldom experience the embarrassment of taking a bad beating.

We don't often lose by as much as fifteen points. The worst licking we ever took was by a twenty-four-point margin in the 1951 N.C.A.A. semifinals against Kansas State. One of our regulars was ineligible for that game, and another broke his collarbone in the first minute of play.

Anyway, the score will usually be close enough when we lose to leave our boys feeling that if they'd played just a little bit better, they could have come out on top. That was true in all but three of our games during the first couple of months this season, when our exceptionally inexperienced squad was losing more often than it won.

Of course, there's not much glamour in defensive play. The high scorers get most of the applause and publicity. It helps if the sports writers and broadcasters who cover your games are knowledgeable enough to give the good defensive players some credit too. Fortunately most of the writers and announcers today know the game pretty well—which wasn't true in the past.

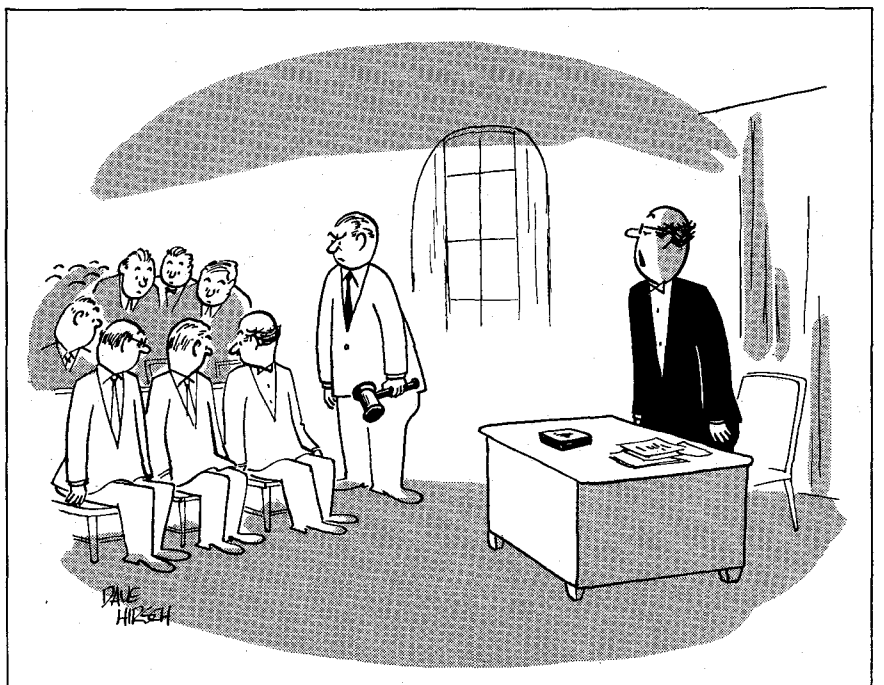
But the biggest factor of all in putting over the defensive approach with your boys is for them to go out and upset some team that was supposed to beat them by fifteen or twenty points. Then the awakening comes.

Tying right in with our defensive play is our approach to offense. We have what is known as a ball-control style of attack. We don't want to risk losing the ball by any wild shooting. We want to wait for the good shots.

Some critics say, "Your ball control is your defense. That's how you hold the scores down." They accuse us of playing a stalling game—of eating up time by just throwing the ball around.

One sports writer said before the start of this season, "Iba has lost some of the boys he was counting on most for this year. His son had to have a knee operation, and Jerry Adair and Jerry Webster signed professional-baseball contracts. What's Iba going to do? Well, he'll probably pass the ball twenty-five more times each game."

That's as wrong as wrong can be. Ideally, we'd like to have possession of the ball twenty-eight minutes out of every forty—and we generally do have it between twenty-two and twenty-five minutes. But never do we pass the ball around just for the sake of passing it. We make it a practice to get the ball past the free-throw line to test the defense, but we're always trying to create scoring opportunities.



"Now that order has been restored, will the sergeant at arms please return the gavel?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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That's true even when we're holding a small lead near the end and playing a delayed game—although then we'll go only for the setups. Anyway, if the colleges had the same twenty-four-second rule as the pros—which I hope they never will—you'd find that except when we're in our delayed game we hardly ever go more than twenty-four seconds without shooting.

What it comes down to is this. Our boys take a shot whenever it's a shot they've been accustomed to take on the floor in practice, whether the opportunity comes on the first pass, or not until the third pass or the fifteenth. I'll admit that in a ball-control offense, a boy sometimes becomes hesitant about taking a shot when he should. That's a thing you try to guard against. You don't want to take away a boy's naturalness as a shooter.

Occasionally you may see an Oklahoma State player taking off-balance shots, or something of that sort. People will say, "Iba's turning them loose this year." It won't be that at all. This will be one of those boys I was talking about who's practiced shooting all his life. He's perfected that particular shot. For the average player it might be an off-balance shot, but not for him. It belongs to him, like a suit of clothes. We don't want to take away a boy's natural assets.

If a boy begins putting up wild shots that don't come to him naturally, that's something else again. But the thing that bothers us most on offense is to lose the ball before we even get a shot off. During games we have somebody on the bench charting the number of times we lose the ball through a bad pass or a violation. On every bad pass, we keep a record of who threw it and who was supposed to catch it. If the same combination of names keeps coming up, then we do some special work with those two boys.

We like to hold those errors down to five per half. If we can do that, we'll generally be in the ball game. If we can consistently hold down the total to three per half, then we'll be one-two in any league we play in.

We revert from offense to defense the moment the ball leaves our shooter's hands. We don't want our boys to wait and see whether it's going in the basket, or whether we recover the rebound if it misses. The three men nearest the basket are supposed to go in and try for the rebound, but the other two are supposed to drop back on defense instantly to guard against the fast break.

There are two musts in defensive basketball. One is never to let them fast-break you. And it isn't enough to keep them from going all the way on the fast break. You must make them stop once on the way down, and then start up again. Against coaches like Eddie Hickey of Marquette, and Joe Lapchick of St. John's, if you allow their teams to come down in a continuous movement, they'll fast-break you all night. If they can't go all the way, they'll stop twenty feet out and murder you before you can get your defense really set.

The other defensive must is not to let them keep getting a second and third shot. In other words, you must not let them control the rebounds off your backboard. Our system calls for our boys to form a five-man cup around the basket whenever the other team throws the ball up against us. When the boys operate that cup right, with the proper screening and everything, there will be two of them going for the rebound against one man on the other team, no matter which direction the ball bounces.

Another thing you should do in your defensive coaching is to make sure that your team is never surprised. There must never be anything coming out of that opposing offense that puts a startled look on your boys' faces. You can be beaten in five minutes in a basketball game if your kids are surprised and don't know what to do.

You see a number of different types of offenses during a season. One club will show you a good inside screening game, and another will feature set plays. Still another will go in for the double post. Somebody else may feature the fast break.

Well, what we do is incorporate all these things into our own attack. We have three offenses. One is more or less of a free-lance game. The second is a set screening game. The third is an offense against any type of zone defense. Into these three offenses we insert all the major strong points of the teams on our schedule. Our boys learn to defend against these things by playing against them in our practice scrimmages. That's the only way they can really learn. It isn't enough just to tell the boys about an opposing offense, and diagram it for them on the blackboard. I've made this mistake at times in the past. When you get to my age, you'll admit that you make mistakes.

Over the years there have been many new problems for the defense to cope with. A number of the basketball rule changes have been deliberately designed to make it a more wide-open game. The shooting is better, as I've said—the development of the one-handed jump shot alone was enough to step up scoring considerably. The boys are bigger, although this trend is reaching the point of diminishing returns. It used to be that a tall man played basketball because he wanted to. Now a good many of them are being forced into the game, and if a boy doesn't have his heart in it, he'll never be a good one.

However, all this stress on offense has created some new opportunities for the defense. For example, most kids today think so much about scoring that they don't know how to play without the ball. That makes it easier for the defensive man.

Today I think a countertrend toward lower scores in college basketball is setting in. Statistics bear this out. National Collegiate Athletic Bureau figures show that scoring reached its peak in the 1956–57 season, when the major-college teams averaged more than seventy-three points a game. Since then scoring has been leveling off.

There's a recent rule change that should help the defense still more, once the officials get used to calling it. An amendment went in this year that is designed to give the defensive man a better break on those blocking-or-charging foul calls. Up to now the offensive player has had all the better of it.

Certain coaches always have put a premium on defense, such as Phil Woolpert of San Francisco; Pete Newell of California; Blair Gullion of Washington University in St. Louis; Buddy Millikan of Maryland, who used to play for me; and Doyle Parrack of Oklahoma, another of my boys. Then I think Joe Lapchick of St. John's is an excellent defensive coach, although he isn't primarily noted for it. Taps Gallagher at Niagara can play fine defensive basketball when he wants to, and so can Harry Litwack, at Temple. There are a number of others.

There also still are many coaches who talk about the importance of defense, but don't really mean it. In their hearts they don't want to play a defensive game. However, more and more coaches are learning that no matter how loaded you are with material, you won't often win championships by just having your boys put the ball through the hole. Sooner or later you come up against a squad with just as much talent. Then defense makes the difference.

THE END

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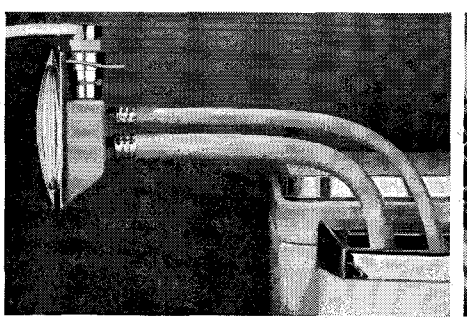

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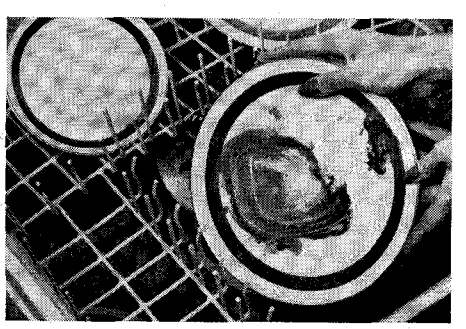

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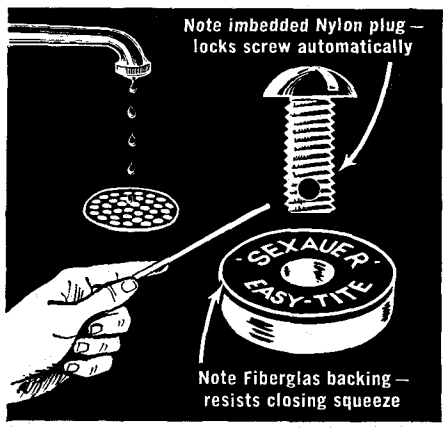
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The Reds Booted Me Out of China

(Continued from Page 33)

on brief trips have ranged farther than I across this vast country. But none has had the unique advantage of following the day-to-day developments of the Peking government's policy during so decisive a period.

I saw Chairman Mao's "hundred flowers" bloom, droop and suffer relentless uprooting. I watched the exodus of some of the millions of the government's critics, who were shipped from the cities to farms, mines and quarries in China's biggest purge in six years. I was in Peking when Nikita Khrushchev slipped in unobtrusively for a secret four-day visit. I witnessed the "spontaneous" mass demonstrations to denounce the landing of United States Marines in Lebanon and to celebrate the bombardment of Quemoy. I heard the first rumblings of discontent at the creation of the "people's communes," which are swiftly reducing China's peasants to the status of wageless serfs.

It was a snowy December morning in 1957 when I first arrived in Peking. As soon as my train pulled into the Chien Men railway station, after a 1250-mile overland journey from Hong Kong, I hurried to the Foreign Ministry. Soldiers in the drab khaki uniform of the "People's Liberation Army" stood guard at the entrance to the gray-brick office block. In the surrounding park, officials were playing basketball—by order of Chairman Mao, who insists that all desk workers take fifteen minutes of organized exercise daily.

An usher, wearing the blue cotton boiler suit which is the officially favored uniform of all Chinese workers of both sexes, showed me into the reception room. There I had my first encounter with Mrs. Chen Wei, who was to be my official guardian throughout my stay in China. For our first meeting Mrs. Chen had doffed her blue overalls in favor of a drab brown skirt and jacket. She had been responsible for supervising the activities of visiting western reporters for the past year, ever since the departure of her husband, who filled this post before her. He had been sent to the countryside "to make closer contact with the masses," as she put it. Chen, son of a Shanghai millionaire, has never been seen since.

I introduced myself to Mrs. Chen and to Miss Chiang, her skinny secretary. Miss Chiang giggled, and the three of us sat down in deep leather armchairs to exchange pleasantries while the usher served hot green tea. I remarked that I felt a great responsibility as the only western journalist in China with an opportunity to present a day-to-day picture of 650,000,000 people to the outside world. "I hope that American correspondents will also be able to see what is going on in your country soon," I added.

The atmosphere froze. Mrs. Chen threw me a baleful stare and said acidly, "That depends entirely on Mr. Dulles. We insist that our correspondents shall be admitted to the United States with diplomatic status. We shall not make concessions on any point regarding the honor of China."

I mentioned I had heard that an American television correspondent was planning to sail from Tokyo to Hong Kong, via Shanghai, in the hope that he would be allowed ashore while his ship called at the Chinese port. Mrs. Chen replied sternly, "If any American tries to sneak into China by entering our territorial waters, he will be dealt with by the law of the People's Republic." (When he learned of this threat the TV man canceled his trip.)

As I rose to take my leave I thanked Mrs. Chen for the interview, adding, "I hope you will be able to give me all possible facilities to meet your country's people and leaders." Mrs. Chen did not answer.

A fortnight later I was summoned to the residence of Premier Chou En-lai, a bungalow on the shores of Peking's South Lake. The sixty-year-old Communist leader, taut and muscular, received me in an entrance hall which was crowded with the big leather armchairs beloved of China's new officialdom and separated from his private apartments by bamboo screens.

When we had settled down to sip the traditional cups of tea, Chou told me he had flown back to Peking that afternoon from Anhwei Province, which for thousands of years had been devastated by the floods of the Yellow River. "But next year there won't be any serious flooding," said Chou. "Every day this winter one hundred million of our people are digging ditches and building embankments to capture the rain water and irrigate the farmlands."

Chou was right; when the waters of China's "River of Sorrows" burst their banks a few months later, most of the dikes built by the peasants held firm, and a record summer harvest was garnered.

Chou speaks little English, but he understands the language perfectly. During our interview the premier frequently interrupted his interpreter, a journalist from the New China News Agency, to correct sloppy translation errors. Much of the two and a half hours which we spent together was dedicated to Chou's views on the international situation. He harped on the United States efforts to keep Red China out of the United Nations and predicted eventual failure of this policy. But he found time to lecture me on how to carry out my job, "You western journalists are disappointed when you come to China because you can't pick up scandal and gossip. But I'll tell you how to get stories—go into the factories, schools and farms and attend the discussion meetings of the workers, students and peasants. That's how to see our democracy in action."

Chou was referring to the so-called "rectification campaign," which Chairman Mao launched in the spring of 1957 with an invitation to "let a hundred flowers bloom and let a hundred schools of thought contend." Many supporters of the Communist dictatorship took the invitation at face value and openly voiced their criticisms. Mao, alarmed by the outburst of discontent among China's teachers, writers and other intellectuals, ordered a crackdown on the critics. When I arrived in Peking they were being denounced at mass rallies throughout the country.

I took Chou at his word and asked Mrs. Chen if she could arrange for me to attend some of these spontaneous "rectification" meetings. Weeks passed without an answer. Then, tired of waiting, I slipped into a school one day while teenagers were squatting in groups in the recreation yard, criticizing the "bourgeois" teaching methods of their instructors. Next day I was reprimanded by Mrs. Chen for "trespassing." Premier Chou's invitation to "see our democracy in action" remained a dead letter.

The rectification movement, which, in effect, equated criticism of the regime with treason, was visible everywhere in China during 1958. The government urged citizens to plaster the walls of the streets, factories and farms with posters denouncing the hidden enemies of Communism. Chinese youngsters told me that their teachers collapsed in the classrooms after sleepless nights spent writing posters criticizing their colleagues. Almost daily I saw crowds of miserable officials, ousted from their jobs because of their "incorrect" attitude toward Communism, huddled in the snow outside the Peking railway station. They were waiting for trains which were to take them to the countryside for "reform through labor."

My own chauffeur, thirty-seven-year-old Liu Tsu-fu, was denounced by a neighbor, apparently for the crime of working for a British journalist. He was arrested without any charge being lodged against him. The only news I received from Liu was this letter written from a Peking jail:

Dear Mr. Gee, Thank you for paying my wages to my mother. I hope this finds you as well as it leaves me.

Yours sincerely, LIU.

Liu was one of hundreds of thousands, possibly millions, of innocent people who were arrested and shipped off to labor camps during 1958. Everybody lived in terror of reading his name on a wall poster or hearing it uttered at a rectification meeting. When I attended the opening of the National People's Congress in February, I noticed about fifty empty seats. "Where are the missing deputies?" I asked an official. "They are rightists (critics of the government) and are under house arrest," was the reply.

A few days later I reported in a dispatch from Peking that Mrs. Ting Ling, the Stalin Prize winner whom many Chinese regard as their greatest living writer, had been expelled from the Communist Party after twenty-five years' membership and was scrubbing floors at the headquarters of the Chinese Writers' Union.

Although Ting had been a very close friend of Chairman Mao—he once dedicated a poem to her—her fate came as no surprise to Chinese intellectuals. Similar menial punishments had been meted out to thousands of civil servants and university professors, who were set to sweeping their lecture halls and offices as a penance for criticizing China's leaders. When I left China, Prof. Ma Ying-chu, seventy-six-year-old dean of Peking University, was begging to be allowed to do farm work in order to escape further criticism and humiliation by his students. But my report about Ting touched the Chinese Foreign Ministry to the quick.

Mrs. Chen screamed at me, "It's a lie!"

I replied, "I am convinced of the reliability of my sources and the accuracy of my report. But I shall be delighted to publish any denial which the Foreign Ministry cares to issue." Fuming, Mrs. Chen marched out of the room. There was no denial.

My home in Peking was the six-story Hsin Chiao—New China—Hotel, built three years before with funds supplied by Chinese Communist sympathizers in Hong Kong and Singapore. It has an American bar which serves 200 types of hard liquor, including passable imitations of most western spirits, and it offers the only night life in a city of 5,000,000 inhabitants. All other bars and cafés put up their shutters at nine P.M. The Hsin Chiao's three restaurants offer Chinese, Russian and Japanese food. The Russian fare is so poor that a foreign visitor once wrote in the hotel's suggestion book: "A steak as tough as this would set off a counterrevolution in my country."

I occupied a combination bedroom-sitting room overlooking a new loop road. Coolies were laying this road at the

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rate of only thirty yards a month, chanting anti-American hymns of hate while toiling twelve hours a day without mechanical aid. Further sound effects were provided by a teletypewriter which the New China News Agency had crammed into my bathroom. It clattered away day and night, and when my wife, Anna, and our three-month-old daughter, Francesca, joined me in the spring, the baby's diapers hung up to dry alongside rolls of Communist propaganda.

The hotel's other permanent residents were East German technicians, most of whom beguiled their leisure hours playing rock-'n'-roll records—banned in China—which they had somehow imported from the United States via West Berlin. Occasionally West European businessmen came up from Hong Kong to Peking to sign contracts with the Chinese Government's trading corporations. Chinese officials took pleasure in keeping foreign businessmen waiting weeks for an interview.

Another handicap for foreign businessmen was the knowledge that Chinese trade officials read all the telegrams which they exchanged with their offices in Europe. "Offer to buy at $78 a ton, but settle for $81.50 as maximum offer," read a cable received by one European trader. When he arrived at the Chinese trading corporation, a smiling official greeted him, "Well, comrade, so the deal is on—at eighty-one-fifty a ton."

Each morning I was awakened at eight o'clock by my two translators. Mr. C. L. Tsiang was a sixty-six-year-old Buddhist who had been caretaker at the British Embassy in Nanking during the Chinese civil war. Richard Wang was a twenty-two-year-old graduate of Tientsin University; he worked in a room adjoining my bedroom-sitting room. By the time I had eaten breakfast they were ready with a summary of all the main news items in Peking's morning press.

My cables frequently reached my London office within half an hour of dispatch. They were never censored, but I was regularly summoned to the Foreign Ministry for questioning. Brandishing a copy of my latest dispatch, Mrs. Chen would bellow, "Where did you get this news? Who are your informants? I order you to confine your reports to what is issued by the New China News Agency and our newspapers. You will disobey these instructions at your peril."

To reveal the sources of my reports of the mass purges which characterized the "rectification campaign" of 1958 would have placed in jeopardy many of my Chinese friends. Some were members of the Communist Party who still hold positions of trust in Peking Government organizations.

Whenever I phoned the Information Department with a query—for example, how many doctors is China training? Can you explain this discrepancy in the coal-production statistics?—I received the stock answer, "We are not quite clear on that point." For a while I tried to telephone directly to the ministries concerned, but was always referred to Mrs. Chen.

There were thirty-five other foreign correspondents in Peking, all representing Communist newspapers and news agencies. Only two of them ever troubled Mrs. Chen with queries—they were the Yugoslavs; Pugonovic, of Tanjug News Agency, and Pugeiovic, of Borba. All the rest were content to reproduce Chinese propaganda. When the Belgrade press condemned the Chinese attacks on Marshal Tito, Pugonovic and Pugeiovic were struck off the Peking Foreign Ministry guest list for official receptions and banquets, and Mrs. Chen refused to answer their telephone calls.

Even Alan Winnington, who has spent ten years in Peking as the correspondent of the London Daily Worker, lacks access to official news sources. Winnington, now graying and haggard, was accused by the British Government of torturing British troops captured by the Chinese during the Korean War; he risks treason charges if he returns home. To eke out his income from the Communist daily, he edits the English news service of the New China News Agency, and his Eurasian wife reads English newscasts over Peking Radio.

A former American journalist, Israel Epstein, who has now assumed Chinese citizenship, produces the English-language edition of Peking's glossiest propaganda publication, the colorgravure monthly, China Reconstructs. Epstein has married a British aristocrat, who is also a convinced Communist; they have adopted two Chinese children.

The Peking Foreign Ministry never arranged press conferences, but at least once a week my telephone shrilled at three A.M. and the reedlike voice of Miss Chiang piped, "I must inform you that an important statement is to be issued in five minutes." All over the city, reporters bundled into their cars and hurried down to the ministry. Only once did the communiqué justify the disturbance—when the Chinese Government announced the withdrawal of its troops from Korea. Usually we were roused from our slumbers merely to be informed that a delegation of Rumanian agronomists was to visit China, or that a group of Chinese acrobats was to go on a tour of East Europe.

In April the government launched a drive to exterminate sparrows, regarded as a threat to the grain crop then being sown. The Foreign Ministry summoned all ambassadors to tell them that Peking's entire population of 5,000,000 would take part and they hoped the diplomatic corps would join in as well. For three days all other work stopped while men, women and children, equipped with sticks, stones, firecrackers, gongs and drums, chased the sparrows from tree to tree until the birds dropped dead from exhaustion. At the end of the slaughter government officials counted more than 420,000 dead birds. Many of them had been downed by diplomats. Only the Burmese Ambassador refused to cooperate—his Buddhist staff laid cages on the embassy lawns, offering asylum to the quarry.

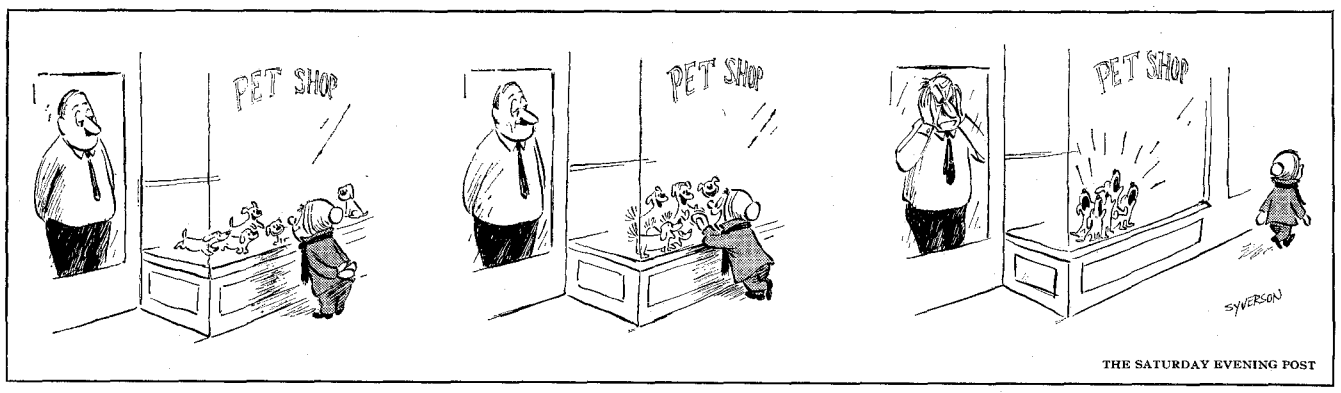
When the government decided to build a dam near the tombs of the Ming-dynasty emperors of China, thirty-five miles from Peking, the diplomats were again asked to lend a hand. They were urged to follow the example of Chairman Mao, Premier Chou and the other leaders who worked briefly alongside 400,000 other unpaid "volunteers" to complete the project. But the only volunteer from the diplomatic corps was the ambassador of the United Arab Republic, Gen. Hassan Ragab. The handsome general, who could double for Clark Gable, put in a full day's work at the dam, wielding pickax and shovel alongside his staff. In a speech broadcast to the other dam workers, General Ragab said, "China offered us volunteers when the French and British aggressors attacked the Suez Canal. We now repay that debt."

During 1958, life became increasingly uncomfortable for foreigners in Peking. The Foreign Ministry cut from thirty-five miles to twenty miles the radius around the capital within which they could travel without a special permit. More than twenty cooks, butlers and janitors employed by foreign embassies were arrested. No charges were ever published against the arrested embassy servants, but it was noted that all had worked for foreigners for thirty years or more. They were probably regarded by the Communists as inhibited by old loyalties from spying satisfactorily on their employers. Shortly after these arrests, the government decreed that diplomats could no longer hire their own servants, but must apply to a state labor agency.

To combat the monotony of their isolation the diplomatic corps gave an unending round of cocktail and dinner parties, featuring the latest rumors about Chairman Mao's impending retirement as the principal topic of conversation. Most of the food and liquor was imported from Hong Kong. Hub of the social activities of the dozen West European and Asian countries which maintain diplomatic ties with Communist China was the British Embassy.

When American and British troops landed in Lebanon and Jordan, the British Embassy was besieged for three days and nights by 1,500,000 yelling demonstrators. They covered the embassy walls with posters depicting G.I.'s and Tommies as ravening wolves, crawling caterpillars, and hogs wallowing in Arab blood. Although the demonstration was officially described as "an outburst of spontaneous mass indignation," Peking Radio gave this the lie. The network broadcast a topical play set in a youth club. Every few minutes the telephone rang and a youth leader ordered his companions: "Time for Number One group to parade outside the British Embassy. . . . Time for Number Two group. . . . Time for Number Three. . . ."

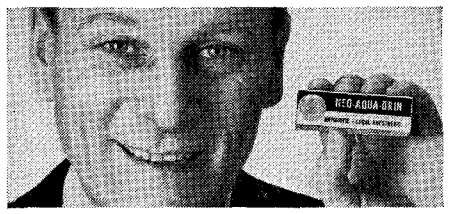
The roads around the embassy were choked with marchers bawling patriotic songs. British officials were confined to



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

WET FEET

SORE THROAT



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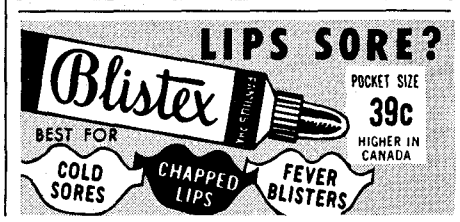

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their compound. As I stood outside the embassy a Chinese reporter pointed me out to a group of young toughs and shouted, "Get that English journalist!" I ducked inside the embassy as the youngsters leaped at me, shaking their fists.

Most of the demonstrators were students on vacation. Among them I recognized the American Negro G.I., William White, who was captured in Korea and chose to remain in Peking as a student of "international law." I often saw White out walking with Chinese girls, a privilege denied even to young Russian diplomats. (Another G.I., Scott Rush, of Ohio, introduced me to his Chinese wife in Wuhan, central China, where he works in a cotton mill. Rush, whose monthly wage of $20 is supplemented by a grant from the Chinese Red Cross, is eager to return to the United States, but fears he won't be allowed to take his wife with him.)

Nobody suffered much from the demonstration except a British tourist who was hauled off a pedicab by the mob outside the embassy. The demonstration was at last called off at the request of the Soviet Embassy. The Russians, whose mission adjoins the British, complained that they had been unable to sleep for three nights.

Diplomatic cocktail parties often proved a valuable source of news for me. Aware of this, Premier Chou told the ambassadors of two non-Communist countries that he would not attend their National Day receptions if I was invited. Duncan Wilson, the British chargé d'affaires, left these parties as soon as the senior Chinese guest began his speech of thanks, which invariably concluded with a diatribe against Britain and the United States.

Some of the conversations which I heard at these receptions cast light on the relationship between China and the Soviet Union. A Scandinavian envoy, commenting on President Eisenhower's proposal for an aerial inspection of an arctic zone to forestall sudden atomic attack on the United States or Russia, suggested to Foreign Minister Chen Yi, "Here is an excellent opportunity for China to impress the world. Why don't you take the initiative and support the American proposal?" Chen shook his head and replied with unusual candor, "We always follow the Soviet line on these matters."

At the Rumanian National Day reception, on August twenty-third, after making a formal speech praising Sino-Rumanian friendship and attacking the West, Chen Yi joined in a few rounds of toasts in *mao-tai*, a high-octane Chinese liquor. Then he lumbered to his feet and called for silence. "Comrades," he spluttered, "I have just received wonderful news. Today our valiant artillerymen have begun pounding that outpost of the United States-Chiang Kai-shek clique, that dagger pointed at the heart of the motherland, Quemoy. The offshore islands are about to surrender. Let us drink to this great victory."

The same evening Peking Radio confirmed that the bombardment was under way, but there was no report of the victory prematurely announced by the foreign minister. At three o'clock the next morning, however, diplomats were awakened by drums, gongs and exploding firecrackers—a typical Chinese celebration. They hurried into the streets, which were packed with revelers carrying banners and placards. But the slogans read: DEATH TO THE FOUR EVILS—MOSQUITOES, SPARROWS, FLIES AND RATS. KEEP CHINA HEALTHY AND FREE FROM DISEASE.

The year 1958 saw more drastic changes in the life of the Chinese than at any other period since their conquest by the Communists. Scrawled on the walls of co-operative farms all over China I saw the phrase, WELCOME TO THE PEOPLE'S COMMUNES—a ruthless device for the collectivization of human beings. To give the communes an impressive send-off, Liu Chieh-mei, a thirty-six-year-old peasant who quit a co-operative and then returned, was sent on a nationwide tour to spread the parable of the prodigal farmer who forsook the road to socialism, but finally saw the error of his ways.

Accompanied by his plow, furniture and a wagonload of paintings and photographs representing his life before and after Communism, Liu drew daily crowds of more than 10,000 peasants. Visitors were shown the wooden bed, warm padded clothes and wrist watch which he said he could never have afforded to buy before agriculture was collectivized. In contrast, Liu produced a rice bowl, with which he claimed he had begged for food in the old days, and a whip, with which he said his landlord had beaten him.

Liu told me, "I am a miserable fellow. I showed no gratitude to the party. I forgot my past hardships and criticized the policy of enforced purchase of my produce by the state. Now I realize I was selfish and behaved against the people's wishes. Long live the People's Communes! Long live the Communist Party! Long live Chairman Mao!"

But at the Hsiao Tun—Little Heap—co-operative, near Peking, I heard a different story when I asked a young peasant, recently demobilized after war service in Korea, what he thought of the communes. He replied, "I don't want to live in a dormitory, eat in a mess hall and have my children cared for in a communal nursery. I want my own cottage, and my wife to cook for me and bring up my sons and daughters."

An announcement of a slowdown in the creation of communes accompanied the publication, in December, of Mao's decision to step down from the chairmanship of China. Yet in the past six months, nearly 25,000 communes have been set up, and more than 450,000,000 of China's 500,000,000 peasants have been compelled to hand over to the state the hogs, fruit trees and household furniture which were their last remaining private property.

To slow down the fast-rising birth rate—15,000,000 Chinese were born in 1958, bringing the population close to 650,000,000—contraceptives for birth control are sold in all stores. The government had to admit a setback last summer, when it reported that its own scheme for a simple contraceptive had failed. Shao Li-tsu, a member of the National People's Congress, gave the masses this prescription, readily available to anybody who had a stagnant pond in his back garden: tadpoles, to be taken internally once a day after meals.

The method was tried out on forty-two mothers in Hangchow. Two of the women were pregnant within four weeks and eighteen others within four months. The People's Daily reported that the twenty-two other women had reverted to "traditional forms" of birth control. This probably meant abortion; Peking hospital records show that one woman patient out of every three is treated for abortion's aftereffects.

Despite the spate of anti-western propaganda poured out by Peking's news media, China is increasingly receptive to western ideas. Chinese youngsters, imitating United States teen-agers, dress in brightly colored sweat shirts with the name of their school, factory or athletic team emblazoned on their chests. Peking last summer opened its first supermarket, with soaps and cosmetics wrapped in packages imitating famous American brands.

When television sets first appeared in Peking stores, I tried to obtain one. "Sorry," said the salesman, "but you'll need a special government permit." No Chinese could afford to buy a set, because they were priced from $280 to $560, more than a year's wages for a skilled worker. But the people of Peking flocked on two evenings a week to the Temple of Perpetual Peace, where for two cents they could watch a TV program of old Soviet documentaries and Peking opera on a Russian-made set.

The Chinese people are dazed by staggering statistics which tell them they have doubled their output of food and heavy industrial goods during the past twelve months. But the worker and peasant is no better off. Only by standing in line when the butcher shops open at five A.M. can the housewife hope to obtain even a fraction of the monthly ration of eleven ounces of pork. Announcing the ration, the Communist Party's vice chairman, Kiu Shao-chi, said, "Heavy eating and drinking are detrimental to the realization of the historic task of the Chinese people and are a sign of lack of noble aspiration." The cloth ration likewise insures that the Chinese do not overdress. Cut once more for 1958, it sufficed for only one suit of overalls, two shirts and two handkerchiefs per person.

Meager rations, twelve-hour working days followed by political meetings which leave no time for recreation, a drab uniform of blue cotton, a dormitory bed, communal meals—all these are casting the Chinese people into a single mold in which initiative and individualism are outlawed.

As Mao steps down from the chairmanship of the People's Republic of China, his subjects can look forward to no respite. Still chairman of the Chinese Communist Party, Mao remains the most powerful and influential of his country's leaders. And someday, perhaps, it may be to this strange figure in Peking, not to his uneasy ally in the Kremlin, that the Communist world will turn for leadership.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION FLOYD PATTERSON

By W. C. Heinz

THE SQUEEZE IS ON BERLIN

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Special Charms of the Northeast's Historic Lake

FLORIDA SWIMMING SPECTACLE

MY HUSBAND, ARTHUR MURRAY:

ARTHUR'S FIRST MILLION DOLLARS

By Kathryn Murray

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The Lady and the Killer

(Continued from Page 37)

"I have traced her," the stranger said sadly, "to Big Pass almost certainly. She was in Minneapolis for some time. She may be working in an office here."

"We haven't got many offices," Steve said, "or girls working in them. Construction work, like we have going on—they mostly hire men."

But there is one girl, he admitted to himself, *and she came from Minneapolis.*

"An unmarried young woman, here alone, you would surely know of her?" the attorney insisted gently.

"We've got almost a thousand people here," Steve argued. "They come and go. I don't know all of them. I know the ones who make trouble. She doesn't get drunk and disorderly, does she?"

Watson frowned. "She does not. She is a lady." He reached into his pocket, and Steve guessed it was for a photograph.

Steve repeated, "I don't know any Sarah Fields."

Watson put the photograph on top of the queen of diamonds and said gently, "She might be using another name."

Steve glanced and saw the face he was afraid would be there. She could go by another name; yes. Sarah Meadows—not so different from Fields. *Ah, Sally, Sally! She doesn't smile very often,* he thought, *as she's doing in that picture.*

"What's she wanted for?" he growled.

"They—her uncle and aunt—only want to know that she is safe and well. They understand why she had to go away, but they love her, Mr. Lacy, and they wish her nothing but good."

And so do I, Steve thought. *So do I.*

"If I run across any Sarah Fields, I could write you," he offered. "Maybe you better give me a description."

"Keep the picture, Mr. Lacy," the man urged. "It will help you remember what she looks like."

I don't need anything to help me remember, Steve reflected. *But it's the only way I'll ever get her picture.*

"I only keep track of people who make trouble," he said, but that was not quite true. Sarah, Sally, by any name, lived at his mother's house with the schoolteachers and had been there since early fall.

Watson said, "So that you will understand why she disappeared, I should tell you what happened."

Steve shrugged. "Why confide in me?"

"If you should find her, it would be better if you understand. She killed a man, Mr. Lacy. She shot him in self-defense—he was making improper advances. He was one of her suitors, a well-to-do young man of excellent social standing. I should mention that she is a very good shot. She used to do much target shooting and go bird hunting with her uncle. The man she shot lured her to a hunting lodge with a lie. She was tried for manslaughter. I defended her, Mr. Lacy, and she went free. But the affair was terrible for her. She went away more than a year ago."

"The only young lady I know around here who is a good shot," Steve said stoutly, "is Thomasina Chapman. She's from Iowa—and she never learned to fire a gun until last fall. Most women won't even touch one." *And Sally is one who refuses; she turns away.*

He had the feeling that Watson could see right through him, that Watson had already obtained all the facts he needed before he ever came to the door.

Watson said, standing up, "Well, thank you. You will be sure not to lose my card?" He didn't say, "You will promise to tell me about Sarah Fields?"

The telephone jangled with the particularly urgent twist that Central used for police calls, and Steve grabbed it. "Yes," he said. . . . "Sure. I'll be right out. . . . Don't worry, I'll come. Just stay in the house. I'll get there in time."

He reached for his rifle and brushed against the visitor without apology. "Lady says there's a mountain lion on her back porch, eating the garbage," he explained, "and the kids are due home from school."

He left the man there, loped across the alley to the livery stable and jumped on the first horse he came to. Jeff Holly, the hostler, remarked, "Look, our hero rides bareback," and stepped out of the way.

Steve killed the big cat, but got scant thanks for it. The hysterical woman who had summoned him insisted that he take the nasty carcass along with him, but he refused.

He left then, and rode a trail through the jack pines, noted where new houses and shacks and cabins were being built, knew who was building them, tried to visualize this raw new town years in the future. Steve Lacy was a dreamer, and that was why he chose to be the Big Pass police force. He saw the town as a violent, squalling infant, loved by few people, detested by many. He didn't exactly love it, but he pitied it and protected it.

When he got back to the center of town, a drunken man greeted him with a happy howl, "Ride 'em, cowboy!" Steve ignored him, but scowled at the lawyer from back East, who was standing by the drugstore.

Steve rode close and said bitterly, "If a girl that looks kind of like that picture—if she comes by here on her way home from work ——" He was in deep, so he plunged on: "If she thinks you look like anybody she knows, it might scare her so you'd never find her again."

"She is safe?" Watson inquired.

"She lives at my mother's house with the schoolteachers," Steve admitted.

"Is she happy?"

"I never asked her," Steve answered and rode on. It was not necessary to ask her. "Happy" was not a word for Sally. Sometimes, when the girls and the young men were all together at Mrs. Lacy's for an evening, Sally relaxed and laughed and was gay for a while. But mostly she just endured. Now he knew why. She had her own Furies to live with.

Would it make her feel better, he wondered, *if I told her about mine?*

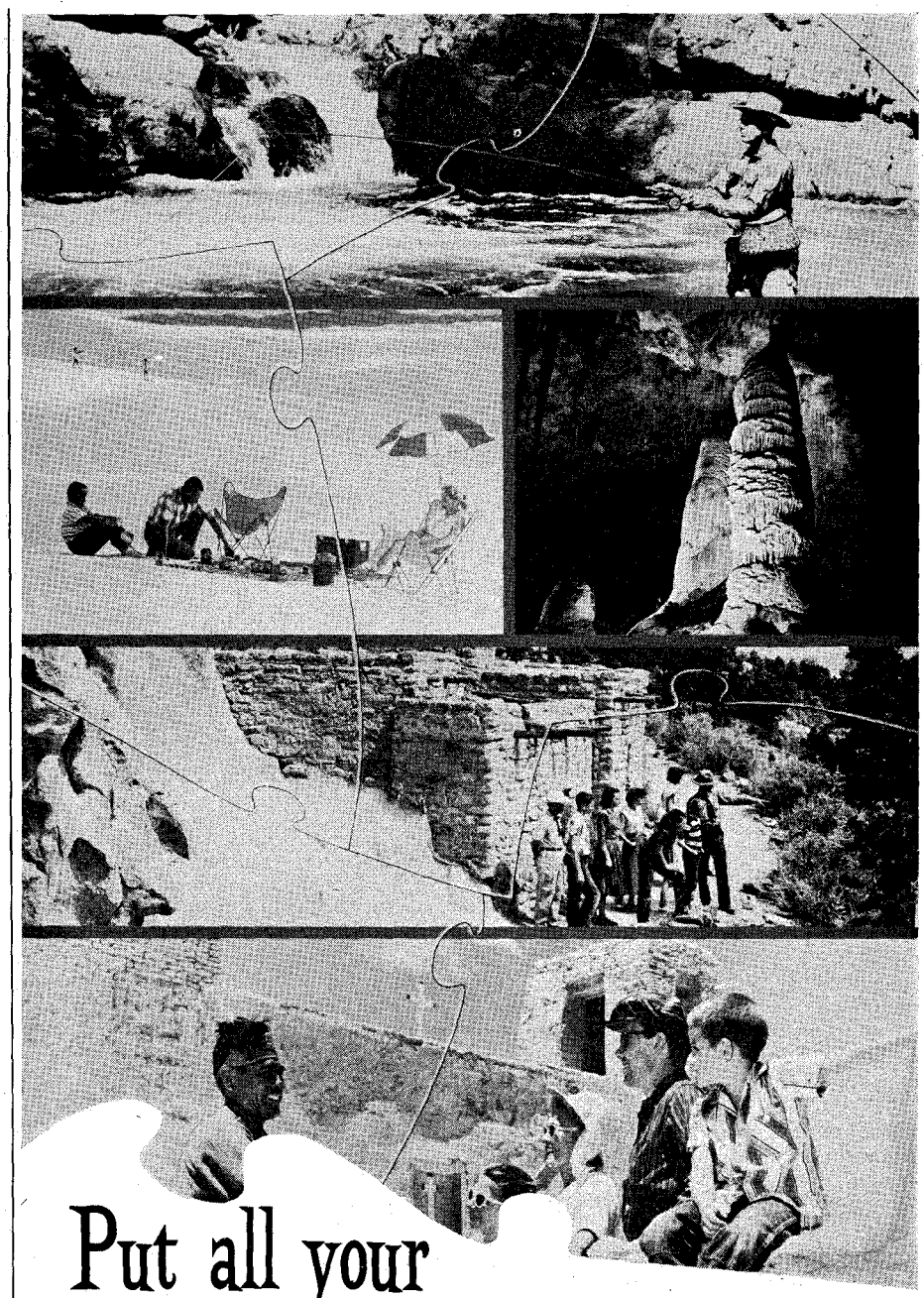
He walked home at suppertime to the unpainted building, weathered now by three winters, where once the men had lived who built a bridge and filled coulees and gnawed down mountainsides, so that the railroad could go through. The old dormitory had one door. At the other end, three windows in a row looked out across space at mountains, and down below was the end of the railroad switchyard with piles of ties.

At the door he shouted, and as usual there was ladylike squealing and scampering. He entered to see three young women disappearing into the tiny rooms that opened off the larger common room—the three teachers, dressed all alike in the working girl's uniform, long, slim black skirt and white shirtwaist. His mother was at the cookstove, laughing at the scurry.

"Margaret was trying a new way to do up Thomasina's hair," she explained.

"Is it so bad if I see one of 'em with her hair down?" Steve asked, amused as always at the fuss. "Or if they see me with my shoes off?"

As always, his mother reminded him, with pursed lips, "Schoolteachers must be careful not to be talked about—and with an unmarried man in the house ——"



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"Ma, you had me underfoot before you ever took those girls in," he reminded her, and there was no comeback to that. He poured water from the teakettle into the basin. "Is it all right if I unbutton my shirt collar so I can wash my neck?"

"Go on with you," his mother chided. "You don't appreciate your blessings. Think of all the wood and water you don't have to carry, because the girls do it!"

"Lacy's slave girls," Steve murmured, and giggles came from the cubicles where they had taken refuge.

The back door opened while he had soap in his eyes, and he roared, "Ma, don't let them women see me with my neck all bare!"

Sally mocked gently, "Schoolteachers have to be so careful, but who cares about girls who work in construction-company offices?"

"I could name seven or eight fellows," Steve said, blinking at her over the towel. He smiled, but her eyes turned away. She hung her coat by the door and took refuge in her room.

After supper his mother and the three teachers flocked off to choir practice. Steve relaxed by the heating stove, with a little time to loaf before he would go out to patrol alleys.

Sally came and sat for a while on the other side of the stove, reading by the lamp, but restless. *This*, Steve thought, *is the nearest I come to courting her—sitting here quietly, talking if she wants to. Would she want to hear about my Furies? Because of the man I killed when he was running, when I meant to hit him in the leg and hit his back instead? Nobody cared except me. Nobody mourned him. But I've still got my Furies, and that was a couple of years ago.*

"Steve," she said. "Nobody else is to know anything about this, but I have to ask you something."

"Anything," he promised. "Go ahead."

"If a girl ought to get married—has to get married—and the man's gone away and they had a fight ——" The rest of the words came hurrying, "How could she get somebody to help find him?"

The earth shook—or was it only that his heart jolted? When he had breath enough to speak, he was standing up, saying, "I'll get him. I'll wring his neck if you say so. Or stand up at the wedding. Or—I would be greatly honored if you would marry me."

She went pale, then reddened. She turned away, choking—with laughter, he realized.

"But it's not me! It's not me. It's one of the teachers—not me. And she doesn't know where her man has gone. Oh, Steve, you are so good, so kind." Sally took a step forward, kissed him and stepped instantly away.

That's what I get, he thought, *for being so good, so kind. One kiss—and I don't even dare put my arms around her, because then she'd never sit with me here.*

"I beg your pardon," he said stiffly. "I apologize for jumping to a conclusion. Who's the man that needs finding?" He delicately did not ask who the girl was.

"Swen Swenson," she answered, and he knew who the girl was—Kitty Jones had led Swen a merry chase. Kitty was the littlest one, the rich one; she had traveled in Europe, her mother lived in Paris. Kitty was the most adventurous one, who didn't need to teach school, but came to Big Pass because she was reckless.

"Swen quit his job," Sally said, "and I looked in our payroll records, but I can't find out where he went."

Steve almost smiled. "There won't be any problems," he promised. "Swen drowned his sorrows and then went to work in a logging camp. I'll send him word, and he'll be back here fast enough to make you dizzy. You can tell the girl, whoever she is. He'll be a mighty willing bridegroom."

"Thank you, Steve," Sally answered gratefully, both of them pretending he didn't know the girl was Kitty.

"Anybody wants me," Steve said, putting on his Mackinaw coat, "I'll be in an alley somewhere."

"Take care of yourself," the girl said.

Three days later Swen Swenson arrived, roaring, and there was a great deal of excitement when Kitty announced with joyful tears that she had married him at Christmastime in a city two hundred miles to the west. She had gone east at Christmas, but the others loyally forgot that and cried, "You little minx! You fooled us all!"

The principal of the school, Martin Luther Schneider, came over to wish her well and scold her, because marriage was contrary to her promises in the contract she had signed. "But it will not punish you if I cancel the contract," he mourned. "I will only lose a teacher—and where to get another now, in February? Will you stay till spring, Mrs. Swenson?"

"No, she von't," roared Swen. "My vife, she's going to live vith me—I got my job back vith construction, ve'll live on the vork train in my private car. Teach the school yourself, Mr. Schneider, if you vant teaching."

Kitty sighed, "Darling, it will be wonderful."

"Two veeks' notice ve give you," the lordly Swen proclaimed.

The second to announce wedding plans was Margaret Grimm—serious, hard-working, for the first time in her life free of family obligations, enjoying her own salary and a room all to herself, with no little brothers or sisters in her bed. Steve heard about her plans from Jeff Holly before even Lacy's other slave girls got the word.

"Margaret's going to marry me," Jeff said. "I'm going to start a department store in Big Pass, best one in the county, and settle down. It's time. And I've got the capital—or my family has. We have a department store in Richmond."

"Then why have you been working in that stinking livery stable?" Steve demanded. "For the good of your soul?"

"Something like that. I raised hell back in Virginia. I've been kind of working it off. Margaret—there never was a girl like Margaret! She won't believe yet I can afford to start a business. She thinks she'll work in the store to help out. She thinks I'll go broke, but she's willing anyhow. That's the kind of woman to have, Steve."

"Listen to the bachelor giving advice," Steve jeered.

In April, Thomasina announced her intention to marry Bill Harris, the dentist. He had not, like some other young men, laid at her feet tanned hides of bobcat or wolf. He had presented no muff of black-bear fur, had brought no stacks of musk-rat pelts, no lordly elk head—not even a haunch of venison. She adored such presents, but Doctor Harris had been smart—he taught Thomasina herself to stalk and shoot her own game. For Christmas he had given her a rifle.

At the party Mrs. Lacy gave to announce Thomasina's coming marriage, Steve told the bride-to-be, "You act almost as happy as when you brought home your first deer."

Bill Harris slapped Steve's shoulder and demanded, "Why don't you stop running long enough so a girl can catch you?"

Steve replied, "I did stop, but nobody was chasing me."

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Sally did not even glance his way, though he knew she had heard and understood.

"Lacy's losing all his slave girls," the dentist commented, "except Sally."

"I'll be moving to another room somewhere," Sally said. "It wouldn't be proper for me to stay here when the others are gone, would it? Even for a girl who works in a construction office."

Steve found a chance to whisper to her, "Meet me outside. I've got to talk to you," and she replied, "I owe you that."

The back stoop was not a place he would have chosen for that conversation, but she wouldn't go any farther.

"You're my girl," he told her almost angrily. "But you never let me court you. You're my girl when the crowd gets together for a taffy pull or a sleigh ride, but you never go anywhere with me alone."

She answered only with a sigh.

"Sally, Sally," he whispered. "You know I love you."

So low he could hardly hear it, she answered, "And I—I love you, Steve. But I'm a roamer. I don't stay any place very long. I keep moving on. And there is something I will never tell you."

"I'll never ask," he said. "Because I know already."

He felt her body go rigid within the circle of his arm.

"Who found out?" she whispered. "Who knows about me—here?"

"Your uncle sent a lawyer to trace you because your people are worried. So I know, but nobody else does."

"Have you any idea what it's like to have done—what I did, and be the subject of a terrible scandal and be haunted by a dead man? I might run away again. From here. From you."

"Not from me. Never from me. I'll run with you. But it's no use, you know. You can't get away from the Furies."

She challenged, "Who told you about the Furies?"

"I read about them long ago in a book on mythology, the Furies who torment people. And—I have my own. I shot a man."

"I never heard that. Nobody talks about it."

"Nobody cares that he's gone. He was a murderer. But the Furies care. And I do."

"We understand each other, Steve."

"Enough. Enough to get along the rest of our lives."

"If I ever have to run—because someone finds out—would you go with me? Wait before you answer. You love this town. You feel like a father watching your baby grow. You plan to stay here."

"I plan to, yes. But any time you say, I'll pull up stakes, no matter how deep they're set."

"I still don't know," she mused unhappily. She began to cry, but wiped her eyes with an angry sweep. "I mustn't let anyone see tears at Thomasina's engagement party." She went back into the house, smiling, with her head high.

In the morning, Saturday, Steve was up earlier than the girls. His mother, flipping hot cakes for his breakfast, was full of plans for the day. "Kitty's coming over, and we'll all sew like mad for the brides. Sally gets off at noon to join us. So much to do! Poor boy, losing your slave girls!"

"Useless lot," Steve growled. "They make good decorations, though."

As he was buckling on his shoulder holster so the revolver would nestle comfortably under his left arm, under his shirt, respectably out of sight, but handy, the telephone jangled. When he answered, the night man sounded excited.

"Trouble, Steve. Robbery at the Headlight Saloon, and a stabbing. In the alley behind it. Man ran, and the railroad cop says he's hiding in a boxcar." He turned away, then added, "Two men hiding, they say."

"I'll be right down," Steve answered calmly. He kissed his mother lightly and closed the door as he went out.

Half an hour later he telephoned and asked for Sally. She sounded sleepy, but she woke up fast.

"Your boss says not to come to work," he advised. "Stay away from the yards.

Some of the movies shown on TV are so old that the actors still have their original hair.

JOHN J. PLOMP

And tell the others not to come downtown, not to come near the tracks. Get around to the neighbors and spread the word, will you? We've got two men cornered in the yards and they're desperate. We've got guards out, but they could get loose into town. Spread the word. We don't want anybody hurt. Tell the women and kids to stay home."

"We'll tell them, Steve," she answered, asking no questions.

Lacy's slave girls were the messengers. They rushed from the house, fluttering, and scattered like doves, taking the warning to the nearest houses. Some mothers snatched up small children, shouted for the older, wider-roaming ones and locked the doors.

The message spread and rumor sped faster, and when it got to the very jackpine fringes of Big Pass it turned around and sped back in more terrifying form.

"Some kind of invasion," rumor said. "All the tramps got together and they're attacking the town. Some of our men are standing them off by the drugstore. . . . Somebody hurt. Somebody killed. A house is burning. They've set the woods afire."

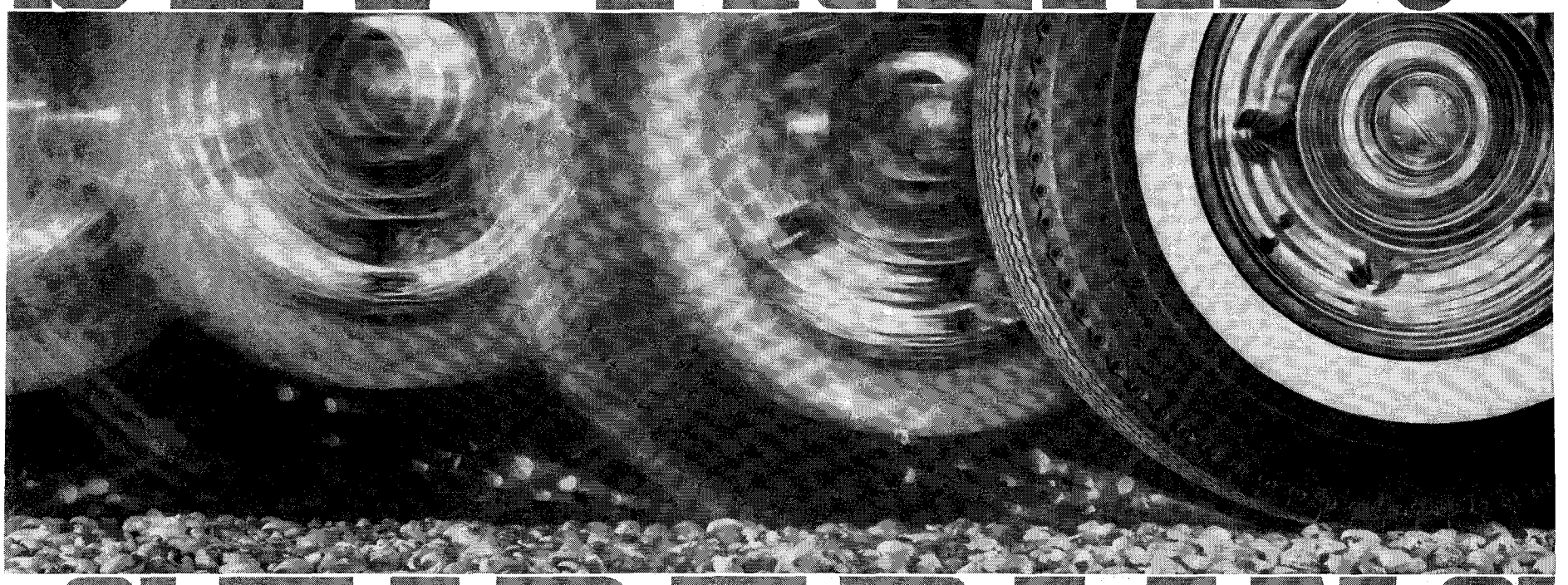
Half a century later, old-timers told that for gospel truth, because they believed it by that time and it was a more exciting story than the truth. The truth was that two desperate men were besieged all day in two separate boxcars down near the passenger depot, and the sides of the cars were splintered with bullet holes before it was over. No trains came in from either east or west. They were warned off miles away by telegraph messages and by running men carrying red signal lanterns. The siege in Big Pass played havoc with the railroad that day.

The brides-elect and the bride Kitty and Steve's girl, Sally, did some very bad sewing that day, after they fluttered back from carrying the warning. Always one of them kept watch out the windows to report whether anything moved among the standing freight cars and heavy machinery and tie piles down below. But nothing did till late afternoon.

Lacy's slave girls imitated gaiety while they sewed and waited. Each of them had a man who was in the yards somewhere, armed, waiting, watching, somewhere in the yards that stretched in a jumble of track for half a mile that they could not see even from the windows. Each of them knew her man was there, because they were that kind of men, on hand in emergencies, willing to take risks. But none of the girls spoke of the risks.

One reason for their almost calmness was that Mrs. Lacy was calm and busy. She made doughnuts because the boys would be hungry when they got back. They would all come back, of course, and

JET TREAD!



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they would come to Mrs. Lacy's. She put beans to soak because everybody would want to talk the next day, and they might as well eat while they did it. She made six large pies of dried apples. The girls ran to carry in stove wood; they sewed, waiting and watching and stabbing their fingers with needles, clinging to the implicit promise that if food was being prepared, their men would come safely back to eat it.

Mrs. Lacy put her last pie in the oven and sat down, sighing, to fan herself. "There hasn't been a sound of gunfire at all," she remarked, and the girls gabbled, "Not a sound. . . . That's right—not a single shot. . . . Probably nothing is happening at all."

They knew better, because there had been shouting from time to time all day, shouts in strong voices of men, but too far away for the words to carry.

Then there was a shot, in a place they could not see, followed by many more. And after that, a long silence.

"It's suppertime," Mrs. Lacy remarked. "I'll fix us something."

"Down below, it's all in shadow now," Thomasina said from the window.

"I'd better light the lamps," said Margaret Grimm.

"I don't think you should," Kitty Swenson advised. "Because then we couldn't see anything down there."

"It's my turn at the window," said Sally.

"Get down, get down," Thomasina said urgently. "Some men are running now. But who are they? Who are they?"

All the women were at the windows then, on their knees—Lacy's slave girls and Lacy's mother, watching the shadows below.

"There's my Swen—I'd know those shoulders anywhere," cried Kitty, and began to weep on Margaret's shoulder after she saw him duck safely behind a pile of ties.

The other men they did not identify, but the one who was pursued they saw at last.

"Look," whispered Mrs. Lacy. "With a black cap on. Skulking where our boys can't see him."

Kneeling, they watched him move, skillfully hiding in one shadowed place after another, gray against the gravel, dark against the cinders. He was Menace, he was Evil, he was danger to all established things and to the future. He was directly below them; they could see him when his pursuers could not.

"He can't possibly escape," Margaret said, angry and puzzled. "Why doesn't he surrender?"

"He doesn't dare," Thomasina guessed. "He did something back there where we couldn't see, when we heard the shooting. Besides what he did early this morning before they found out. Now he doesn't dare surrender, because they'll ——"

She did not need to say the words "kill him," so she did not say them, but they hung in the air. It was gentle, balmy air, the air of a sweet May evening in the mountains, becoming just a little chill now in Mrs. Lacy's house with the windows open.

Kitty stopped crying and looked again, trembling. They were all trembling as they stared down.

"Maybe we should get away from the windows?" Thomasina asked.

"Don't you try to drag me away!" shrilled Kitty, and nobody tried. "But I don't see him any more."

"I do," Sally said in a very low voice. "I see him. Climbing up this side of a tie pile." She turned away. "Now he can pick them off, because he's up higher." Her voice turned shrill, "Why don't they come home and let him go?"

Mrs. Lacy answered, "I guess they don't feel they can do that, just let him get away. He must have hurt somebody when we heard the shooting."

And who was hurt? Each of them wondered. Was it my man? Who's back there where the shooting was?

Most of the men in Big Pass were back there, certainly, in that safer place. Only the hardiest handful had pursued.

Sally said, "He's taking aim with his revolver. Thomasina—get him. Get him!"

Thomasina's rifle hung on the wall close at hand. She had shot two deer with it, and a half-grown black bear. But she looked now at the rifle as if it were the essence of evil and said, shuddering, "But I couldn't shoot a man!"

Below them, the man on the tie pile fired three times; his gun flashed in the shadows. There were shouts from somewhere and answering shots. There was the sharp, shocking sound of jeering laughter from the doomed, desperate man down below.

"I couldn't," Thomasina repeated, gasping.

"Well," Sally Meadows said thoughtfully. "Well, then, I will."

They stared at her with horror, at Sally Meadows, who had not touched a gun in Big Pass, who had turned away when anyone brought in game that had blood on it.

She took the rifle from the wall and loaded it. She walked to the window, and the others moved aside as if she were unclean. She crouched, using the sill for a rest, but the target was too far below for that. She stood up and aimed without a rest.

"I see him," she said. . . . "No, he's moved again."

Mrs. Lacy said urgently, "Sally, are you sure you want to do this?"

She answered, "I have to. It has to be done."

She fired one shot, and all of them heard the man scream. They saw him wave his arms and tumble off the tie pile.

Sally laid the gun on the window sill. She walked toward her room and entered, but did not close the door. Mrs. Lacy trotted after her with wordless whimperings meant for comfort.

"I am just putting on a wrap," Sally said gently. "Nobody needs to go with me. I am going to meet my man." That was the way wives talked in Big Pass, not "my husband" but "my man."

She waited a long time, sitting on a tree stump at a place that he would pass. He came striding through the dusk, and she spoke his name quietly and stood up.

"We're all right," she said. "All your girls. Don't be worried. Steve, that shot—I have to tell you ——"

He sucked in his breath. "Nobody knows for sure," he said valiantly. "There'll be plenty of men to take the credit. I didn't guess ——" But he had, of course.

"It wasn't to protect you," she said with thoughtful honesty. "I was—looking after your town. The poor, helpless baby of a town."

He wrapped her in his arms as if to keep away all harm, all torment, but he knew he could not do that. He could only wish and try.

"I won't go away from Big Pass now," she said, "unless you do." Then she went limp in his arms and began to sob.

They had never intended to become Old Settlers, Pioneer Mothers. The teachers went to Big Pass because, in 1906, they were young and adventuresome. Sally Meadows went there because it was far from home, and nobody knew she had shot a man in Maine and was tormented by Furies.

But they all stayed and became old ladies, long married to their husbands, sedate and stern and highly respected. They were the authorities when latercomers to the placid, pretty town asked what it was like in the old days. None of them told, in reminiscing, of how Steve Lacy's wife had shot a killer while they watched. They lied a little, said it must be just a story somebody made up. They remembered the day, all right. It wasn't a thing you could forget. It was part of the history of Big Pass. They knew where the half-forgotten graves were with the two desperadoes in them—one killed in a bullet-riddled boxcar; the other, the one who ran, a few hours later by a rifle shot from above.

Lacy's slave girls were loyal and tried to protect her. But it was no use, because it had happened, and they were not the only old-timers who had been in Big Pass that day. It could not be erased.

Sarah Lacy lives there still, in the shadow of the ancient scandal. She walks proudly beside her husband, who served nine terms as mayor. She is still tormented by her Furies, as she knew she would be when she took the rifle from the wall and said, "I have to. It has to be done."

THE END

"How's the family?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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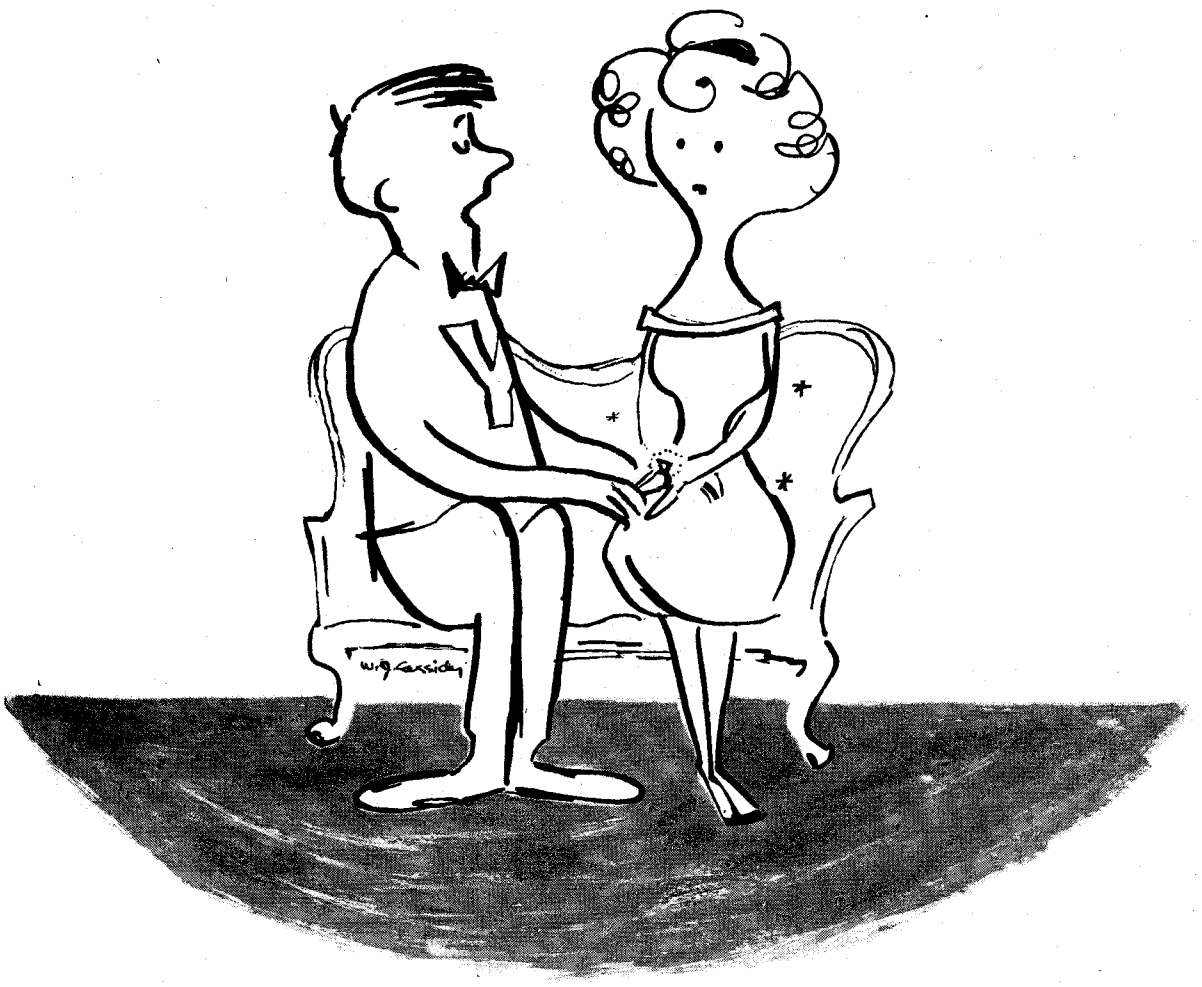

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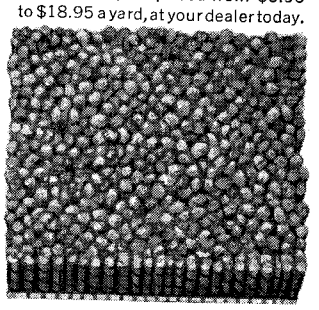

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Riviera Prelude (Continued from Page 22)

Hungarian accent, though reared in Manhattan. He spoke.

"I know how you feel, Val. That's your best lyric and you have just got to hear it sung by a girl. So ——"

"And," said Romulo, in his lutelike island voice, "I need some place to dance out in the open. I've got knots in my legs."

"O.K., we are all under pressure," said Val, who had the detached and absorbed face of a musician, "but we've worked on this a year, and sometimes I feel it like a dream—four guys working out a Broadway musical on a fighting ship in the Navy." He sighed. "If we could mount even one scene and play it in the rough.... But if we are going to have a couple of weeks on the Riviera, maybe we could hire a barn someplace." Suddenly he got up. "Let's leave it for now, and talk it over at lunch tomorrow. Yes, Mike?"

"O.K." Mike paused, then grinned. "Say, the admiral liked that Latin Baby number. That makes me feel good. Hammocks ahoy!"

They did not talk over the barn project next day at lunch after all. Mike, who was off duty, put on a civilian suit, and decided to have a walk before lunch in the pinewoods over on the Cap.

He was just going down the gangway when Lieutenant Osborne called him, and said, "Going on the Cap?" Mike nodded. "Care to take over some mail to the admiral at the villa? It came after he'd gone off ship."

"Sure, it's a pleasure."

Osborne handed him a sealed envelope and ordered the launch to call at the boathouse slip by the admiral's villa.

There was a very pretty woman with black hair sun-bathing on the private slip after a swim, and Mike had to step over her or pause. She looked up, blinking, and Mike touched his forehead with his hand.

"Mrs. Caldon?"

"Yes."

"I am from the flagship. I have some mail for the admiral. Maloney is the name, ma'am."

She got up and pulled a robe over her slim body. She was forty-one and had the figure of a nineteen-year-old girl. She was a Brazilian and moved like a dancer, in beautiful amber skin.

"I'm just going up. We'll have something long and cool, Mr. Maloney."

Dick Caldon came down the garden path, clad only in blue shorts.

Mike touched his forehead again, and handed over the envelope.

"Some mail, sir. It arrived after you had left ship."

"Thank you, Mr. ——"

"Mr. Maloney would like a drink," said Bianca quickly.

"The drink is fine, but you are in bad luck for lunch, Mr. Maloney. We are going over to Cannes. Now, just a lemon soda in this hot sun, I'd say." He plucked a rose and tossed it at Bianca. "Wear that, anyway!"

Mike choked down a laugh, as Mrs. Caldon fastened the robe. The admiral waved his hand at a lemon tree.

"I'll get the soda and ice. You pick the lemons."

They made the drinks and relaxed under a pine, but in a moment the admiral looked at his watch.

"Damn the princess," said Bianca.

When she had gone in to dress, the admiral explained the princess to Mike, then left him under the pine and went in to put on a suit.

Mike leaned back in his chair and smelled the hot pines that sheltered the garden above the little private cove that was all light like a coral shell in the Midi. And Bianca! Mike almost whistled. He began to hum a gay tune that caught the light and music of the Med, and, once again, he was surprised as he realized that Val had composed it one night off Capri. They had lived so long and so close with Mediterranean Blue that Mike had begun to hear it as a remembered Broadway musical. Then his eye dropped on that vacant boathouse below the garden over the blue water in the cove. That would be the place to mount a scene of Mediterranean Blue. Maybe he could work on the admiral, or Mrs. Admiral, now singing in Spanish as she dressed in the villa. Mike listened in surprise. She had not learned to sing like that in a young ladies' musical academy. But Mike was to get a much bigger surprise.

He heard the creak of the gate onto the road and looked up and saw the girl stand there with an airline bag in her hand. She wore a dark yellow jacket and skirt and seemed to smolder in her dark gold skin and mahogany hair as she stood in a pause. She turned and said something to the driver of the car and then walked down the path. Mike stood up, sinewy, taut, his blue eyes alive and watching, an unmistakable son of Ireland, if born in Boston.

She stood, and she blazed, in the golden fire of Spain. But she spoke in American.

"This *is* Admiral Caldon's villa?"

"Yes."

"Then do something. Make me a drink. Then get my cases out of the taxi." She moved like a dancer. "Plenty of ice, please. Are you the butler?"

"Temporarily," said Mike, who knew right away he had a volcano on his hands.

Then she turned and looked up at the villa and gave a curious warbling whistle. A window opened, Bianca looked out, leaped into the garden, ran down the path, and they were in an embrace.

Bianca panted, "But, darling, where did you come from? How are you here?"

"Plane, from Barcelona. Nobody to meet me at Nice, so I took a taxi."

"Meet—but—I didn't know."

"I sent you an airmail letter on Monday. My cases are in the taxi. Can you send the butler?"

"Butler? Honey, this is Mr. Maloney, from the flagship." She laughed. "Miranda knows very well you are not the butler, Mr. Maloney."

"What a pity," murmured Miranda. "Anyway, please buttle now, Mr. Maloney, and bring my cases. I want to change into something cool." Mike left, grinning. "Where's Popeye the Sailor?"

"Duding up. We are going to lunch in Cannes."

Miranda swirled in a Latin gesture. "Darling, we *must* go. It's our princess, and the big Red Cross show. They are having the ballet, and the Marquis de Bière is coming to lunch."

"That long-necked dying swan!"

"Honey, this is not the moment to shoot your views on classical ballet."

Right then the admiral came out in a cool gray suit and saw Mike stacking the suitcases by the door and then he saw Miranda. They met in a mutual gallop, and he swung Miranda around by the arms and shouted, "Whaddyaknow! I've got a daughter again!"

Mike stopped dead on the path. Daughter! Boy, he was getting himself appointed as the admiral's mailman right away. Then the admiral looked at his watch again.

"Honey, call the princess and tell her we are bringing Miranda along to lunch."

"Not me!" Then Miranda looked at Mike. "Not alone, anyway."

Bianca thought fast and looked at the terrace of the villa. "Of course you could stay here and lunch with ——"

"Alone with the butler, in this hot sun! Mom!"

The admiral looked at Mike and grinned. "It looks as if you are coming to lunch with the princess, Mr. Maloney!"

Miranda came running out in a sleeveless dress all color and flame. She blazed. But the cool green of the sea was in her eyes. The bracelets on her wrist laughed as she flung her arm around her father.

"Let's pile in, Popeye. I'm hungry. I'm going to eat that long-necked swan." The admiral suddenly looked alarmed.

"Now, listen, I don't want any fireworks at lunch, and ——"

"Let's go!"

As the car swung from the Cap on to the Littoral, and flung Miranda onto Mike's knee, he asked, "Who or what is the long-necked swan?"

"The Marquis de Bière. I'm going to eat him with slices of cucumber."

"You mean the guy with the ballet company?"

Bianca turned round and spoke from the front seat. "Mr. Maloney, Miranda has strong views on ——"

"Everything!" said Miranda.

They climbed the corkscrew hill to the Californie, above the white and glistening town of Cannes, and swung in the gateway of the Château Mandelieu. The admiral parked on the old archery court in the shade of a great pine. Below, the water in the swimming pool glittered in flamingo hues over the mosaic of Italian marble and Murano glass. And away below, the Mediterranean burned in blue.

Miranda looked at the beautiful gardens, the arbor inlaid with ivory tiles, and murmured, "Just right for de Mille, if he were to make a modern movie."

The admiral winked at Mike in secret agreement with Miranda. But now they were going down the steps to the elegant modern villa called a château in the Riviera manner. On the pink marble terrace, the princess was sipping a green drink with the Marquis de Bière, who was cooling himself with a fan of Chinese silk. Young footmen in the Mandelieu livery were arranging the lunch table.

As the visitors came up the steps, the princess arose and came forward and took both Bianca's hands and then stood her away and looked at her figure.

"Just like me," chuckled the princess in a startling Brooklyn accent. "No diet problems. No matter what I eat, I stay at two hundred and thirty-nine pounds."

The Marquis de Bière elongated himself like a swan and waved his fan. He waved with it all the way from his Venetian slippers to his graying toupee, in one long swanlike undulation. Matty Mandelieu got everybody introduced and called for drinks.

She sat down, like a huge purple mountain, and breathed welcome and good humor from a gigantic bosom. Her life had been simple. From a Brooklyn attic she had stepped into a Follies show, and from that into the arms of a Pittsburgh titan with ten million dollars and ten white hairs. She had to wait five years for the thrombosis, and then, a widow with ten million of the green, she arrived in Europe, paid Prince Mandelieu half a million dollars to go into the church with her, signed the book after the wedding, and handed him another half-million check to go away. Then she had become the grand chatelaine of Cannes, and was aged and mellowed like a grand old wine.

Each summer she threw a majestic show in aid of the Red Cross, under the patronage of the prefect of the Alpes-Maritimes, and the admiral of the Sixth Fleet, and now she had got the marquis down from Paris, to arrange for his famous ballet company to dance in her garden. The marquis had agreed to do it for nothing, for the Red Cross; and the expenses would come to only about fifteen thousand dollars—which would be just a matter of a private check from Matty to the marquis.

"Let's eat," said Matty, "and do the talking later."

Lunch on the marble terrace was pleasant and light as the sparkling *rosé* in the crystal carafe. Brook trout with melon, and chicken in a frozen block of white wine that waited and had melted in the sun just at the right time. Then pineapple with a cube of frozen kirsch on each slice. And coffee that truly smelled of the Orient. The Provençal wine had come out in beads of dew on the forehead of the marquis, and he handed his fan to the Sicilian footman, who fanned him with a deadpan face, and winked now and again at Mike. The marquis did not get bored with the lazy Sixth Fleet and Riviera gossip until the coffee. Miranda was telling Matty that she had been in Seville, and the mention of Spain woke the marquis out of some fantasy under the Chinese fan.

"Spain, bah! They are all mad, the Spaniards."

There was a long pause, and then Miranda asked, "Well, just why!"

The marquis sat up and mounted his hobby horse. "They are all gypsies. On Monday I am in my apartment in Paris, and I am composing a movement in Swan Lake ——"

"Not even with songs!" murmured Miranda, but the marquis did not hear that blasphemy.

"So, a Spaniard he come in, like a peasant, and he bring me what he call a ballet. A ballet, and no music, in all one scene. Bou-oum-oum! Click-clack, click-clack, castanets and clapping heels, and he think the ballerina tell the story that way. He talk like a peasant and he look like a bull and he make to show me the dance. It go like this."

The marquis tapped the rhythm out on the table.

Suddenly Miranda's face blazed. "I think it is a wonderful dance."

She leaped out of her chair, took off her bracelets, (*Continued on Page 84*)

Fisherman's Love Song

By Frances Higgenson Savage

Weaving and interweaving
The strands of sound in flight,
I spread a salty net of song
To hold your heart tonight:

A filament of moonbeams,
A briny twist of breeze,
The fiber of a falling star,
A shred of surfy seas.

I cast my net to snare you
In meshes frail but true,
As with my shadowy guitar,
Wherever in the world you are,
I sing to you.

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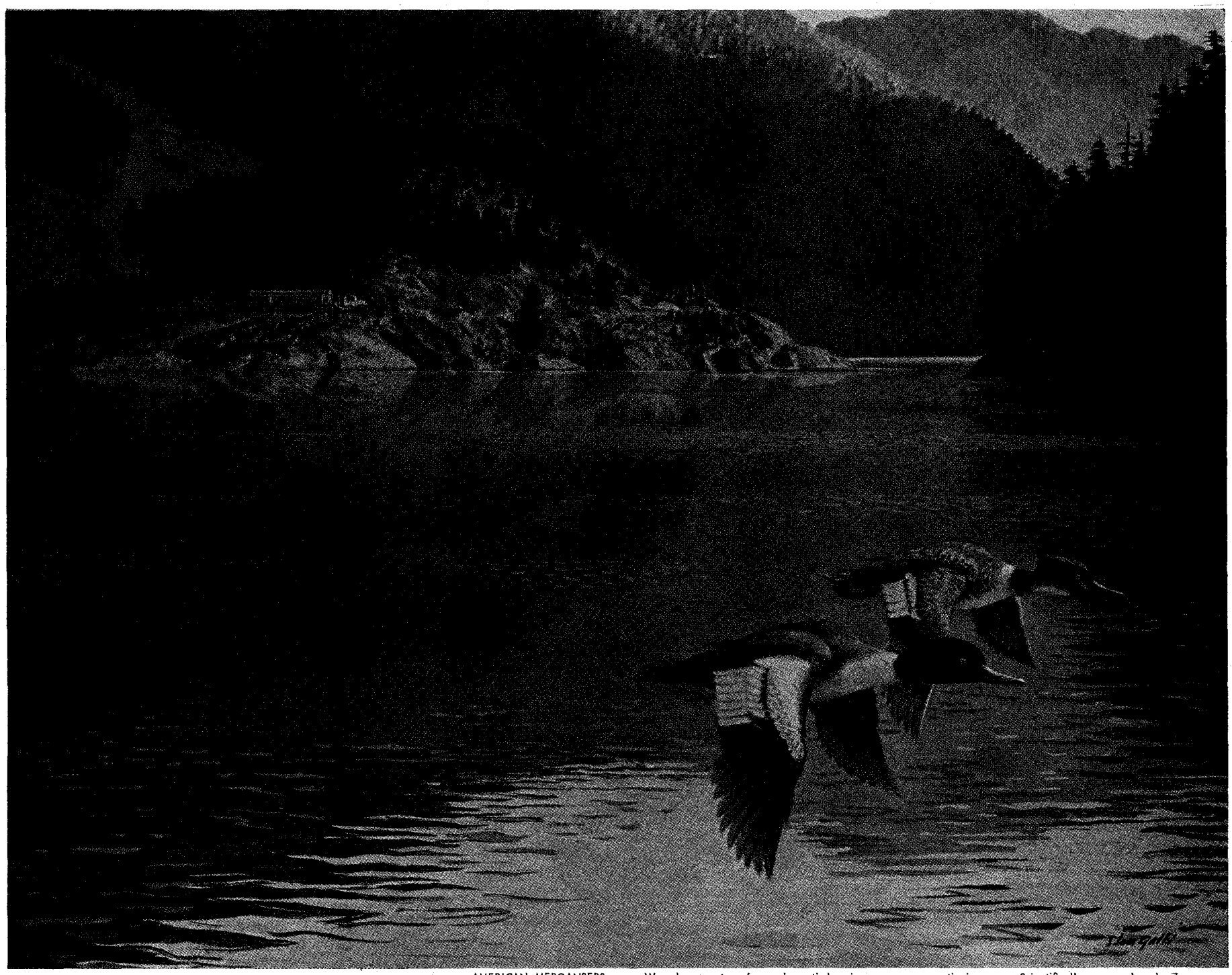

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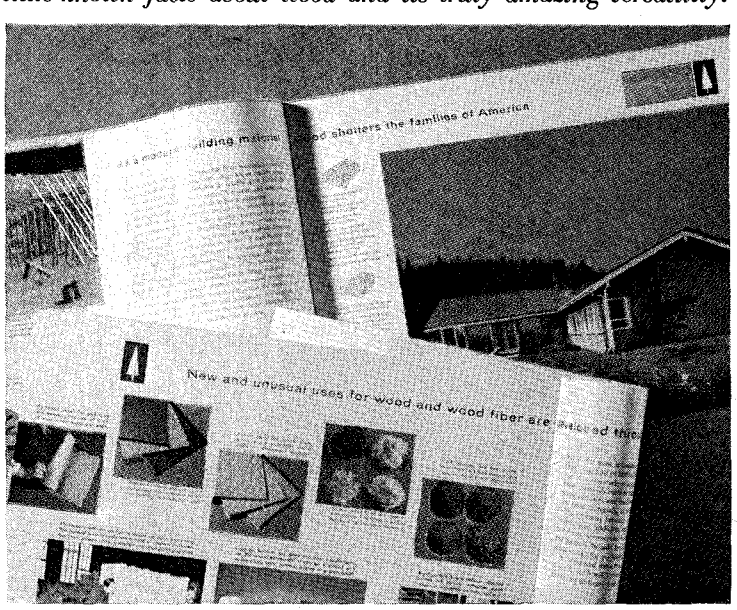

As two ducks wing in perfect unison across a tranquil lake, the quiet of early evening is broken by a staccato roar from a distant hillside. There, a powerful truck skirts the lake, passing clear-cut harvested areas and stands of seed trees that were left to reforest the land. The vehicle is laden with logs destined for manufacture into products to meet the demands of people throughout the nation.

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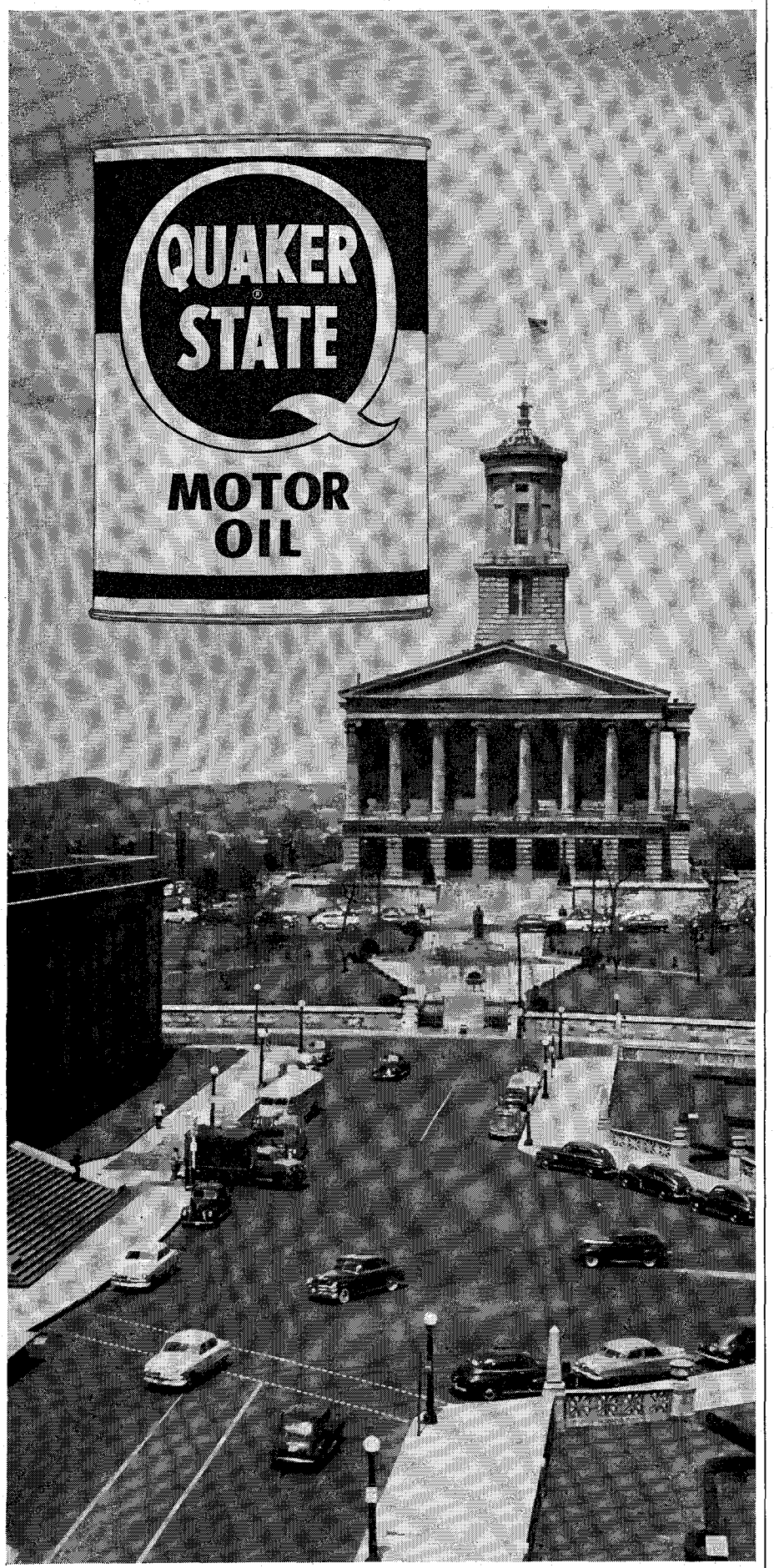

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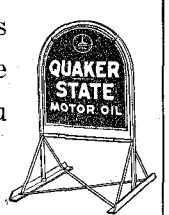

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

1859—100th Anniversary of Drake Oil Well and Founding of the Petroleum Industry—1959

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(*Continued from Page 82*) used them as castanets, and swung out in the dance. It was a professional performance, and the marquis looked dazed. Miranda came back panting, and the Sicilian boy, with a strange grace and courtesy, came over and fanned her with the Chinese fan. She looked at the marquis with fiery eyes.

"Now, does it need music!"

The marquis nearly stroked his toupee off his head in agitation.

"But how do you know this dance? I don't understand?"

"Because I danced it first with Romando in Seville. I tried to stop his going to see you in Paris. Because I know all you can see is a dead swan, with its long white neck stretched all the way from Moscow to Paris, wearing a necklace of grace notes that means nothing at all."

"It is just folk dancing," said the marquis coldly. "I do not mount Sunday carnivals for peasants. Now, princess, can we please discuss how we are going to produce my ballet on your lawn without cutting down too many of those trees?"

The admiral looked around for a way of escape. It needed no crystal to see that a thunderstorm was going to break. But at least he could release somebody. He turned to Mike.

"It looks as if some pretty technical stuff is coming up. What about taking the car and Miranda and getting lost for an hour?"

Mike got up promptly and Matty said, "Don't worry about coming back." She turned to Bianca. "I'll breeze you back to the Cap in my speedboat." Then she kissed Miranda on each cheek. "And thank you for that wonderful dance."

"See you both back at the villa," said the admiral and waved Miranda and Mike away.

Suddenly the marquis, his face cold and unsmiling, came over and bowed over Miranda's hand.

"You are a very good dancer, Miss Caldon." He paused. "Very good." He still did not smile, but the color rose in Miranda's face.

Mike paused a moment before starting up and looked down at the fabulous garden and thought aloud, "And I just happened to bring over the mail."

"Drive west. I want to go to one of those bays with red rocks that I saw coming in on the plane."

They had to nudge the car along on the crowded Croisette in Cannes and Miranda suddenly spoke as they passed a beachwear shop. "Let's buy something to swim in!"

They stopped and bought blue trunks, a swimsuit and a towel, and they did not talk until they found a little cove under a pinewood this side of Le Trayas. Mike ran the car under the pines and the red earth smelled warm. Suddenly Miranda gave a kind of shiver.

"I've got ice needles." She paused. "And it's not just you." Her frankness, as always, surprised, but it was her natural way.

"Well, I've had a count-down feeling ever since you did that dance."

"Let's go down and get into that cool green water right away."

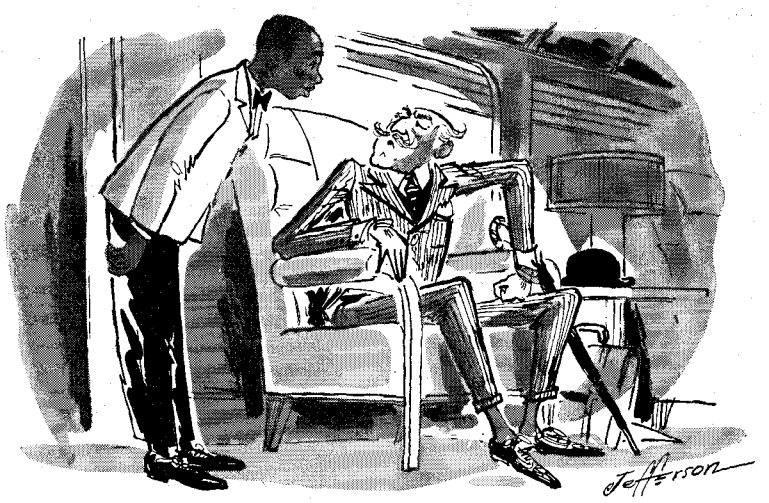
They came out after a fast swim and lay on a red slab of rock under a pine.

"Well, let's hear about you. Why were you so long in Spain? How can you dance like that?"

"Well, I was at Radcliffe, and one evening we all went to a Spanish dance show. It went to the girls' heads, and they sat up all night planning vacations in Spain. I just went to sleep. But in the morning I called mom and said I'd packed and I was going to Spain to learn to dance and no more college. She just said to come home first and pick up the traveler's checks."

"Just like that?"

"I guess she knew something like that would happen with me. It had happened with her. Mom was born in Brazil, old



The Perfect Squelch

The Britisher's arrogance and awesome dignity were such that he impressed numbers of Canadians on a visit to their country. He was nearing the border on a passenger train to Detroit, prepared to repeat his lordly success in the United States, when the Pullman porter considerately told him that he had better be prepared to show his passport.

"Since when," he snapped frigidly, "has a British gentleman had to produce a passport in order to enter the United States?"

"Boss, I'm not sure," the porter replied, "but I think since 1776."

George B. Warner

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family, ranch, Paris finishing school, and then Wellesley. Then she discovered she had a voice. There was a row, but she got her way, and went and trained, and in three years had won her way to a solo concert. She missed a taxi, hailed a young naval officer passing in a car, and he drove her to the concert hall. He also went to the concert, heard her get ten curtain calls, waited outside, and then grabbed her from the excited mob of music critics at the door. All he said was, 'That was a wonderful first and farewell appearance.'

"'What do you mean?' asked mom.

"'Look, I'm in the Navy and I'm going overseas, and I just can't have my wife away singing when I'm on shore leave.'"

Miranda sighed. "So that was Popeye when he was young. Well, I guess what got bottled up in mom came out in me. And I have spent eighteen months in Spain, Sicily and Morocco, and I know something about the dances around the old blue Med. That's all. Now, let's hear about your life up to the time you became butler at the admiral's villa."

"Well, I'm out of the Navy in October, and I guess I go back to Law School at Harvard, and carry on the business of Maloney and Maloney in Boston. That's the way it is planned."

"Who planned it?"

"Who? Well, I guess if you are the son of a distinguished lawyer, you carry on the name."

"Maybe. But are you not also the nephew of a very distinguished playwright called Thaddeus Maloney, if my bluebook memory is right?"

"Yep. Thaddy is brother to my father Tim. But I don't know where this family history is getting us."

"I think it's getting us somewhere, Mike."

She looked at him with searching green eyes, and the count-down feeling this time definitely had nothing to do with her dance.

The dusk was falling in a purple light when they got back to the villa and found the admiral and Bianca sitting on the terrace with something long and cool. The admiral looked up with sleepy eyes.

"Had a nice day?"

Miranda said yes, with a hug.

"Sit down, and get the butler to make you a drink."

As Mike made the drink he felt he had known the Caldons all his life. They made you feel you belonged to the family.

Miranda leaned her head on her father's shoulder and murmured, "Tell me, Popeye!"

"It was even worse than you've guessed. The marquis finished up by throwing a glass of wine at Matty. If that is the way a ballet maestro behaves —— But I guess one has got to be patient if he's bringing all his company down for free to make money for the Red Cross."

"Popcorn and pretzels! The marquis is broke. Matty will pay the check. He married five million Texas dollars sixteen years ago, and there's not a penny now. He's got five ballerinas, two of them American cornstalks six feet long, and they all own limousines and have apartments wherever they go. All show business knows he is broke and has to raise a quarter of a million bucks every year. My guess is that Matty is marked down for this year's never-never loan. Do we eat?"

Mike arose to go and Bianca said, "The table is laid for four, Mr. Maloney."

The admiral was sleeping at home tonight and at ten o'clock he yawned, and put his hand on Mike's shoulder.

"I'm for hammock drill. But don't go. Miranda will lend you a flashlight to signal the ship for a boat. Good night."

Both her parents kissed Miranda and left her with Mike in the scented night with fireflies like flakes of light from an Arabian moon.

"Let's stroll down to the sea!"

Miranda went and got her jacket and they went down and sat in wicker chairs in front of the boathouse with the water lapping in just below. The boathouse was big enough to take a speedboat and Mike cased it with a longing eye. There was a slight tide of air from the west, and from the deck of the flagship came the sound of a guitar.

Mike listened and knew that Romulo was playing it. He smiled and spoke to himself without thinking. "The boys are at their homework."

"I hear a guitar. Is that the homework?"

"Well, yes."

"What is this homework, Mike?"

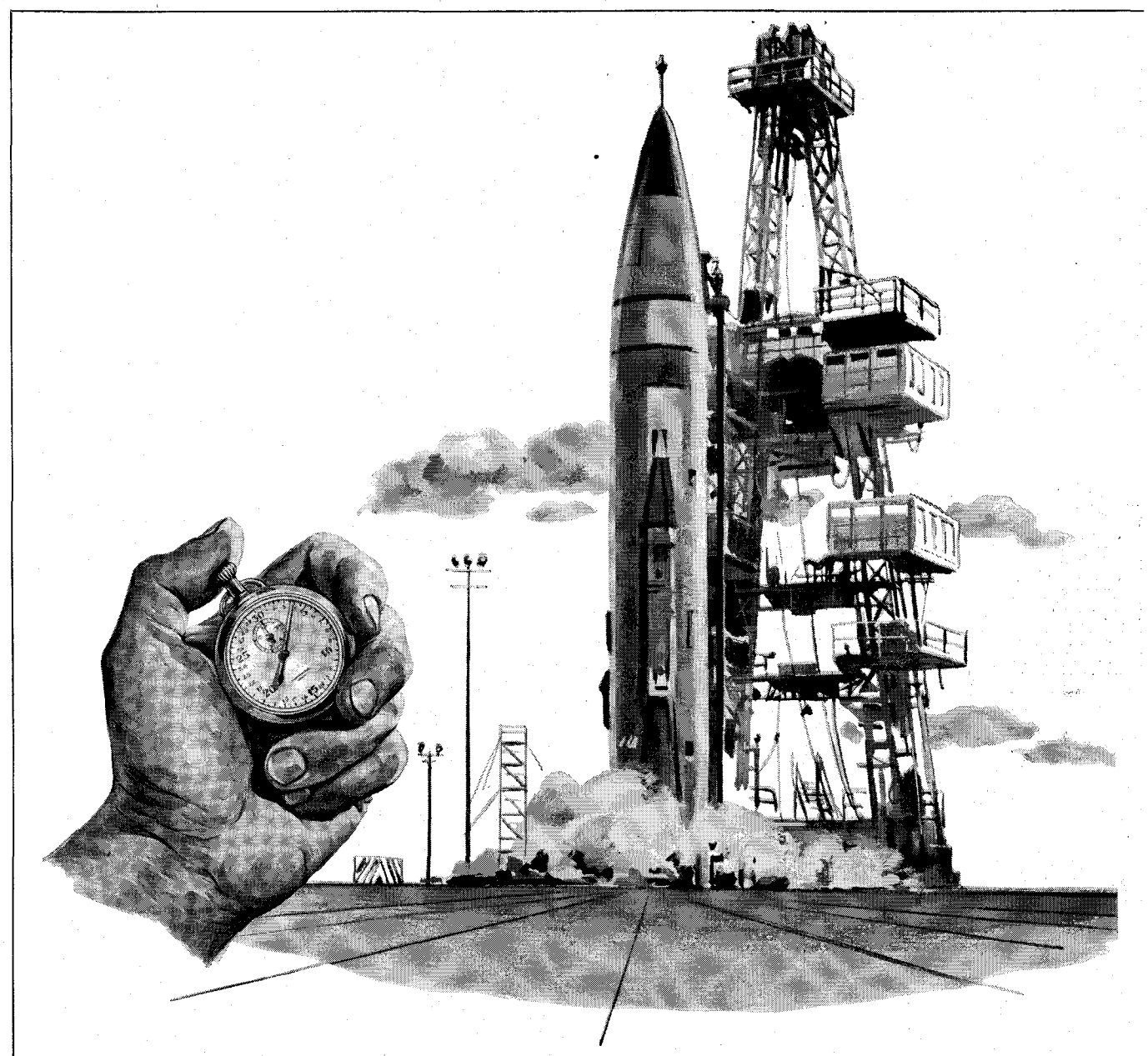
Mike hesitated a long time. "It is something called Mediterranean Blue."

"Mike, don't talk riddles. What is this all about?"

"Maybe you think it's crazy, but four of us have been working a year writing a musical"—Mike gave a slight dry laugh—"for Broadway, of course!"

"Well, go on with the story."

"So, we all just fell together on one ship, and we got to talking, and we all realized we had a yen for the theater, and Val is going to make it a career, anyway. We just blueprinted a plan of work. I'm out in October, and the other three will all be out before next spring, so we decided to have a show ready. We've worked on it all round the Med. We use the shore leave to study the dances and music of the countries, and I think we are pretty



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expert now on all we need for Mediterranean Blue."

Miranda was sitting up, sharp and alert now. "So you've really got it rolling. And how is it pieced out?"

"Romulo—he's from the Philippine Islands, and went to Columbia—is doing the dances. Igor, whose father is a famous Hungarian sculptor, is doing the sets; and Val, the music. He and I do the lyrics together, and —— That is all."

"But what about a story?"

"Oh, I did the book. She's an American college girl, and she comes to Naples to visit her fiancé, a boy in the Sixth Fleet. But she meets a Sicilian, a folk dancer from Taormina, and she goes to Taormina when the Sixth Fleet is off Messina, and she hears the pastorale in candlelight, and learns to dance the tarantella. Then I move the story around the Med. She's a wild girl, and leaves the Sicilian for a Spanish bullfighter, and——"

"And her fiancé in the Sixth Fleet?"

"Well, he just waits, and——"

"A couple of thousand guys like that, and the Sixth Fleet couldn't fight Cleopatra's barge!"

"I know! But finally he gets mad, and when he's checked out of the Navy, he dances boleros and fights bulls, and then he has a fight with her in a gypsy cave in Granada. She comes out looking like the end of the story. And all we need now is that boathouse to mount a couple of scenes, and you to dance the dialogue dance with Romulo, so let's get going! That is, assuming the admiral will let us use the place."

"That you can assume. And when do I meet the boys?"

"Not until we have everything set up and ready. Let's do this with a little imagination and surprise. Do you think your mother would sing a Venetian love lyric that Val must hear sung by a girl or he'll go crazy? And it's not easy to sing, but it is wonderful, I think."

"I guess you can persuade mom."

"O.K. I'll have to steal the music and copy it so that we can surprise Val. And we'll rig up some kind of a Venetian set in that boathouse, and ——"

They talked and planned until a long bo'sun's whistle across on Vilferrat Quay shocked Mike. He leaped up.

"Let's get a flashlight! I must signal."

"Don't worry. I'll run you round in the car. We'll be on the quay in five minutes. Get over here tomorrow when your duty is over, and we'll get right down to that boathouse. I'll talk to Popeye in the morning. Come! Let's hurry. It's ten to midnight!"

One advantage of a small town is that you don't have to drive so far to find a parking space. • HOMER PHILLIPS

Mike made it to the villa next day at four o'clock in the bright afternoon and found Miranda waiting on the slip and saw right away that the boathouse had been cleaned and the gear taken away.

"O.K.," said Mike briskly as a greeting. "Now where is our soprano?"

"Mom? Oh, you'll have to talk to her. I got to Popeye for the boathouse and have sworn him to silence. So it's up to you to get to mom."

Mike produced the music from his pocket and said grimly, "She'd better cooperate. I stole the music from Val when he was asleep and sat up all night copying the Venetian song with a pencil flashlight."

Mike left the music with Bianca, and then came down and they made sketches and measurements in the boathouse. Miranda said, "O.K. Now let's get the car and hop into Nice and buy some things. This set is going to be mine, not Igor's, but it's got to be that way if we are going to bring off a surprise. First, we want a small gondola."

"A gondola!"

"About a foot long, of colored glass, and a powerful spotlight behind it, to project on a white silk screen." She beat a Spanish dance tattoo with her shoe. "*Vamos!*"

When they got back, Bianca did not hear them come in, as she sat at the piano and curved her tongue around the vowel rhymes in Mike's lyric. Then she saw them and slammed her fingers on the keys.

"Callas couldn't sing that without learning breath control from a Yogi. But the music!" Bianca looked up with tossed hair and shining eyes. "Mike, you must change those lines with the double vowels, and find more short liquids that will count into the music. Because whoever Val is, he's a genius, and I don't want a note changed. Will you try?" Mike pulled up a chair, and Miranda vanished with a wink.

That night the admiral dined on board. It was just as well. Supper at the villa was cold salmon served when there were twenty minutes left to eat and get the midnight liberty boat. Mike was munching his dessert apple as Miranda whizzed him around to Vilferrat. He leaped out of the car and ran along the quay.

The next day Miranda and the gardener had the drapes hung when Mike arrived, and an electrician from the village was wiring the boathouse for spot and scenic lighting. Above in the villa, Mike heard Bianca working on the song.

"I found a San Marco painted on glass in Monte Carlo this morning," said Miranda. "And I guess we can light it with a spotlight on the screen and mask the piano. I hate a piano on scene. Now I want to know all about this dialogue dance that Romulo has dreamed up. If you can give me the pattern, I might be able to improvise the answering. After all, many Spanish dances are dialogue dances. Romulo must have a basic rhythm. Try and tap it for me like the marquis did at lunch for Romando's dance."

On the next day but one they decided they were ready to go, and the piano was moved down. Michel, the young electrician, had appointed himself in charge of lights, and they did changes for an hour, until he had memorized the numbers. They timed it for dead on nine o'clock.

Mike was going back to dine on ship, and Miranda shivered in the evening sunlight as he waited for a boat to come over to his signal.

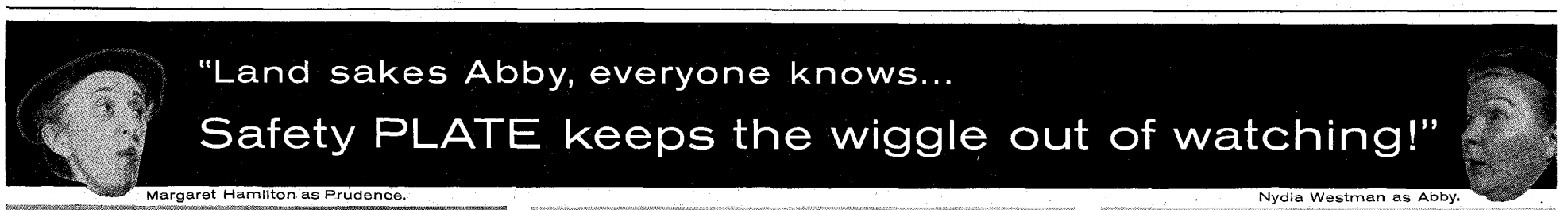
"I've got those ice needles again!"

When Captain Humber had left the table, Val moved and said, "O.K. We've got our wandering Irish boy back again, from wherever he's been. Let's go up on deck."

"No," smiled Mike. "No deck tonight. We are going over to the Cap. I found an old place there. Come on, let's get guitar and music and castanets and grab a boat!"

Val looked at Igor and shook his head. "I should have known!"

TO BE CONCLUDED



Margaret Hamilton as Prudence.

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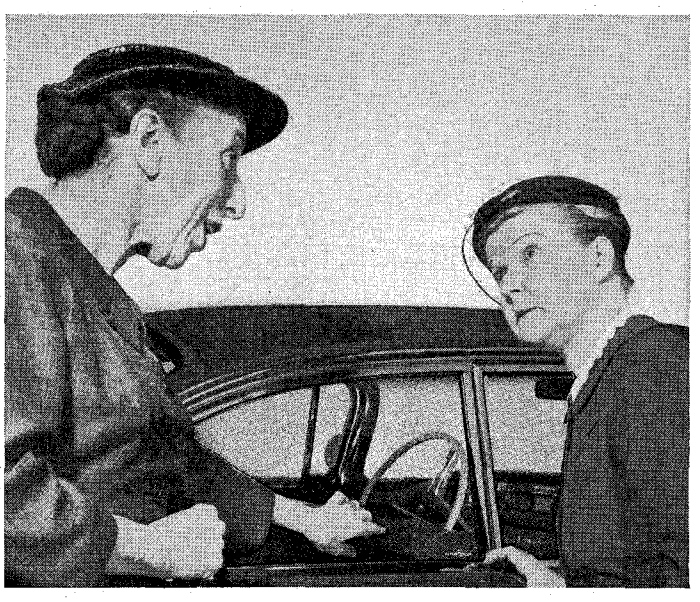

ABBY: Well, then, I want to be certain sure *I* get Safety PLATE.

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My Husband, Arthur Murray

(Continued from Page 29)

a while I would go over to the washstand and splash cold water on my face. The mirror showed me a red-faced little runt in rumpled tweeds, and that would induce a new flood of tears.

After I got back into my high heels and flapper gown, and the blue velvet cape which I had wheedled from my indulgent father for the occasion, I felt better. Downstairs I found Arthur chatting with two tall, pretty blondes. When he introduced us, I recognized the names; they were two of New York's leading debutantes. One girl languidly extended her hand to me. Horrors—I couldn't find the opening in my cape! I thrashed about inside the velvet folds and managed to extend my hand just as she withdrew hers. A look of amusement came over their faces, and I drew Arthur aside. "I want to go home," I said miserably.

"You did fine," he said gallantly. I perked up immediately and was ready for a gay evening, but Arthur suggested driving to my house and making egg sandwiches, which we did. We ate in the kitchen in our evening clothes. This was a big treat, he said, after so many years of living in hotels. It was a great disappointment to me—I had hoped to be taken to a New York night club; I had never been in one.

My family regarded my new beau with considerable awe and addressed him as Mr. Murray. The first time he came to dinner, he absent-mindedly picked up his silverware and polished it with his napkin—a habit he had picked up from living in hotels. My mother was furious; a meticulous housewife, she boiled just about everything but her children.

When Arthur was ready to go home at two A.M. on that January night, his car was frozen and would not start. (By this time he had traded the open Rolls for a closed American-made sedan.) I woke up my father and my brother Norman, and together they went out into the cold, snowy night and got soaking wet pushing the car while Mr. Murray sat warm and dry at the wheel. After this episode, they felt on sufficiently intimate terms to call my beau "Arthur."

The next day Arthur returned with elaborate gifts for the entire family and broached the subject of marriage. Father suggested a year's engagement. Arthur wanted an April wedding and a three-month European honeymoon.

I was afraid that father would exclaim, "But she's only eighteen!" Fortunately he didn't. I had told Arthur I was twenty. So I used ink eradicator on my birth certificate, needed for our marriage license, and added two years to my age. After all, Arthur was almost thirty.

The day after the wedding, we sailed on a small ocean liner for a grand tour of Europe. Arthur had no idea how immature I was. He had spent almost ten years in the deep South and was a great admirer of Southern women, with their tact and charm and subtlety. I was something new—peppy, gay and sassy, the first real flapper he had ever met. And I thought he was fascinating; I visualized a life of glamour and gaiety.

I had met Arthur's family only a few times. His parents were Austrian immigrants who had come penniless to this country in 1894. His mother, Sara Shor Teichman, was a tall, angular, well-educated woman who came from a scholarly family. Arthur was her oldest son. They were much alike in outlook and temperament, both sharing a tremendous urge to get ahead. A driving, salty and severe woman, Sara Teichman was devoted to her children and held them to high moral standards. Like Arthur, she was a perfectionist and hard to please.

Abraham Teichman, Arthur's father, had been a farmer in Austria. He was an affable, sentimental and easily frightened man with what amounted to an obsession about following the rituals of his religion. Neither Arthur nor his mother had any interest in ancient customs, and this disagreement led to much wrangling.

When the Teichmans came to America, they moved into a cold-water flat on Suffolk Street with their two-year-old daughter Rebecca. Like many of her immigrant neighbors, Sara Teichman longed for the dark sour-rye bread of her homeland. Finally she found a baker who knew how to make it. Soon the Teichmans were selling this bread from a pushcart; later they owned a bakery.

Arthur's parents worked seven days a week. When their baker failed to show up for work—which was often—Arthur can remember his tall, gaunt mother stoking the fire, shaping the round loaves by hand and lifting the heavy trays of dough into the ovens. He remembers her shoveling coal when she was large with pregnancy; three brothers were born after Arthur arrived in 1895. (His first name was not Arthur in those days, but Murray.)

The family never sat down to a meal all together, even on holidays, for someone always had to mind the store. Meals were frugal and prepared on the run—rice boiled in milk, liver that was given away by the butcher, the cheapest cuts of beef.

Arthur's mother stressed hard work, thrift, honesty and no bad habits. To this day none of her children smoke or drink, and Arthur has always followed her rule: "Never spend more than fifty per cent of what you make." Sara Teichman dreamed of sending all her five children to college. She also became a passionate suffragette, marching in the great Fifth Avenue parades and urging her customers to sign petitions for the women's vote as they bought their two-penny bread.

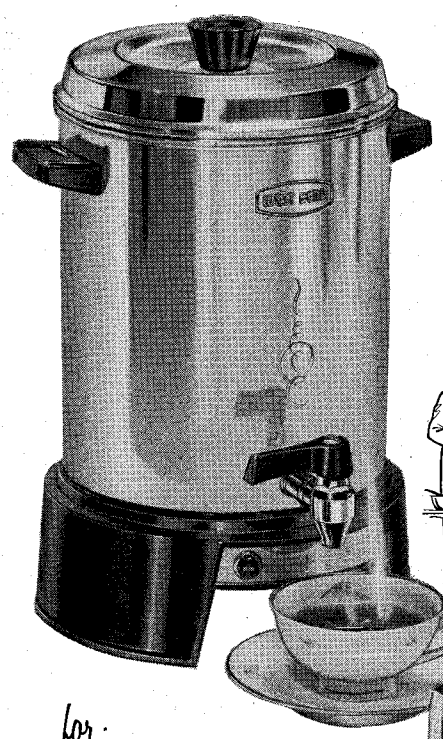
By the time he was seven, Arthur was determined to make enough money to liberate his family from the squalor of the slums. His younger brother Dave thought of him in terms of a then-popular song:

My big brother Sylvest, he carries the Brooklyn Bridge on his chest.

Arthur cooked for his younger brothers and nursed them when they were sick. His possessions were pitifully few: one cheap suit of clothes, one roller skate and a bicycle without tires. A sickly child, he did not start school until he was seven and consequently graduated from eighth grade at fifteen. He was a tall, painfully shy boy who spent hours pressing his clothes, but ran if a girl winked at him.

The financial panic of 1907 had wiped out the family's savings, and the Teichmans moved to East Harlem, breeding ground of gangsters, and struggled along with another bakery. Arthur got through a year and a half of high school, then quit. He realized that his family would never be able to send him to college. His schoolteachers praised his drawing ability, but he knew that few artists made money. So he decided to become an architect. He went over to 101 Park Avenue, which then served as a headquarters for well-known architects, and looked for a job, beginning at the top floor of the twenty-three-story building and working his way down.

"On the third floor," as Arthur tells it, "an architect named Alfred Hopkins put me to work for nothing."



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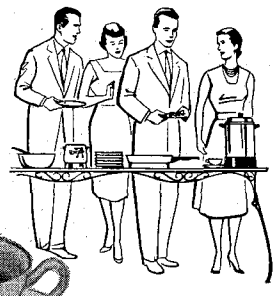

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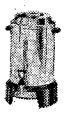

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He studied drafting at nights at Cooper Union. Soon he was earning three dollars a week, then five dollars, and saving half of it. The year was 1912, and the catchy beat of ragtime tunes was just beginning to be heard in New York. Women in tight hobble skirts could not waltz gracefully, and couples began to dance with bodies pressed close together, moving their hips and shoulders.

The outcry from the clergy was immediate. Edward Bok, influential editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, fired twelve young lady employees found dancing the turkey trot on their lunch hour. But there was no stopping the crab step, the kangaroo dip, the camel walk and the chicken scratch; they were as popular at the St. Regis and the Plaza as at Bowery dance halls. The serious young student of architecture didn't know it, but his fate and fortune lay in the sudden dance craze sweeping America.

Arthur learned to waltz by crashing wedding receptions held in public halls in East Harlem. He picked up the new "animal dances," like the fox trot, grizzly bear and bunny hug, at a dance hall called Grand Central Palace, and worked there evenings as a kind of dance gigolo. Girls paid one dollar for three dances with him. Half the fee went to management, half to Arthur. Soon he was making three dollars an evening and feeling independent. He asked Alfred Hopkins to raise his salary as a draftsman from five dollars a week to six dollars, and when he was refused he quit the job.

Jazz music was beginning to have a revolutionary effect on dancing styles—and on women's behavior. Arthur did not approve. He learned the new steps to keep his job, but performed them as decorously as possible. The outstanding dance teachers of this era were Irene and Vernon Castle, who shared talent, good taste and intelligence. Sponsored by leading New York socialites, they opened a dance school called Castle House, "to turn the tide against the orgy of the turkey trot."

Irene Castle disapproved of the strangle hold in dancing, where partners wound arms about each other's necks. She hoped to introduce a style of dancing where "a man should only touch his partner's finger tips." This viewpoint appealed strongly to Arthur, and he signed up for a course of lessons at Castle House. He still meant to go back to architecture, but since the dance craze showed no signs of abating he decided to profit from it while he could.

To pay for his tuition at Castle House, Arthur danced four hours a night at a dance hall; with his six hours of instruction, he was dancing ten hours a day. His mother was appalled. Her ambitious, conscientious son had become a dance bum.

The Castles, who personally taught Arthur, changed the entire direction of his life. At their school he had his first glimpse of elegant Knickerbocker society. The boy from the slums lined up in class with rich men and lovely women from the mansions on Fifth Avenue, winning encouraging smiles as he learned with them the French tango and old-fashioned reels, schottisches and quadrilles.

When Arthur finished his course of instruction he applied for a teacher's job at Castle House. But it was summer and business was slow, so he was sent to Marblehead, Massachusetts, to teach decorous versions of the new steps to summer residents from Back Bay Boston.

Arthur had danced with well-bred ladies; that summer, at Devereaux Mansion in Marblehead, he lived among them, dining with candlelight and flowers and fine china, and enjoying food more delicious than any he had ever eaten before.

One day at dinner the hostess put a turkey in front of him to carve. Arthur had never seen a roasted turkey before and hadn't the faintest notion how to proceed. He counted the people at the table—six. Then he bravely picked up the carving knife and tentatively marked the bird into six equal pieces, as if he were slicing pie. The hostess snatched the turkey away and carved it herself.

From Marblehead, Arthur began to send money home, fifty dollars a week at first and then more and more. Eventually his sister and three brothers received college educations through Arthur's generosity, and he supported his parents until the end of their lives.

That summer a baroness whom he had met at Castle House asked if he would be her partner in teaching dancing that coming fall and winter at a resort hotel in Asheville, North Carolina. Arthur accepted eagerly. It was the baroness' idea to change his name from Murray Teichman to Arthur Murray, since she thought Teichman sounded too German for those troubled times. The year was 1914, and war was at hand.

At summer's end Arthur went from Marblehead to the Battery Park Hotel, a sprawling resort sitting on its own 4000-acre hill in the middle of Asheville. Arthur's manners still needed polishing, but he was popular anyway. As he says, "I was tall, single and could dance—in fact, I was the best dancer they had ever seen."

Almost at once he became the favorite dancing partner of Mrs. George Vanderbilt. At nearby Biltmore, one of the largest private homes in America, he taught twelve-year-old Cornelia Vanderbilt the currently popular lulu-fado. Arthur was nineteen and growing a mustache to look older; the autocratic Mrs. Vanderbilt ordered him to shave it off.

The standard fee for dance lessons was five dollars an hour, which Arthur and the baroness split between them. Soon there was a falling out. Arthur discovered that the baroness was charging Mrs. George Vanderbilt fifty dollars a lesson, while giving him only $2.50. When the management discovered the deception and asked her to leave, Arthur maneuvered himself into the position of social director of the hotel. He became adept at sizing up people quickly, making introductions, running dances and—most important of all—keeping the line of wallflowers at a minimum.

Although he was earning a good living, Arthur still wasn't reconciled to being a dancing teacher. He will never forget a guest at the hotel, a muscular horsewoman from Brockton, Massachusetts, who used to trip him deliberately while they were dancing. As Arthur stumbled, she would scoop him up and hold him cradled in her brawny arms. The sight of the dignified Mr. Murray in such a ludicrous position put the ballroom in stitches.

Arthur's sister Rebecca was now in medical school, and his brother David was studying to be a lawyer. During the winter months, when things were slack in Asheville, Arthur would come north and try other jobs—hotel management, newspaper reporting, advertising. But a family of six Teichmans depended upon his earnings, so each spring he went south, where he could make twenty dollars a day by giving four hours of dance lessons, and live in luxury for nothing.

Then Arthur fell in love with a girl from Greensboro, who was summering at Asheville with her mother. She had beauty, breeding and wealth. Arthur knew her parents would never let her marry a dance instructor. And he could never hope to enter a profession without further education. He had $5000 saved. He gave this to his mother for his brothers' and sister's education and, at the age of twenty-four, enrolled in Georgia Tech as a freshman.

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He planned to open a dancing school for children in Atlanta to make expenses; meanwhile, he lived free at the fashionable Georgian Terrace Hotel in return for running their hotel parties.

In his freshman year he started his children's dancing class in a basement hallway of the hotel. Mrs. Edward Van Winkle, society editor of the Atlanta Journal, advised him to call it a club and make it difficult to join. Arthur had heard of the Club de Vingt in New York, a popular tea-dancing spot, and although he had no idea what the name meant he liked its elegant sound.

To build up his Club de Vingt classes, he wrote skillful snob-appeal releases which he handed out to society editors. When Atlanta matrons asked if they could enroll their children, Arthur told them haughtily that he would take it up with "the committee"—Mrs. Van Winkle. Usually he let them wait long enough to become uneasy about their social status.

The Club de Vingt outgrew all available hotel space. Arthur had to rent larger quarters, and all he could find was an empty dance hall which had a bad reputation. The outside of the building was a dirty tile. He had it scrubbed until it shone and painted the dreary interior in bright colors. He sent to New York for a striped canopy for the entrance—a fashion which was new to Atlanta—and dressed up a doorman in a fancy uniform with lots of gold braid. Soon the club became the world's largest children's dancing class, with an enrollment of 600, including teen-ager Bobby Jones.

Arthur attended to his college work in the mornings and taught dancing afternoons and evenings. His waking hours were so tightly budgeted that he had no time for romance. The girl who had inspired him to go to college dropped out of his life. Then his courses in business administration gave him an idea: Why not teach dancing by mail?

The First World War was over, and Americans were entranced by notions of self-improvement. You could build your muscles, master French or learn etiquette in ten easy lessons; some advertisers even offered to psychoanalyze you by mail. But it cost Arthur $10,000 and a lot of worry before he induced more than a handful of people to invest ten dollars in his dancing lessons.

First he tried a device utilizing small cardboard boxes which made movies of picture cards spun by a crank, but they fell apart in the mails. Dead broke, he persuaded an Atlanta bank to lend him $5000, wrote a dance-instruction book, had it printed and placed a few small magazine ads. He knew that Americans would not expect smart dancing to come from Georgia, so he rented office space on Fifth Avenue and hired a secretary to handle his mail-order returns from there. Six months later he was still broke and had to borrow another $5000 from an Asheville bank to repay the Atlanta loan.

Those who bought the dance booklet complained that they couldn't learn from it. Arthur realized that people learn to dance by looking at their own feet, not somebody else's. Putting his draftsman's training to work, he drew bird's-eye diagrams of the steps, so simple that a child could follow them.

Now his dance course began to sell better. In 1923 Arthur put his children's dance classes in charge of Margaret Bryan—who ran them until last year—and left Atlanta for New York. He persuaded the late Wilbur Ruthrauff, a top advertising man in the mail-order field, to take his account. Arthur continued to write his own copy, but on Mr. Ruthrauff's advice he branched out into full-page ads which set a new style in emotional selling.

"Most people lack self-confidence," Arthur says. "They would like to know how to dance, but need to be prodded into it. So I learned how to cater to shy people."

He had only to consider what dancing had done for him. In an ad called How I Became Popular Overnight, Arthur wrote:

> Girls used to avoid me when I asked for a dance. Even the poorest dancers preferred to sit against the wall rather than dance with me. But I didn't wake up until a partner left me standing alone in the middle of the floor. That night I went home feeling pretty lonesome and mighty blue. As a social success I was a first-class failure.

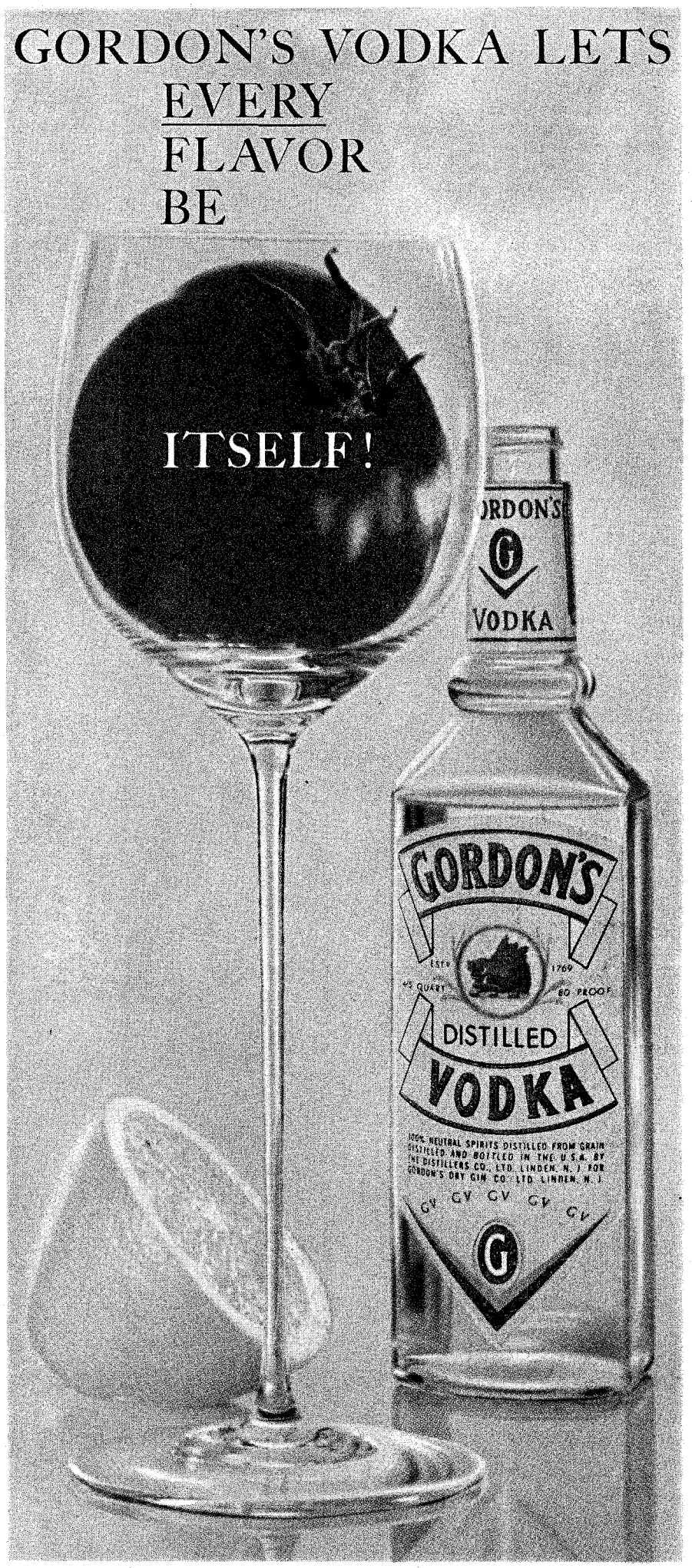
If the reader would clip the handy coupon and send for a free sample dance lesson, the ad said, he could become popular overnight. A single insertion in a national magazine brought 37,000 replies; then Arthur ran the same copy in the book section of a leading New York newspaper with equally startling results.

Presently officials of the newspaper began to doubt that anyone could learn to dance at home alone. Arthur's ads were

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Let's have another look at those plans."

GORDON'S VODKA LETS EVERY FLAVOR BE ITSELF!



When you mix your favorite vodka drink with Gordon's Vodka, you taste *only* the full flavor of your favorite mixer! Gordon's Vodka—uniquely distilled to an absolutely neutral quality—mixes so subtly with any flavor you never know it's there! (Nor does anybody else.)

GORDON'S VODKA

80 AND 100 PROOF · DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

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refused. He hurried down to see the advertising moguls, but before he could present his case one of the paper's editors came to his rescue. Rather sheepishly he admitted that he had learned to dance from Arthur's mail-order course. Eventually Arthur taught 5,000,000 Americans to dance this way.

Arthur's brother Dave was now out of law school, and Arthur shared an office with him at 67th and Madison. Thirty girls sat in a big second-story room, opening bulging mail sacks and mailing out dance booklets. When Arthur married me in the spring of 1925, his mail-order business, then six years old, was netting him $35,000 a year.

Arthur had been dating me for only three months before we were married. Not until we shared a small shipboard cabin did we discover the differences in our temperaments. I start early and full of zest each day. Arthur sleeps until 9:30 A. M. and is just waking up by midnight. I wake at six. Since I felt that a bride should breakfast with her husband, I worked up a roaring appetite on our honeymoon, pacing the deck and swimming in the pool; I even took boxing lessons.

I missed my friends and family dreadfully. Everything was new and strange; when a waiter set an artichoke in front of me, I was appalled. Artichokes and Jersey City had never met socially. After dinner I usually joined groups hanging around the piano. I sang and kicked up my heels and did the vaudeville routines my father had taught me. As my suitor, Arthur had been charmed by such antics; now he said they were childish. Watching me comb my hair, he suddenly remarked, "Don't you ever brush the back?" Then he taught me the efficient way to wash my hairbrush. It seemed that I had left a watchful mother for a critical husband.

In London we met Vic Schwab, an account executive for our advertising agency, Ruthrauff and Ryan. Like me, his wife Marjorie is pint-sized. Among the conservative gray-coated Londoners we stood out like beacons that summer of 1925, Marjorie in a bright orange coat and I in red. She bought a lorgnette. I sported a monocle and cane. Crowds followed us; we thought we were the last word in Continental elegance.

Every night we went to a different night club or dance hall. The English take their dancing seriously, but improvise very little; after a week of watching them, Arthur said, "British dancing is like British food. Both lack salt."

I found the British upper classes hard to know, and they seemed to have difficulty understanding American spoken with a New Jersey twang. One Sunday we were invited with some titled guests to a country estate. After a long, formal luncheon, things seemed awfully dead in the drawing room, so I obliged with several stanzas of Mamie, the Cat's Meow, and that old burlesque number, In Room 202 the Walls Keep Talking to You. I can carry a tune, but people keep hoping I'll drop it. Anyway, the English guests couldn't understand a word.

In France I ate breakfast in bed for the first time and drank my first cup of coffee. Arthur took me to the great *couturiers*, Patou and Chanel and Vionnet, and bought me lovely clothes, but the hit of my wardrobe was a white satin dress with rows of fringe which Mrs. Smith of Jersey City had made for seven dollars. It went well with my short flapper haircut.

After Paris we went to Le Touquet for sunning, then on to Holland and Belgium and finally came home at the end of July. Three-month honeymoons are too long, especially when the bride is only eighteen and has never been away from home before. Arthur took a paternal attitude toward me, wanting to teach and show me everything, but in a manner I considered critical and meddlesome.

As soon as our ship docked, I fled to my parents' place at Belmar, New Jersey. Arthur stayed in New York. For two days we both believed our marriage had been a mistake. Then Arthur relented and came down to the shore, and I was never so glad to see anybody.

My daughters feel that I am a mid-Victorian wife who gives in to her husband's every whim. Irving Mansfield, who once produced our TV show, thought me such a martyr to Arthur that he dubbed me Joan of Arc. But if you ask Arthur, he pampers me. Over the years I've learned to stand up to him when the issue is important, and then I can be just as stubborn as he is. For instance, after spending seven hot, sticky New York summers on television, I told Arthur I thought we rated a winter show. He didn't believe that I would turn down a good contract offered in April of 1958, but I stuck to my guns and refused it. In small things I do give in and try very hard to please him.

When Arthur got back to the office after our honeymoon, he found that his mail-order ads weren't pulling as well as before. But he also had a small studio on the next block, and there business had picked up. Society people were stopping by to request private lessons, and Arthur realized he would need more space.

Since licenses are not required of dance studios, any quack can hang out his sign. In the '20's, much of the dance business was a racket. Classified sections in the New York papers carried scores of ads with text like this: "Miss Lucille, 950 West 97th Street, dancing instruction, two to ten." When Arthur went to a New York paper and challenged the legitimacy of these ads, an elderly reporter was sent to check. He reported that most of the lady advertisers owned phonographs, but conducted lessons on a sofa. Thereafter the paper refused to take such ads. Other papers followed suit, and when Arthur opened his first studio, at Madison and 68th, another newspaper sent a man to investigate him.

There was a real need for a legitimate, high-class dancing school in New York in the middle '20's, since Castle House had not reopened—Vernon Castle had met death as an aviator during the war. When we moved into the Schirmer Building on 43rd Street in September, 1925, Arthur rented a whole floor for his mail-order business and half of another floor for dancing. Soon he had four floors of the building for dancing, and one quarter of a floor for his mail-order course.

The summer I was nineteen I spent at the shore with my family, as I was expecting a baby and eager to escape the city heat. When my time came prematurely, Arthur took me to a fancy private hospital favored by society people. It was called Harbor Hospital and was directly above the Colony Restaurant. Many an expectant mother managed to enjoy crepes suzette in flaming brandy before nipping upstairs for the final production, but things didn't go so well for me. At one point the doctor asked Arthur dramatically, "Shall I save the mother or the child?" A few minutes later he returned and exclaimed, "I mean *children*." It was twins and a breech birth for both.

Arthur engaged two day and two night nurses for me and the babies. In spite of all their attention, I grew droopy and listless and shrank to a mere eighty-eight pounds. Messengers arrived with food Arthur had ordered for me—cheese cake from Sardi's, chicken livers from the Colony, ice cream from Schrafft's—but I couldn't eat. Finally, after two blood transfusions, I was able to leave in an ambulance for Belmar, Arthur following anxiously in his car.

The twins were quite tiny, and Arthur was so finicky about them and so afraid of germs that he kept all visitors at a distance of ten feet. Friends were allowed to stand behind a screened door and look into a screened porch where the twins lay in a crib—also screened, naturally.

In the fall, we bought a co-operative apartment in Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York. Among our neighbors there were the Clarks, whose Dick grew up to star in the popular TV program American Bandstand. We often pooled baby sitters and gave progressive dinners and picnics and bridge parties. Since Arthur is bored by such affairs—he spent all his evenings at the studio anyway—I attended most of the parties alone.

During this period, when Arthur was promoting and directing his first dance studio, he worked long hours. He seldom left the Schirmer Building before midnight. Sometimes I would come into the city to have dinner with him. I would arrive promptly at seven—as he told me to—and sit waiting outside his office. Some evenings I sat there two and a half hours before Arthur was ready to dine.

He had caught the stock-market fever and was investing heavily. After the 1929 crash, we were broke and in debt, but far more fortunate than most of our friends, for we still owned a prospering business.

Money has never meant very much to me and, in fact, I find it embarrassing to be so well off. Since my upbringing was frugal, spending makes me feel guilty. Whenever I buy a new hat or coat or dress I give an old one away, and I have taught my daughters to do the same.

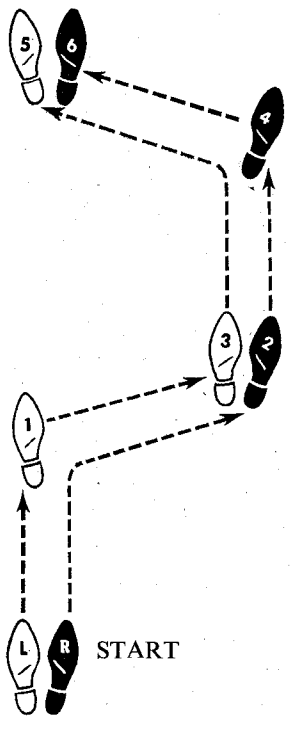
So, although it was upsetting to lose more than $100,000 in the stock market, Arthur and I wasted no time brooding about it. The next crisis in our married life happened in the fall of 1930. It bore no relation to the crash, and even today I do not fully understand it. When I was twenty-four, with a brilliant, successful husband and two darling little girls, I jumped out of a window.

In next week's installment, Mrs. Murray tells the story behind her attempt to take her own life.—The Editors.

Arthur Murray's Dancing Lesson:

THE WALTZ

TO WALTZ FORWARD:



MAN'S PART

1. *Step directly forward with left foot.*
2. *Step diagonally forward with right foot.*
3. *Draw left foot next to right, weight on left.*
4. *Step directly forward with right foot.*
5. *Step diagonally forward with left foot.*
6. *Draw right foot next to left, weight on right.*

Note the path of the dotted lines. Your feet should pass in a parallel line before taking a side step. In dancing this is called "follow-through."

Remember to accent the first of every three steps. (Accent counts 1 and 4.)

Repeat and practice going forward around the room counterclockwise for 30 minutes.

TO WALTZ BACKWARD:

Reverse the above procedure. The man starts back with the left foot; the girl forward with her right.

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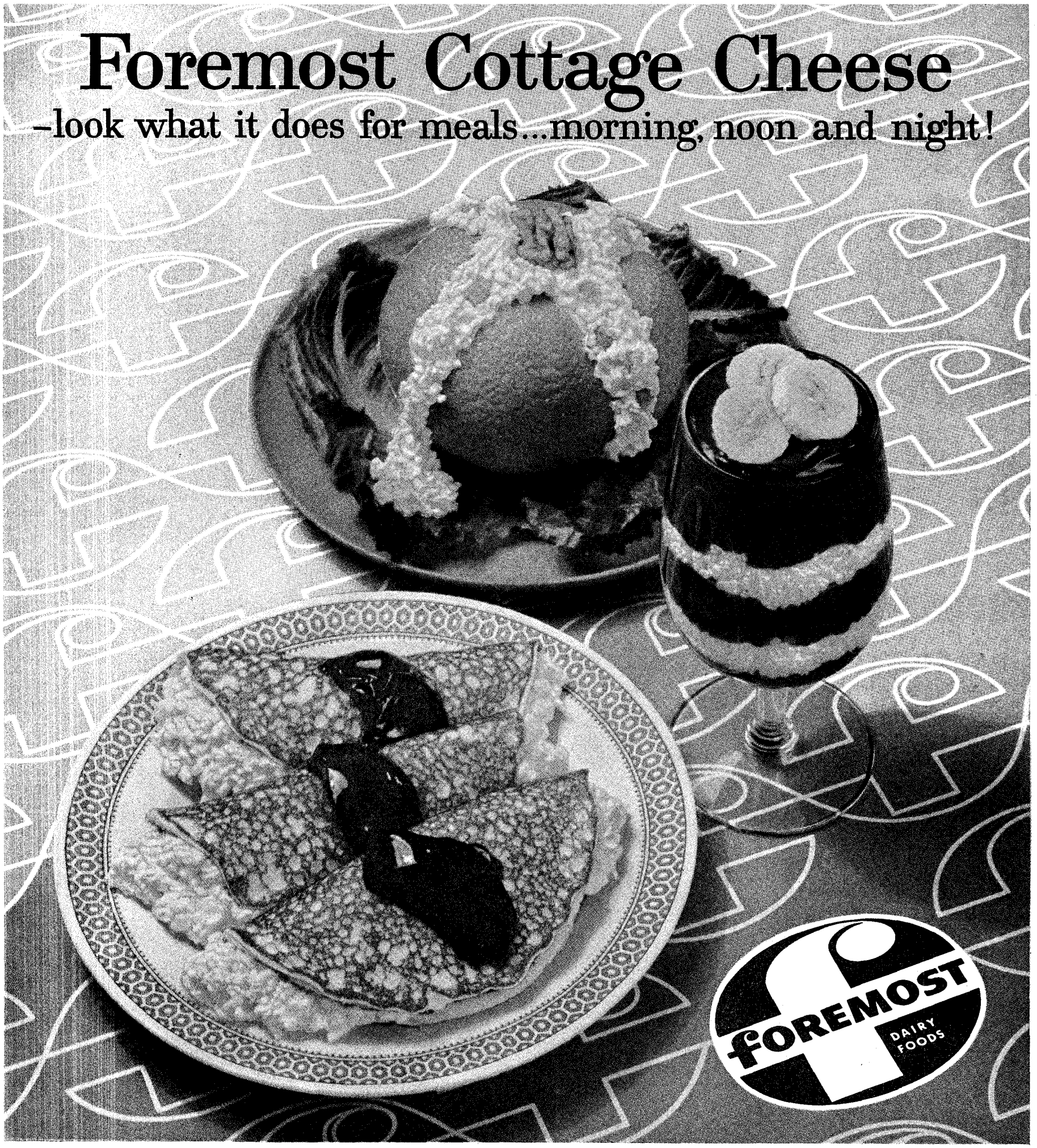
NEW IDEAS: fresh from the Foremost Dairy Kitchens!

Foremost Cottage Cheese

–look what it does for meals...morning, noon and night!



1 **Morning!** Bright new breakfast idea! Spread pancakes with Foremost Cottage Cheese. Now fold 'em over and top with your favorite jam. Presto: pancakes with personality! And with Foremost's fresh sunny flavor.

2 **Noon!** Light and lovely lunch idea! Fill hollowed oranges with diced orange, chopped nuts and Foremost Cottage Cheese. Wonderful! Wonderfully low in calories, too—and packed with Foremost's extra protein.

3 **Night!** Moonlight pudding! Alternate layers of chocolate pudding and snow-white Foremost Cottage Cheese. Top with banana slices—and notice how Foremost's fabulous flavor tops everything!

golden state

Tastemark

In some areas, Foremost Cottage Cheese comes to you under these other Foremost brand names

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

YOUR FAMILY GETS THE MOST FROM FOREMOST

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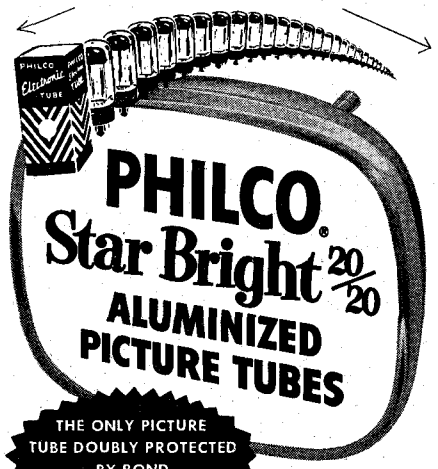
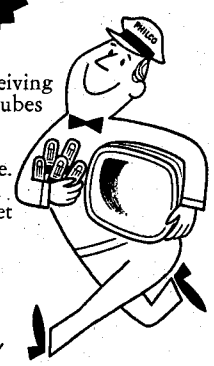
Just like a BOOST in Station Power!



PHILCO Star Bright 20/20 ALUMINIZED PICTURE TUBES

THE ONLY PICTURE TUBE DOUBLY PROTECTED BY BOND AND WARRANTY

Genuine Philco Receiving Tubes and Picture Tubes deliver *all* of the picture, *all* of the sound *all* of the time. Precision engineered for long life. You get *quality*, when you buy Philco.



Performance Guaranteed for All TV and Radio Receivers!

... CALL YOUR SERVICEMAN NOW

Worry of FALSE TEETH Slipping or Irritating?

Don't be embarrassed by loose false teeth slipping, dropping or wobbling when you eat, talk or laugh. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This pleasant powder gives a remarkable sense of added comfort and security by holding plates more firmly. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. It's alkaline (non-acid). Get FASTEETH at drug counters everywhere.

Protect YOUR HEART!

VIOBIN WHEAT GERM OIL

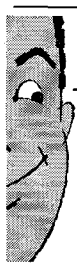
HELPS HEART ACTION GIVES MORE STRENGTH · STAMINA · VIGOR ·

9 Years University Experiments, 400 Persons PROVE VioBin Oil helps heart action - increases endurance.

Liquid - Capsules

Send — FREE BOOK No. 7
VIOBIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

Refuse substitutes. Only VioBin proved effective.



Charm your husband?

You'll hear . . .

"Such good taste . . . so color-wise"

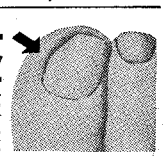
When you paint with Kyanize

Kyanize

the good choice in paints

INGROWN NAIL

PAIN STOPS FAST! A few *drops of Dr. Scholl's* ONIXOL in the nail groove relieve soreness, pain — soften embedded part of nail for easy removal. Insist on Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL.



Detective Sister Mary

(Continued from Page 35)

he had hardly expected to find one in a Catholic order.

"I give you my word I'm not giving anyone a roust, ma'am," he said.

"Well, go see Elena. She'll give you a completely different picture of this tragedy. Even," the nun added significantly, "if she is afflicted by this Mexican idiosyncrasy of loyalty to her family."

"All right," Jerry sighed, "but would you mind going over it again yourself? We keep hoping you'll recall some trivial detail that would start us on a new track."

"Oh, very well. The sooner you find the rocks, the sooner you'll take the heat off these people."

Again the nun used the cop-hater's vernacular, with an easy familiarity that Jerry found slightly shocking. She leaned back, frowning unhappily.

"I can date it accurately because it was the day our cornerstone was laid. I was here on the school grounds, talking to the construction foreman, when I saw Filomeno Esposito and Alfredo drive up. . . ."

Jerry kept notes, but there was little she could tell him that was not in the files—thick files that had been accumulating for eighteen long months. Filomeno Esposito, age thirty-two and no good, had been out of San Quentin a week. He was walking across the Sixth Street viaduct when he saw a car standing in the middle of the span with a flat tire. It was an expensive car, and in his pocket Filomeno had a gun. The temptation was too much for him.

He held up the old couple in the car, taking $115 from the man. He hit the woman with the gun when she tried to signal a passing motorist. She fell down, blood flowing freely from her head. Filomeno took two rings from her hands and tore a brooch from her dress, before running on across the viaduct.

He stole a car from a parking lot and got away clean. It was an inspired daylight job, brilliantly executed. He had a right to feel elated; and he did.

But the woman died, and within an hour her husband had identified Filomeno from police pictures. Soon felony men were searching the East Side for him. They met several witnesses who had seen him cruising the streets, looking for Alfredo Susarrey, age eighteen.

"Alfredo was very young when Filomeno caught that five-to-life armed-robbery rap a few years back," Sister Mary Humiliata said briskly. "To all boys that age, Filomeno was then a neighborhood hero, a sort of Robin Hood. Alfredo had, of course, outgrown that, but Filomeno didn't know it. He thought Alfredo would still be his admirer."

"And he needed admiration," Jerry murmured. "The elation was dying now. He was just a scared rat."

"Of course, I had no idea there had been a robbery and murder when I saw them. They went into the sheet-metal shop across the street. I would say it was perhaps ten minutes later that a police car drove into the schoolyard, passing Filomeno's car as though they were stone blind! I have never understood how two supposedly competent policemen could overlook a red-hot car."

"It wasn't on the hot list yet, ma'am. The owner didn't even know it was stolen until we told him."

"Oh! Well then, a plain-clothes man got out and came over to the foreman and me. The instant he identified himself, I knew he was looking for Filomeno. Just then we heard two shots from inside the shop. I told him Filomeno was in there, but to be careful of Alfredo.

"I did not know, of course, that Alfredo, poor boy, was already dead. The two officers ran across the street. One covered the front door. The other ran behind the shop. We heard the firing there. Soon other prowl cars arrived, and then the ambulance. And that's about all I can tell you, young man."

The only thing new here was to hear it told, by a nun, in the scofflaw lingo. Filomeno had killed Alfredo, and had then run straight into the arms of the detective covering the back door. They fired simultaneously. The policeman died. Filomeno lived, to stand trial for three murders.

Still missing, after eighteen months, were two rings and a brooch—valued at $5800. Filomeno was a tough thug, but a cheap one. He had turned pale when told the value of his loot. "*Dios, no es posible!*" he gasped.

He swore he had given the jewels to Alfredo to hide, when they stopped at the Susarrey home. He thought the kid had left them there. He was surprised as well as upset when, in the sheet-metal shop, Alfredo began talking about making him take them back. "This stuff is hot!" Alfredo had said. "You're not unloading it on me."

That, Filomeno said, was when he lost his head and shot the kid. He had died last month in the lethal-gas chamber at San Quentin, still swearing that he had not seen the jewels since handing them to Alfredo, in Alfredo's home. Everything else he said checked out.

That left one other witness. Jerry said, "What about Johnny Gonzalez, who runs the sheet-metal shop?"

"Now, you let him alone!" Sister Mary Humiliata said sharply. "Johnny has gone straight for years. Why abuse him, on the word of a self-confessed liar?"

"Filomeno confessed to murder, not to lying," Jerry said patiently. "When you've been on this job awhile, ma'am, you can tell when a thief is leveling. I didn't talk to him, but others did."

"But Johnny Gonzalez is a hunchback, half deaf and half blind. Pick on someone your own size! What are you trying to do—ride him right back to the joint?"

There it was again, the outlaw argot, in which prison was "the joint." She had probably picked it up the same way a policeman did—by close, frequent association with people who talked that way. There were some tough kids in this district, but Sister Mary Humiliata had learned as much as she had taught.

"If Johnny's clean, he has nothing to worry about," Jerry said, slipping into the same mode of speech. "Sorry I had to bother you, ma'am, when you're so busy with your new school. Thank you very much."

He stood up. The nun stood up too. She came around her new desk and escorted him back to the front door. There she stopped and looked up at him, like a veteran principal dealing with a well-meaning but rather stupid schoolboy.

"Find your jewels," she said, "but there must be some better way to do it than to go on bullying the same innocent people. I thought detectives were supposed to be so smart!"

"Not necessarily, ma'am. Most of us are pretty dumb."

She almost smiled. "I don't believe that. You just act dumb! Young man, let an old woman give you a word of advice. You've been going at this all wrong! Everything you do is based upon evil—the word of Filomeno Esposito—and nothing but evil can ever come from evil."

"If Filomeno lied, then everything I've been taught as a policeman is wrong, ma'am," said Jerry.

"That's quite possible," she said serenely. "Now you must stop believing evil and begin anew. Talk to Elena Susarrey, that angel! Then see if you still feel like pushing any more poor Mexicans around."

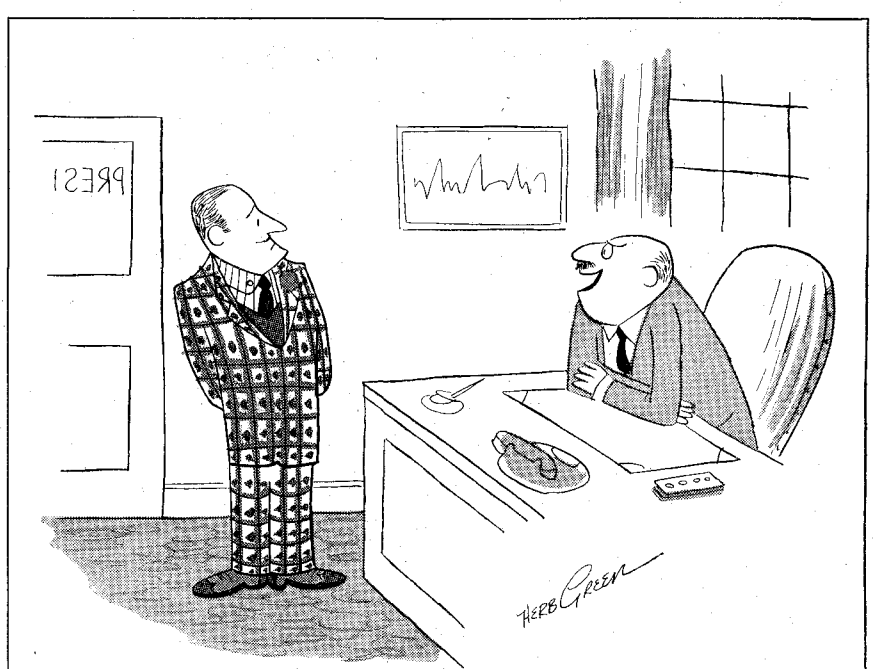
"I'm not pushing anybody around, ma'am. I'm trying to go straight down the middle on this case. First I'll have to talk to Johnny Gonzalez."

She shook a finger at him. "I suppose so, but see that you don't bully him!"

He watched her go back down the hall—a tiny, bustling, busy figure, a very old woman with very many things on her mind. She stopped to flick a speck of dirt from one of her lovely new walls. She shook her head, more in sorrow than in anger. She turned a corner, and was gone.

Jerry, shaking his head, too, crossed the ungraded schoolyard and then the street, to the sheet-metal shop where Alfredo Susarrey had been murdered.

Johnny Gonzalez had learned his craft in prison. So far as the police knew, he had indeed gone straight since then. But ex-convicts did frequent his shop, and his story that he was only helping them get "squared around" might or might not be true.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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It was a small shop, and stiflingly hot today. Johnny had been injured at birth, leaving him dwarfishly deformed, hard of hearing, and almost blind. He snatched off one pair of thick glasses and put on a still thicker pair, to study Jerry's police identification card. He wiped the sweat from his homely, swarthy face. Then he cupped one hand behind his ear and again changed glasses, to bring Jerry's face back into focus.

"A cop," he said flatly. "The jewels again—no?"

"The jewels again, yes," Jerry shouted into the hand cupped at Johnny's ear.

"Boy, you guys never take your thumb off!" Johnny said. "You know, cop, any time you want to take your business somewhere else, it's going to be all right with me. Well, here's how it was. . . ."

His story had not changed since the last time, or the time before that. He had liked Al Susarrey. He swore Al was a good kid. The only reason Al had brought Filomeno to the shop was that he was scared stiff. He wanted Johnny to help him get rid of the thug.

"Filomeno said they were dime-store jewels he had pinched, but Alfredo had a hunch," Johnny said. "But he don't know how to shake Filomeno, see? He knows I'm stir-smart, and if I ain't, who is?"

Johnny smiled. It was an oddly warm and attractive smile. Jerry liked it. He said, "A guy as mean and scared as Filomeno would be hard to shake. Go on."

"I'm working on a job when they come in. With a slob like Filomeno, there's a time to chime off to him, and a time to clam up—you know what I mean, cop?"

"I know what you mean," said Jerry.

"I was going to wait until I could say, 'Filomeno, cut loose from this punk. Filomeno, this is the kind of punk that loses his moxie and cops out.' This is what I was going to say, to help Al get rid of him.

"But just then Filomeno sees a car stop across the street. Nobody has to wise him up, who it is. He can tell a cop around a corner, pitch-dark. And he knows the sister has no time for him. This sister was always rapping on him to the priest when we were in school." Johnny sighed. "Filomeno and me—what a pair! And we had a tough priest then. He would wallop the hell out of you for stealing."

"You two went to school to her?" Jerry said.

"Yes. She has been teaching around here since Columbus was a second-class seaman."

Jerry nodded. "O.K., go on."

"I didn't see Filomeno's gun, because I'm wearing my glasses for close work, and I'm blind as a bat two feet off. I didn't hear them arguing—not the words, I mean—just a noise. But even a deaf man can hear a gun go off. He goes bing-bang, twice. He runs out the door. And there is this poor little kid, deader than hell."

"You didn't see the jewels at all?"

"How would I see the jewels? I can't see a horse in my own bed with the wrong glasses on."

Jerry thought it over. "Johnny, you're a lousy witness, but we think you're telling the truth this time."

The hunchback crossed himself. "I can lie. I am human, as who is not? But this time I am telling the truth, God witness!"

Jerry went out. It was only a few blocks to a small, old, but neatly kept house that had been repainted so many times that its crust of paint was almost as thick as the wood siding. A tall woman, dark-skinned, and with a crown of white hair piled high on her head, answered his knock. Jerry offered his identification card.

She glanced at it quickly and handed it back. "Police?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am. I'd like to see Miss Elena Susarrey."

"Elena not here. I her mother. Elena not do anything bad. You go away, *por favor*."

"All right, ma'am," Jerry said. "I just promised Sister Mary Humiliata I'd talk to her, that's all. It's nothing to worry about."

The nun's name seemed to make a decided difference. "Oh! Elena work now," the woman said. "You come back tonight, about eight. You see her then, no?"

Jerry agreed. He went downtown and spent the rest of the day on still less profitable leads. So far as he could learn, no crooked pawnbroker, no shady jeweler, no known fence had handled the jewels. No stoolie had ever heard of them. It was the deadest of dead ends.

He returned at eight to the Susarrey home. Elena herself let him in. Every man who had interviewed the dead boy's sister had spoken well of her, and most of them had mentioned how pretty she was. Jerry had expected a pert, chesty, sexy little thing; some of these señoritas were real dolls.

What he saw was a tall, dark woman of twenty-two whose startling beauty was many things. It was pain, for one. Elena Susarrey still suffered from her brother's ignoble death, and it put shadows in her huge black eyes, and made her hold her head just a little higher. Partly it was serenity, the deep, unshakable kind that comes from deep sorrow. And partly it was something warm and kind and

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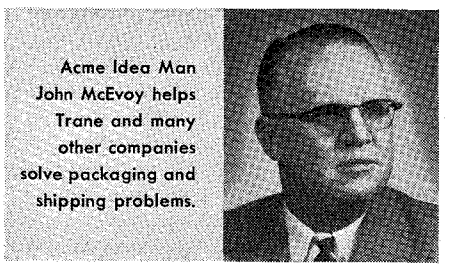

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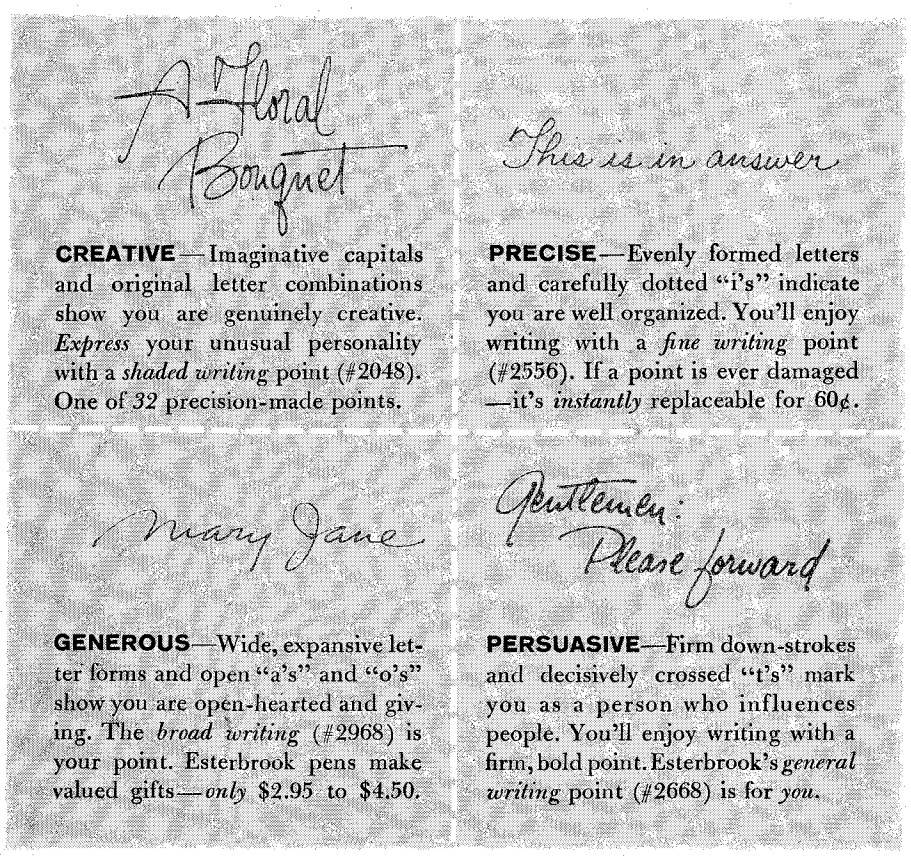

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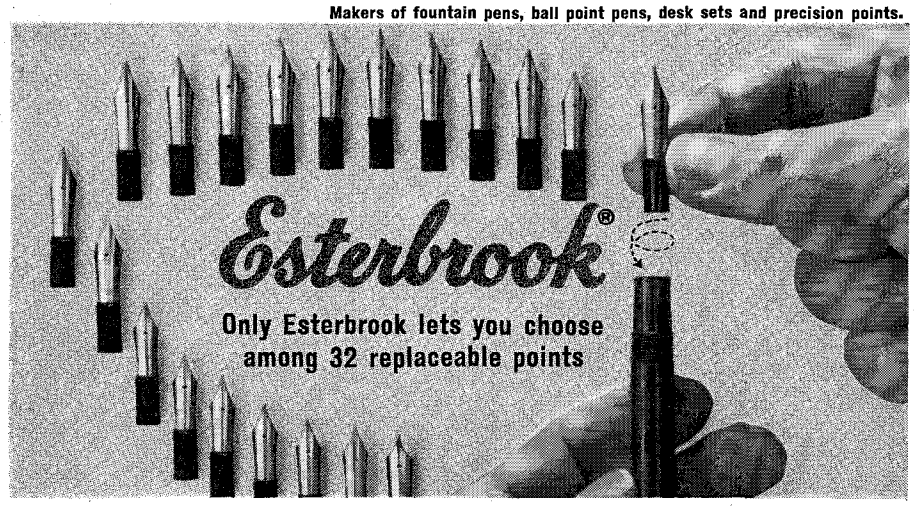

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indefinably Mexican, a thing felt rather than seen; and from the moment he felt it, nothing about Jerry Stankel's job would ever be the same to him again.

Only a Mexican, he thought, could show this courtly and dignified hospitality to a stranger. Only a Mexican could make a cop feel it was an honor to have him in her home.

"Please come in," she said, with a smile. "Do you want to talk to mother too? She speaks more English than you might think, but it's still pretty painful to her."

"No, don't bother her," Jerry said quickly. "I'm just here because I promised Sister Mary Humiliata."

"I hope I can help you," the girl said, as they sat down in the small, neat living room. "It would mean so much to mother, to have you find the jewels."

"I'd like to get one thing straight," Jerry said. "I don't suspect anyone, and regardless of what that nun says, I'm not trying to push people around."

Elena laughed, a soft, merry, musical laugh that crinkled her eyes and transformed her rather large mouth vividly. For a moment the look of pain was wiped away, and he saw the girl as in a flash of brilliant sunlight.

"Oh, don't let Sister Mary Humiliata upset you!" she said. "Sister is more Mexican than the Mexicans. I think she has a complex about us."

"Oh—she isn't Mexican herself?"

Again that merry laugh. "Sister, believe it or not, is a Minneapolis Swede. You know, of course, what the kids call her to tease her."

"No, I don't."

"La Panchita."

Jerry frowned. "What does it mean?"

"Little Pancha. It's a sort of a baby love-name, from a *mariache* song—you know, for street musicians. It's very romantic, very sad, sometimes very naughty and always very Mexican. All you had to do, to be kept in after school, was whistle La Panchita where Sister could hear you."

It was, to Jerry, a little disconcerting to learn that the nun came from his own state of Minnesota. She was more Mexican than the Mexicans, while he, a cop, remained a stranger in this warm and wonderful community.

The files said Elena Susarrey's father had died when she was fourteen, Alfredo ten. The mother had worked in a poultry slaughterhouse, a nasty but highly paid job, until Elena was out of school and could assume the family's support. The girl was now chief statistician for an electronics firm; Jerry had been surprised to learn from the files that she made more money than he did.

She was an intelligent girl, and eager to help, but it was another dead end. She talked freely, but it was mostly about her dead brother. She seemed to want, very much, for Jerry to understand the boy.

"He stole things. He carried a switchblade knife. He was a real delinquent, and it was his fault and ours, and I'm not trying to excuse it. Such things are not really excusable, are they?" she said.

Jerry hedged. "Well, now and then they are, miss."

"When he was sixteen, he suddenly got interested in jazz music, and overnight he was a different kid. Do you know anything about jazz? As an art form, I mean."

"Well, I got through two years of college by playing clarinet in a jazz band."

She studied him curiously. "And now you're a policeman?"

"In music, just good isn't good enough. You've got to be very good to make a career of it, and I wasn't."

"I think Alfredo was. Sister made a record of some tunes he composed. After Al was killed, she gave it to mother. Would you like to hear it?"

"Very much," Jerry said sincerely.

She went out and came back with a portable record player. She put a record on, started the machine, and sat back to listen. Her eyes never left Jerry's face.

It was only an acetate record that would not survive the mother to whom it was the last voice of a dead son, and the recording was amateurish. The music itself was wild, formless, undisciplined. Like a teenage boy, it was always on the verge of being very bad or very, very good.

Mostly it was the latter. Mostly this was the strong, original music of a half-trained, reckless boy who did not know how good he was. How could he? He had been trained in auto shop. Now he was dead.

The record ended. Jerry said, "If I could play like that, I wouldn't be a policeman today."

Her swift smile rewarded him. "And you know music! Mother will be so proud to know you said that."

He did not want to go yet. He stalled for time. "Would you mind playing it again?" he said.

When he left the house, hours later, he still had no idea where the diamonds were, and he had fallen in love with Elena Susarrey. It was an odd sort of love. He did not want to take her to shows, nor buy her dinner and flowers, nor kiss her and feel the fire in her lovely mouth—not yet, anyway. That could wait. Even thinking about it could wait.

All he felt was a mystical desire to serve her. In many ways, Jerry Stankel was just as boyish as he looked. He loved Elena as he had loved his first sweetheart, in the fourth grade.

But he was a good policeman, trained to face his problem squarely. He went to his hotel room and sat there in his pajamas for a long time, facing it with the tested police logic he had learned in the academy. Something was wrong. Someone had lied!

It came down to this—he could believe the cold logic of police science, or the warm loyalty of Sister Mary Humiliata, Johnny Gonzalez and Elena Susarrey. Not both. Both sides in this case, where everything had gone stale but the bitterness, could not be right.

Jerry did not sleep well that night. The beat of a boy's wild music was in his bones, and he kept seeing the face of Elena Susarrey as it had looked in that one moment when she laughed. As in sunlight.

He left the hotel early in the morning. He was driving downtown, intending to have breakfast somewhere near the police building, when it came to him. Being of the new, scientific school of criminology, he knew all about the subconscious mind, which works even in sleep. He was pretty sure he had never left his problem for a moment.

He pulled his car over to the curb and sat there, marveling at how simple it was. All the detectives who had ever worked the case had made the same mistake.

Both sides, after all, could be right! The men who believed Filomeno were right to believe him. But so were Sister Mary Humiliata, Johnny Gonzalez and Elena Susarrey, to believe as they believed.

How this could be, he did not yet understand. But with this straight in his head, he saw he had an entirely new problem. He could stop worrying about the hearts of people, which neither logic nor loyalty could ever know conclusively, and start thinking in terms of things. Things had no motives, no feelings. Things were just things.

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Things could be jewels, for instance. Jerry picked up the file from the seat beside him. It was a thick file, but he knew his way through it. He licked his thumb and riffled the pages swiftly.

He was not halfway through it when it came to him where the jewels were. It was crazy, grotesque, improbable, but it was the only place the things could be, if both sides in this old, bitter case were right.

He threw the file back on the seat and started his car. He drove straight on through town to the East Side. It was not yet eight o'clock when he stopped in front of Johnny Gonzalez's sheet-metal shop, but the door was open, and from the interior of the shop came the rhythmic thump of Johnny's electric punch press.

Jerry went in. He approached warily, not wishing to startle the hunchback at his machine. Johnny, however, had a sixth sense about cops. He snapped the switch of the punch press, snatched off one pair of glasses, put the other pair on, and whirled to face Jerry like a cornered fox. "Oh, you again, no?" was all he said.

Jerry leaned over to shout into his ear. "Me again, yes. Look, fella, I'm not snapping at your tail, but I think you can help me."

"How?"

"Listen! We keep track of the jewels all the way from the robbery to the Susarrey home. That's where Filomeno says he gave them to Alfredo—right? But we know they're not in that house, because Filomeno said Alfredo still had them when they came here, and besides, we tore that house apart and couldn't find them."

A smart husband is one who hides his money in his apron pocket.

DAN BENNETT

Johnny shrugged. "Go on," he muttered. "Go on."

"There's a chance that Alfredo threw them out between his home and here. But Filomeno says he still had them when they were here."

"I did not see them," Johnny said quickly.

"I believe you. But I think Filomeno did. They could not possibly have left here either—yet we have turned your shop upside down without finding any trace of them!"

Johnny remained tense, alert, suspicious. "Go on."

"Johnny, you know what I think? All this kid wanted was to get those hot rocks out of his hands. I think he threw them down on your workbench, and they got mixed up in your job. I think we'll find them in somebody's rain spout or teakettle—whatever you were working on then. They're just things, Johnny. They didn't get up and walk out. They went out of here in a thing of some kind."

Johnny frowned. Suddenly he turned pale. He crossed himself.

"Mother of God—I was sealing the time capsule for the cornerstone of the new school!" he burst out. "You know—a copper box with the things people put under cornerstones. The daily paper. A letter from the mayor. A rosary blessed by the Pope. The key to the old school building. You can't solder it shut until the last day, because you have to have the daily paper."

They stared at each other. "Johnny," Jerry said, "do you know how to reach the Sister by phone?"

Again Johnny crossed himself. "Don't call her! The Cardinal himself set the stone, blessed it, spread the mortar. Sister would kill us for such sacrilege!"

"It's not sacrilege. We're trying to clear a dead boy's name. Johnny, we've got to tear that stone out!"

Johnny shuddered. "I will give you the tools, but you must do it. You are a cop. Your soul is in better shape to carry this sin than mine."

"I doubt that," said Jerry, "but let's go."

Johnny filled a gunny sack with tools. Jerry carried them across the street, to the corner of the new school. He took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves.

It was rich, strong mortar, and the Cardinal had been lavish with it. It was an hour before Jerry could insert a bar and pry out the big cube of carved granite. He knelt and attacked the mortar in the bottom of the cavity with a small chisel, working slowly, carefully.

In ten more minutes he lifted it out—a copper casket about the size of a shoe box. He did not try to break Johnny's sturdy soldering job. With a knife, he carefully cut a large hole in the soft copper lid.

"What's going on here?" said a sharp voice behind him.

Jerry stood up. Sister Mary Humiliata had come out of the front door of her new school and was bustling toward them, black robes flying. He had never seen such outraged anger on a human face, and he knew better than to try to explain to her. Either he was right or he wasn't, and if he wasn't, words would be no help at all.

He turned the box upside down over his hand and shook it. He held the hand out. Sister Mary Humiliata looked. She shrank back.

There among the holy things on Jerry's hand lay three pieces of stolen jewelry. They had cost $5800 retail, and also four human lives.

"I told you I was trying to go straight down the middle to find them," Jerry said. "They got mixed up in these things when Johnny sealed the box."

What she said rather surprised him, at first. On second thought, it was just what he should have expected of the little fireball that the Mexican kids all called La Panchita.

"Oh, I'm so glad Filomeno did not go to meet his God with a lie on his soul!" Sister Mary Humiliata cried.

"So am I, ma'am."

The nun looked ruefully down at the wreckage of her cornerstone. She looked back up at Jerry. "Now this must all be done over again, after the Cardinal himself set it!" she said.

"I can put it back," Jerry said. "I don't know much about these things, but I don't think this would disturb the blessing, would it? I mean——"

"No, wait. You must be the one to do it, because you have done us all a very great service. But wait until our consecration, and do it then. You must be a guest of honor. I know the Cardinal would want to meet the young man who has done this thing for us."

Jerry's first thought was that Elena Susarrey would be here, and because he had found the jewels, she would look as she had looked that one brief moment last night when she had laughed. As though she were standing in sunlight.

"I'd like to, ma'am," he said, "but I ought to tell you that I'm not a Catholic."

The nun was standing in sunlight too. It glanced off the crisp white lining of her cowl and filled her myriad lacy wrinkles with brightness. It also seemed to bring a small but knowing twinkle to her wise old eyes.

"Oh, that's all right!" she said gaily. "The Cardinal goes straight down the middle too."

THE END

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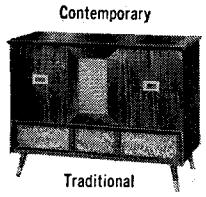

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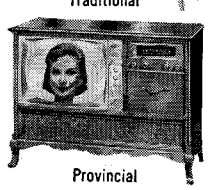

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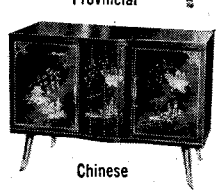

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Space Secret (Continued from Page 26)

"Gentlemen," he said quietly, "history has always interested me. Not the history of the textbooks, but the history of legends, of primitive peoples; the stories handed down through the millenniums. And among these, without fail, in any civilization, we come across a strangely similar belief—a legend of gods who descended from the sky to walk the earth like men."

He held up a hand, ticking off on his fingers as he talked. "On the American continent we have the Mayans, the Incas, with their beliefs that bearded white gods would once more come back—gods who taught them their science, their mathematics, how to smelt ore, cut rock; gods who came from the sky. And there are the Polynesians, surrounded by the vast Pacific, who worship the redheaded bearded white god, who landed on Easter Island—the Eye to Heaven, as they call it. Everywhere throughout the world primitive men lifted their eyes to the skies for salvation, longing for the return of those kindly brilliant far-travelers, whose science so far outstripped their own."

He paused. "The pattern continues down to our time. Only, now, it appears to be one of watching—and waiting. But I won't bore you with flying saucers or Fortian proofs of visitors from other worlds. We have here"—he touched the kinescope—"our own proof. Proof that our planetary system teems with life, with science that is to our atomic piles what our atomic piles are to bonfires. Proof that we are not alone, not lost in the immensity of the infinite universe. We are not alone—and here's the proof, in color."

He switched on the kinescope. Instantly the screen came alive, showing the brilliant blue-black velvet of outer space, the stars, glowing in colors seen only outside the earth's atmosphere—greens, yellows, fiery reds, icy blues, burning steadily, without a flicker. The men in the room gasped. The rocket was approaching the moon closer and closer, the chilling whites and dead blacks looming closer and clearer.

"Now," Lassiter whispered. "Now you'll see. It's going to the far side—the side never before seen by man."

The scene on the screen moved along. Formidable mountains—sheer, fantastic slender needle spires, defying even the faint gravity of the moon. Immense pits, filled with the rubble of ancient disasters. More pits, more mountains, slashing crazy patterns of eye-hurting light and utter black of shadow without depth—and slowly, slowly the moon moved under the rocket until, visible faintly, the swollen greenish-blue rim of earth appeared, off in space. The rocket began leaving the moon and approaching the earth again. The tape came to an end. The lights came up. We turned, as one, and looked at Lassiter.

He was seated, motionless, eyes unblinking, only his large sensitive hands tightly clenched before him. He stared at the screen.

"It's beautiful," I said, "but no more so than we'd expected. Other than the prestige of having been first—well, really, Lassiter, the far side is no different from the side we've seen since the beginning of time."

"It's not the same!" He stood up, and his voice was a terrible broken shout in the soundproofed room. "That's not the tape I saw last night!"

There was an immediate stir in the room, and some of the Air Force people looked alarmed.

"Listen to me! Please!" He stood up, his face gray, his eyes stricken, like a man who has seen glory suddenly leave him forever. "Listen!"

We quieted. Already I heard one of the Air Force officers muttering something about, "Crazy as a hoot owl."

"Last night"—Lassiter began, pointing to the screen—"last night, on that screen ——" His voice trembled slightly, as though in despair at ever being able to convey what he'd seen. "How can I begin to explain what I saw?" he whispered. We sat tensely, watching, listening. "How can I tell of the buildings there? The colors, the smoothly flowing lines of architecture? Slim, airy, yet full of strength. Serene, mature. Yes, that's it—mature. Water, trees, parks. And the spaceships ——"

He paused, and when he repeated it, it was more a groan than a phrase. "The spaceships. One of them was taking off. Rising straight up, gently, swiftly, like a huge iridescent bubble. Light, incomparably lovely." His voice was suddenly subdued. "They have a source of power so far beyond us. So far beyond us ——"

An Air Force man came to his feet. "Are you telling us that someone has had access to this room during the night and switched tapes on us?"

Lassiter turned and looked at him, his eyes peculiarly inward-looking. "Yes," he said.

"And the—the original tape showed a—a civilization on the other side of the moon?" There was frank disbelief in the officer's voice.

"A civilization compared to which we're still savages, crouching over a fire in a cave," he said.

The room was a hubbub of noise. I stood up and shouted for silence. When I got it, I looked at Lassiter. "Isn't the manufacture of that electronic tape a Rand Corporation top-secret process?"

He nodded. His mind was obviously far away.

"Who could possibly duplicate that process, then use the tape to take these obviously authentic shots of the moon approach—steal the original and substitute the duplicate—and all in one night?" I asked.

There was a murmur in the room—subdued laughter even.

Lassiter looked at me, and suddenly his eyes became keen, blazing with that truly great intelligence of his. "The same ones who are living on the other side of our moon."

There was a sudden silence in the room.

His glance swept us. "They're here—in this building. They switched the tapes. I repeat—the tape you saw just now is not the one I saw last night. And yet this substitute is authentic. It shows an actual moon-rocket approach."

"Whom do you suspect—Martians?" I said gently, giving the others in the room a significant look. They looked back, nodding slightly. One of the officers scribbled a hasty note and went to the door.

"Call them Martians, if you wish," Lassiter said softly. "Those ancient ones who visited here so many millenniums ago; who, out of pity or kindness—or maturity—taught the savages they found here the rudiments of civilization. Those far-travelers who still watch—and wait."

"You can't be serious, Lassiter," one of the Rand men said unhappily. "Even if there were such—such space people—why would they try to keep us in ignorance?"

"Because we're still savages!" he shouted. "Clever, murderous children, developing our brains, our skills, but never our emotions. How could they permit us to join them, the society of other worlds, until we achieve adulthood—genuine maturity? That's why they switched these films—so we couldn't really know."

He said more—much more. He pointed out the consistent pattern of failures that had harassed man's burgeoning space hopes. Failures he now understood to be deliberate stumbling blocks placed in mankind's path as it clawed—prematurely—for the stars. An altogether remarkable synthesis.

After exhaustive chemical analysis of the tape, it was proved to be of the same composition as stock still on the lab's shelves, which of a necessity, ruled out its being a substitute. After a few more reruns of the tape, the Air Force announced itself as well pleased with the brilliant success of the moon shot.

Lassiter, it was decided, had suffered a mental collapse because of overwork and the disappointment at discovering that the other side of the moon was no different from the side the earth has always seen. He is, as of this writing, undergoing a series of psychiatric examinations which ought to disclose—but in all likelihood won't—that he is more sane than most of mankind. He is a remarkable individual, and I suggest that he be placed on the list of those to be watched most closely in the future.

Also, I recommend that steps be taken hereafter to intercept all camera-bearing rockets from earth while in flight, and prepared films or tapes substituted, thus avoiding another untoward incident, such as developed here.

FOR THE ARCHIVES: Enclosed herewith is the original video tape which the U.S. Moon Rocket took of our lunar base.

Though I've made the journey from earth to moon and back innumerable times, I found Lassiter's description of this tape strangely moving. Especially his remark concerning the rather good shot of my own ship rising from the moon as I left with the substitute tape last night. He is right—it does indeed resemble an iridescent bubble. END OF REPORT

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Cherry-Pie Paradox

By Jane Merchant

If Parson Weems could
never tell a lie
And George indeed chopped
down a cherry tree
This national habit of eating
cherry pie
Upon his birthday seems
an oddity.
To one sagacious as young
Washington
Wouldn't the thought of
pie have been enough
To stay his hand before the
deed was done,
Unless he simply didn't like
the stuff?
Perhaps, in later portraits,
he looks sour
Because his false teeth had
been set on edge
By cherry pie; yet patriots
devour
Pie after pie, since the first
tasty wedge
Was eaten in honor of one
who didn't waver
At proving cherry was not
his favorite flavor.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

When Time Began (Continued from Page 38)

In such an encounter the gas moves with violent turbulence, and becomes intensely hot. A colossal emission of radio waves then seems to result. A radio station on earth, with an output of 100 kilowatts, is considered fairly powerful. Two such colliding galaxies observed in the constellation of Cygnus emit some 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 (10 decillion) kilowatts.

Here we come to the most crucial point. Observations indicate that the different clusters of galaxies are constantly moving apart from each other. To illustrate by a homely analogy, think of a raisin cake baking in an oven. Suppose the cake swells uniformly as it cooks, but the raisins themselves remain of the same size. Let each raisin represent a cluster of galaxies, and imagine yourself inside one of them. As the cake swells, you will observe that all the other raisins move away from you. Moreover, the farther away the raisin, the faster it will seem to move. When the cake has swollen to twice its initial dimensions, the distance between all the raisins will have doubled itself—two raisins that were initially an inch apart will now be two inches apart; two raisins that were a foot apart will have moved two feet apart. Since the entire action takes place within the same time interval, obviously the more distant raisins must move apart faster than those close at hand. So it happens with the clusters of galaxies.

The analogy brings out another important point. No matter which raisin you happen to be inside, the others will always move away from you. Hence the fact that we observe all the other clusters of galaxies to be moving away from us *does not mean that we are situated at the center of the universe.* Indeed, it seems certain that the universe has no center. A cake may be said to have a center only because it has a boundary. We must imagine the cake to extend outward without any boundary, an infinite cake, so to speak, which means that however much cake we care to consider there is always more.

This brings us to the Explosion Theory. In expansion, as we have seen, the clusters of galaxies move apart from each other. It can therefore be argued that space is becoming emptier as time goes on. The same argument suggests that space was formerly more densely occupied. Indeed, if the universe (*Continued on Page 98*)

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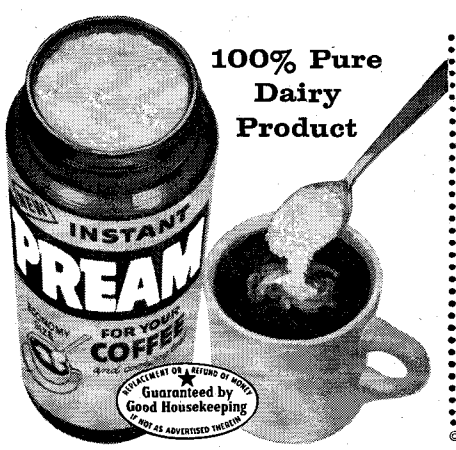

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- ¼ cup flour
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ½ lb. sharp cheese, cubed
- paprika

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MARCH

HOLIDAY Magazine

The American Southwest is something more than Hoover Dam and cactus and Grand Canyon. For Jack Schaefer, author of the best selling Western, "Shane," New Mexico and Arizona—his Southwest—is a special world with its own dimensions. A land of vast stretching distances and rugged badlands. Deeply blued skies and pure sunlight. And peace.

In this colorfully illustrated feature, Schaefer shows you the real Southwest. Not a roadside tour. But a loving search through the country's rich history and culture. You'll feel the *calm* that has absorbed the assault of conquistadors, Indian fighting and atomic explosions. Feel harassed? Dissatisfied? Weary? Here is the land for a fresh start. A land to grow in, to dream in.

Also in this issue:

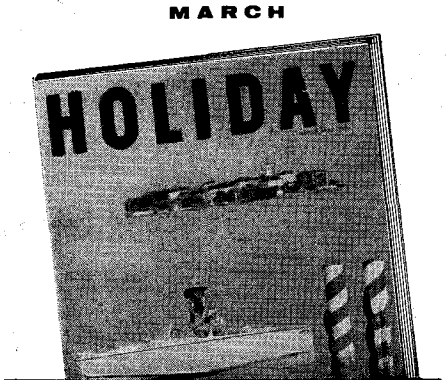
Pittsburgh Always a city of restless energy, this once soot-drenched steel center is turning its vigor toward a municipal face-washing and is emerging with a glowing new countenance.

Come for Cocktails! Stephen Birmingham requests your company while he attends a cocktail party. His witty comments will help you understand why these gatherings have a half-Nelson hold on American life.

The Blizzard of 1888 No matter how much snow and cold you've contended with, it's a cinch that it was puny compared with the great northeastern Blizzard of '88—still the yardstick against which all subsequent winters have been measured.

Plus: A wistful look at *Italian Lakes* by Sean O'Faolain . . . A beautiful picture story on *Skiing in the French Alps* . . . Holiday's *Handbook of Herbs* . . . *Things in the Sky*, a sobering inspection of "flying saucers" . . . The violent, fascinating world of new commercial *Whalers*.

MARCH



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A CURTIS MAGAZINE

(*Continued from Page 96*) has always been in a state of expansion, space must once have been jammed tight with galaxies. Astrophysicists have calculated that the universe was apparently packed tight roughly eight or nine billion years ago.

According to an entirely different line of reasoning, the ages of stars inside our own galaxy can be determined by considering the nuclear processes within them. By this calculation the oldest stars also originated about eight or nine billion years ago. The agreement between the two methods of calculating is highly interesting. It would appear that the universe originated nearly ten billion years ago, and that our galaxy was formed about a billion years later.

The essential concept is that universal matter was originally in a state of very high density, enormously greater than the density of the galaxies today. This original matter we assume to have been explosive. The whole universe expanded rapidly, its initial state of very high density lasting only a few minutes. In time the continuing expansion produced less and less density. After almost a billion years of expansion and decreasing density, the clusters of galaxies formed. They have since continued to move apart and will go on moving apart throughout eternity.

Thus, according to the Explosion Theory, the universe was born a definite time ago. The state of dispersal caused by the explosion will never cease in this theory. The galaxies will continue to move apart from each other until, in the ultimate limit in the future, space will present a uniform, featureless emptiness. All activity inside the galaxies will ultimately cease. The stars will no longer shine. All sources of energy will be exhausted.

Until very recently, astronomers and physicists thought this theory could be supported by a further powerful argument. The 100 or so known chemical elements possess curious regularities in the abundances with which they exist in nature. These regularities indicate that some process of building from hydrogen, the simplest element, has been at work. But if complex elements have been formed from the simplest, if carbon, oxygen, iron, have been "made," the great question is how?

At first thought it seemed as if the first few minutes of universal explosion provided the ideal conditions for the creation of complex elements—that is, extreme density combined with extreme heat. In short, it looked as if the complex elements might be relics of the earliest period in the history of the universe.

Flaws in this argument soon appeared, however. In the first place, it contains hypotheses that contradict our knowledge of nuclear physics. Moreover, it would lead us to expect to find the same proportions of complex atoms in all stars. For if the process that originated complex atoms were truly universal, there should be no purely local variations of composition. Yet such local variations are marked. The oldest stars to have formed in our galaxy have been found to possess very low concentrations of the complex atoms, much lower than in middle-age stars—the sun, for example. This strongly suggests that production of the complex atoms takes place inside the stars and has nothing to do with the early history of the universe.

We must therefore turn the whole question inside out and ask why no nuclear relics remain from the early superdense state of matter, if indeed there ever was a superdense state. A satisfactory technical answer can be given, provided the early state was even hotter than we formerly thought. For we now know that a still-higher temperature, instead of promoting fusion, prevents hydrogen from fusing to produce complex elements. This realization led to a modification of the Explosion Theory. It is called the Expansion-Contraction Theory.

Some astronomers think that the original explosion of the superdense material may not have been sufficiently violent to produce a complete dispersal. They believe that the clusters of galaxies are moving apart from each other at a markedly declining rate, and that eventually expansion will cease altogether. Gravitational attraction will then cause the clusters to start moving together. This means that the universe will pass into a phase of contraction. The clusters will approach each other at ever-increasing speeds until the galaxies collide. Still further contraction will cause even the stars to collide. As a consequence of the greatly rising temperature that accompanies such a strong compression, the complex atoms will disintegrate and be transformed back into hydrogen. The stage will thereby be set for a reversal of the contraction process, and another universal expansion.

Here, then, is a very different picture—a cyclic universe, with expansion and contraction alternating. During expansion, galaxies and stars are formed. Hydrogen supplies energy inside the stars and is gradually changed into complex elements. During contraction, the galaxies and stars are disrupted, and the complex elements are broken down by the high temperature generated at the stage of greatest compression. Each cycle is similar to the previous one, and there is no limit to the number of cycles. Each cycle lasts roughly thirty billion years. The universe is now about halfway through an expansion phase.

According to the Expansion-Contraction Theory, the amount of matter in the universe is finite. Even the volume of space itself is finite, in somewhat the same way as the area of the surface of a sphere is finite. During expansion, all space swells up like an expanding balloon. During contraction, space collapses literally to a point.

The third theory—the Steady-State Theory—differs in almost all essentials both from the Explosion Theory and from the Expansion-Contraction Theory. The first two theories rest on the assumption that all matter now existing also existed in the past. The argument for a superdense state of the universe disappears if this assumption is false. It is therefore important to examine the possibility that much of the matter now in existence was not in existence in the past, and that much of the matter of the universe that will be in existence in the future is not in existence today.

What do the physicists say about this question? They consider no particle of matter permanent. One particle can be changed into another; new particles can be created. These processes take place partly through fields of force associated with the atomic-nuclear particles, partly through the electromagnetic field. These are the fields responsible for holding the atomic nuclei together, and for propagating all forms of electromagnetic disturbance, such as light, X rays and radio waves.

Such impermanence scarcely seems important in the problem of the expansion of the universe, however, for here we have to consider impermanence, not in the nuclear or electromagnetic field, but in the gravitational field—the field that brings a parachutist back to the ground, that holds the earth in its orbit around the sun. It is the main controlling field of the

"I'll remember this night long after you repay the ten dollars I loaned you for dinner!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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cosmos. But modern physicists can tell us very little about the properties of gravitation. They have been unable to gather adequate information from experimental laboratory work.

Gravitation is difficult to study in the laboratory, because in the laboratory we are limited to small quantities of matter. These small quantities suffice to produce the full impact of the nuclear and electromagnetic fields. Indeed, the nuclear field can be studied in a single atom by itself. In order to assess the full impact of gravitation, however, we would have to measure the gravitational forces of the entire universe, because all the atoms in the universe add their gravitation contributions together. Thus gravitation cannot be studied piecemeal; it must be measured in its totality. No satisfactory way of doing this has yet been found.

So, lacking adequate information from the laboratory, we have no choice but to weigh the two possibilities—first, that particles have permanence in the gravitational field; second, that they have impermanence. The Explosion Theory and the Expansion-Contraction Theory demand permanent particles because they exclude the possibility of the continuous creation of matter. The Steady-State Theory requires impermanent particles because it postulates such a continuous creation.

Einstein's general theory of relativity provides a powerful framework within which the possibility of impermanence can be tested. But if we accept that framework, we are not free to formulate the hypothesis of impermanence exactly as we might like. In return for the advantages it offers, the relativity theory imposes constraints.

These constraints can be met. As they are met, it emerges that impermanence must take the form either of a steady creation of matter or of a steady annihilation, but it cannot take the form of both together. We cannot have creation in one part of the universe and annihilation in another. The creation of matter is linked to the expansion of the universe. According to Einsteinian mathematics, space cannot accommodate more than a certain fixed average density of matter. Therefore, we cannot have a steady creation of matter without a steady expansion of the universe. Conversely, we cannot have a steady annihilation without a contraction of the universe. Obviously, expansion and contraction of space cannot take place at the same time—just as a balloon cannot be simultaneously inflated and deflated.

We are thus faced with the alternatives of creation plus expansion or of annihilation plus contraction. In theory we must weigh both these alternatives, because every physical hypothesis considers two possible ways of viewing the direction of time—the case where time runs forward into the future in the usual sense, and the case where time runs backward into the past. An analogy might be found in unrolling a strip of carpet from beginning to end—from the past through the present to the future; reverse the process and you go from the end to the beginning, or from the future to the past. In practice, when we restrict ourselves to the usual sense of past and future, the relativity theory gives us just the one possibility—that of the creation of matter allied firmly to the expansion of the universe.

The maintenance of a constant average density of matter in space leads to the Steady-State Theory, first discussed by Prof. Hermann Bondi, Prof. Thomas Gold and myself some ten years ago. Because the density remains constant, the condensation of clusters of galaxies should apply to the present and future as well as to the past. More recently, Gold and I have been exploring the possibility that the matter in space may be extremely hot, and that the formation of galaxies arises from a cooling process within localized blobs of material. The pressure inside the blobs is thereby reduced below that existing in the still-hot surrounding material. This causes strong compression of the blobs. In proceeding on this assumption we find that many of the difficulties formerly encountered in trying to understand the genesis of galaxies disappear. We also find that the cooling process may be associated with the production of cosmic radio waves and with the origin of cosmic rays. We tend to believe that such a cooling is going on at present in many of the distant radio sources observed by radio-astronomers, and that in these sources we are observing a phase in the process of formation of new galaxies.

In the Steady-State Theory the clusters of galaxies expand apart, but as they do so new galaxies are born, and at such a rate that their average density in space remains unaltered with time. The individual clusters change and evolve, but the universe itself, viewed on the large scale, does not change. Thus the old problem of the beginning and end of the universe does not arise at all in the Steady-State Theory, for the universe did not have a beginning and it will not have an end. Every cluster of galaxies, every star, every atom, had a beginning, but the universe itself did not.

The perceptive reader may here find himself pondering the destiny of the distant galaxies in an ever-expanding universe without an end. As we demonstrated in our raisin-cake analogy, the more distant the galaxy, the faster it will move away from the observer. This relationship between distance and velocity is an observable fact and is measured by the so-called "red shift," by which certain wave lengths of the light from a given star shift across the spectrum. A similar shift, in the sound spectrum, is noticed when the pitch of a train whistle decreases as the train moves away from the listener. The speed of the distant galaxy continues to increase

The Invisible Line

By Louise McNeill

Mothers must draw a subtle line
Finer than any thread is fine;
Must firmly hold but never clutch,
Must freely give but not too much,
Must stand apart but never far,
Must heal the wound but bless the scar;
And falsely speaking, truly tell,
And, guarding, never guard too well;
And hearing, fail to overhear;
And, fearing all things, have no fear;
And loving, love each child the best,
Yet no child dearer than the rest.

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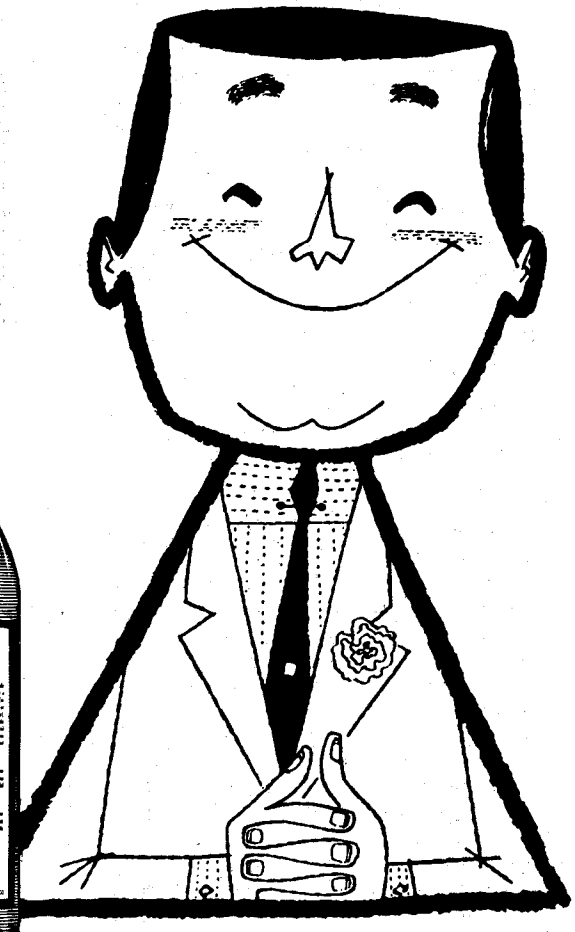

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until, presumably, it exceeds the speed of light—186,000 miles per second. At that point the light emanating from the stars in the galaxy is being carried away at a velocity exceeding its return speed, and the galaxy as an observable fact is lost to us forever.

These, then, are the dominant hypotheses concerning the structure of the universe. The decision among them rests with observation. As an example, it would be of great interest to know whether new galaxies are being formed at the present time. If new galaxies are being formed, the Explosion Theory and the Expansion-Contraction Theory would be suspect because they do not provide for such creation. If new galaxies are not being formed, the Steady-State Theory becomes untenable.

Although many such observational tests are being actively worked on, it must be realized that cosmological observations are very difficult to make. The tests are all concerned with objects that lie very far away from us. This forces the observer to work near the limit of reliability of his instruments. In these circumstances only great persistence and care, combined with fine judgment, will separate the genuine from the spurious. A decision among the different theories therefore, is not an issue that can be hastened. Only the slow evolution of astronomy will enable us to reach an unambiguous decision.

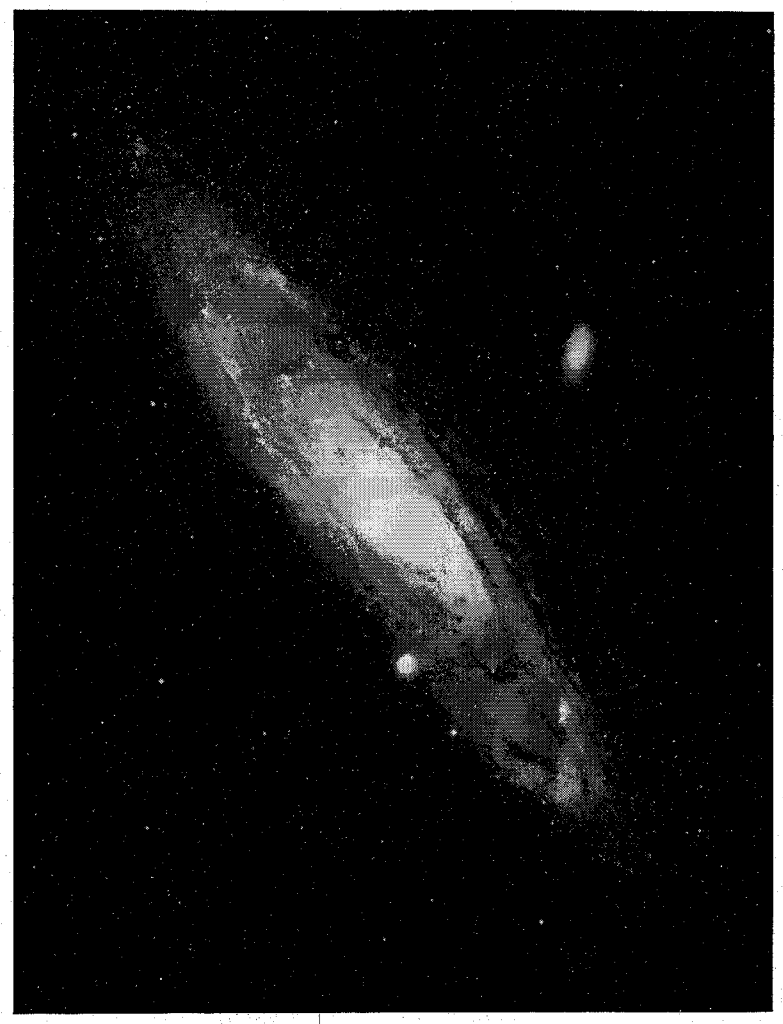
In the meantime we must fall back on philosophic criteria for distinguishing between the different pictures presented by astronomical theory. Such criteria are by no means to be decried, so long as it is clearly understood that observational tests must take priority, once the appropriate observational results become available.

The Explosion Theory gives us the picture of the universe as an explosion from a superdense state of matter. Many people are especially attracted to this hypothesis because it requires a definite moment of creation for the whole universe. According to this theory, the universe is not a self-operating concern. It has to be started, much as one might switch on a huge machine. There are many questions relating to this hypothesis that we can never hope to answer, for many of the present-day characteristics of the universe depend on the precise manner of the "switching on" process. There is also a philosophic undercurrent of an existence outside the universe that touches on religion, a feature that seems attractive to some and unappealing to others.

The Expansion-Contraction Theory and the Steady-State Theory are similar in that they both present the universe as a fully self-operating system. There is no moment of origin, time extends backward into the past as far as we care to consider it. Otherwise these two theories are very different, the one depending on permanence and the other on impermanence of particles in the gravitational field.

Space and time play very different roles in the three theories. In the Explosion Theory, space is infinite, while time is finite toward the past and infinite toward the future. In the Expansion-Contraction Theory, time is infinite in both the past and future, but space is finite. In the Steady-State Theory, space and time are both infinite. Moreover, space and time have a still deeper connection in the Steady-State Theory. This is a point of such considerable interest as to be worth a short diversion.

The concept of the equivalence of spatial observers has been used in cosmology for many years. This simply means that observers situated at widely different points of space will observe exactly the same large-scale structure of the universe—that the universe has no point of space from which things look any different than they do from other points of space. An observer in a distant galaxy would see large-scale features entirely similar to those that we ourselves observe. This important condition is satisfied in both the Explosion Theory and the Expansion-Contraction Theory provided *one crucial requirement is met*—that the observers look at the universe at the same moment of time. Equivalence is lost in these theories if this proviso is not satisfied because time is linked with nonrecurring cosmological changes. An evolving universe, in which space becomes progressively less dense with matter, must present different aspects to an observer viewing it at different moments of time. *But equivalence is still maintained in the Steady-State Theory even if observers look at the universe at different times*, for there is a continuing pattern of development. A universe which maintains its general cosmological structure through the continuous creation of matter will present the same aspect to observers at any moment of time.



The galaxy in Andromeda is almost a twin of our Milky Way galaxy and is a neighborly 20,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles from earth. Other stars speckling the picture are those of our own galaxy.

This wider interpretation of equivalence provides one of the strongest aesthetic reasons for preferring the Steady-State Theory. Moreover, the whole progress of modern physics has been closely bound up with the discovery of relations that are independent of the special position of the observer. For this reason alone, I feel that it would be most surprising if the Steady-State Theory, with its compelling space-time equivalence, should turn out to be wrong.

I would like to present my own point of view on all these questions, to give my reasons for preferring the Steady-State Theory to its rivals. These reasons are for the most part philosophical in character. But first there is one purely scientific point that must be mentioned. In the Steady-State Theory all observable features of the universe must be the consequences of processes that are going on all the time: We cannot take refuge in the argument that things were different in the past, as it is possible to do in the other theories. This means that every feature of the universe must be susceptible to the principle of observational investigation. Thus the Steady-State Theory aims to place observation on a very much firmer footing than is the case in rival theories.

Considerations of elegance and economy also appear to be highly relevant. In both the Explosion Theory and the Expansion-Contraction Theory all matter is supposed to have been in a hot superdense condition. Yet, as we have seen, this condition cannot have promoted any nuclear reactions. The superdense state of matter must be designed specifically to prevent nuclear reactions from taking place. Indeed, the universe must be constructed in a way that hides from us all direct evidence of the existence of this singular state. Personally I find it difficult to place much credence in this very negative supposition. It would seem to be more natural to believe that a superdense state never existed at all.

In the Expansion-Contraction Theory we are asked to think of expansion and contraction following each other in a never-ending series. During expansion, matter becomes organized into galaxies, stars, planets, living creatures. During contraction the galaxies, stars, and so on, are entirely disintegrated in preparation for the succeeding phase of expansion. Each cycle is exactly similar to the preceding cycle. Nothing new ever happens from cycle to cycle, and it is just this that seems uninspired and inelegant. This is an aesthetic rather than a scientific objection, but it may be worth adding that scientists are more concerned with aesthetics than is commonly supposed!

What then of the Steady-State universe? This third picture might seem at first sight to contain a similar inelegance. But it turns out that there is an important sense in which this is not so. I would like to begin the explanation of this point with another diversion.

In recent years physicists have come to pose a very important question: How deep are the laws of physics? How far must one dig before nothing basically new remains to be discovered, before the level of absolute truth is revealed? Twice during the past seventy years scientists have believed themselves within sighting distance of the ultimate laws of physics. On both occasions their optimism was unfounded. The tendency is now rather to ask: Are there any ultimate final laws of physics? Might it not be that however deep one digs, there are always still deeper levels of subtlety to be uncovered? Nowadays the trend is to answer the last question affirmatively, to believe that no end will be found to the intricacy of the laws of physics.

Such a point of view makes sense in the Steady-State Theory, but not, I think, in the other theories. In the Expansion-Contraction Theory, for instance, we have a universe that is entirely finite—a finite amount of matter, finite space, a finite time of cycling. It seems to me most doubtful whether such a universe could possibly accommodate laws of an infinite complexity. The situation is better in the Explosion Theory. Here we could possibly have an infinite universe with infinite laws—but one in which only a finite fragment of the laws was discoverable. For in the Explosion Theory there is but one single generation of galaxies. The stars and the living creatures in these galaxies live only for a finite time of a few tens of billions of years. Hence any understanding gained by living creatures must always remain finite. Digging beyond a certain finite depth would manifestly be impossible.

The situation is otherwise in the Steady-State Theory. Here it is possible to accumulate knowledge indefinitely, to dig to any depth, however deep. Here we have an unending series of generations of galaxies. When a particular galaxy dies, the knowledge that has been gained by creatures in it can (in principle!) be passed to a nearby younger galaxy. This process can be repeated without end, so that in the long run knowledge can be piled up to any required degree. Here we have a universe that is infinite, not only in its obvious physical characteristics but also in its intellectual possibilities. THE END

Further reading suggested for those interested in cosmology:

THE UNIVERSE
A Scientific American book
Simon and Schuster
$1.45

Lyttleton, Raymond A.
A MODERN UNIVERSE
Harpers
$3.50

Hoyle, Fred
FRONTIERS OF ASTRONOMY
Harpers
$5.00

Hubble, Edwin
THE REALM OF THE NEBULAE
Yale University Press
$3.00

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Patients Should Tell the Truth

(Continued from Page 31)

sent its officers to me for regular annual physical examinations. Tompkins' checkups followed a pattern. He would come in impatiently, pull off his shirt and say, "O.K., doctor, let's get this over so I can get back to work."

"Still doing a lot of entertaining for the firm?" I asked during his most recent visit.

"Sure, sure, part of the job."

"How's your digestion holding up? Any stomach discomfort?"

"No. I can eat anything."

"Ever have any chest pains?"

"No, I feel fine. No complaints."

His electrocardiogram showed normal heart action. Blood pressure was normal. Blood studies—blood count, hemoglobin and blood-sugar tests—indicated nothing wrong. Despite these reassuring facts three months ago, one look at Tompkins tonight left no doubt that he was suffering a severe coronary occlusion. A rapid check confirmed blood pressure below normal, pulse weak and rapid, heart action irregular. As I prepared a hypodermic to relax him, I told his wife to telephone for an ambulance with oxygen equipment. I followed the ambulance to the hospital, saw Tompkins installed in an oxygen tent and ordered an electrocardiogram, new blood studies and more medication.

In my office next day a check of Tompkins' medical record for the past five years gave absolutely no clue to why he should be near death from a coronary. I could only conclude that he had not told me everything about his physical condition. As soon as he was out of danger I questioned him.

"Well, yes, I had been having these pains over my heart," he admitted slowly.

"What kind of pains?" He gave me a perfect description of angina pectoris symptoms.

"Why didn't you tell me about this?"

He moved his head in a weak imitation of what had been a characteristic gesture of impatience. "Oh, I was afraid if I told you, you'd want me to cut out this, cut out that ——"

He was right. I would have had him cut out all the entertaining and cut down drastically on smoking and drinking. I would have recommended that his more nerve-racking duties be replaced by quieter administrative responsibilities of equal importance. Tompkins would thus have retained his value to his firm and would have continued his promotion-marked career. It is possible that he might never have had a heart attack. But because he withheld vital information, he spent five months in bed, put himself and his family through a dreadful ordeal and dipped heavily into his savings. He returned to reduced responsibilities and a lower salary. If he is careful, he will live to retirement age or beyond, but he is not likely to be promoted again.

Angina is but one of many diseases that no physician can diagnose without the patient's help. It is a constriction of the blood vessels that feed the heart. Caused in many instances by nervous tension, it shows up usually as a pain in the left chest. It can also simulate indigestion. In most instances the treatment for angina is simple—take things a little easier. This, plus simple medication to relax spasmodically constricted blood vessels of the heart, usually brings marked improvement. Neglected, the condition grows worse and can produce a heart attack.

However marvelous an instrument the electrocardiograph may be, it diagrams only the physical action of the heart. It cannot show a pain, although, if used at the instant of pain, it may show the physical cause of the pain. A patient with a chest pain or persistent indigestion takes a considerable chance by not describing these symptoms to his doctor.

Men, especially, fear that detailing every small discomfort will make them sound like hypochondriacs. Allen Harding, fifty-two, was a real hairy-chested outdoor type. He operated a resort hotel and did a lot of hunting, golfing, fishing and drinking. His good friend and hunting companion was a doctor who for years had tried to get Harding to submit to a physical checkup.

One day he complained of recurrent stomach pains. Questioned closely, he admitted having vomited blood once. The doctor prevailed upon him to have X rays for possible ulcer or cancer. The films showed nothing suspicious. Like many other medical aids, the X ray is not 100 per cent accurate. It sometimes fails to show a condition requiring immediate surgery. However, emissions of blood from the stomach can have several causes, not all of which are critical. Without other clinical or laboratory evidence of a critical situation, the conscientious physician will try to correct the condition by medication and, when possible, keep the patient under close observation. The doctor prescribed relaxing medication. Some months later, while on a hunting trip, Harding again mentioned stomach discomfort.

> Every wife would be well-to-do if the pay were as steady as the work.
>
> KEN KRAFT

"You'd better come in and let me have another look at you," the doctor advised.

"Oh, it's just a touch of indigestion," Harding said.

"Well, come in anyhow," the doctor urged. "You're about due for another checkup."

A year went by, during which Harding resisted all attempts to persuade him to have another physical examination. One day the doctor commented that his friend seemed thinner.

"I've been watching my weight," the hotelkeeper said. After renewed argument he consented to another physical. He had lost eighteen pounds. The doctor ordered a new series of X rays. These, like the earlier ones, were negative.

"You're trying to make an old woman out of me," Harding said.

One month later he had a massive hemorrhage from the stomach and collapsed. Rushed to the hospital, he was given a transfusion and operated upon. About one third of his stomach had been invaded by cancer, which had already spread extensively. Only then did Harding admit that he had vomited blood on two occasions after the first series of X rays, but had said nothing about these emissions. If he had told the doctor about them when they occurred, the doctor would have performed an exploratory operation at once, and Harding would have had a good chance of being alive today. His fear of sounding like a hypochondriac cost him his life.

To the modern physician there should be no such thing as a hypochondriac. Something has to be out of order to make a person feel sick enough to seek medical help. If all the organs prove to be in good condition, the trouble must originate in the mind. This can be just as real as a physical disorder, even though it does not show up in a blood count or on an X-ray film.

Painful physical symptoms caused by mental strain can baffle the physician. Lack of frankness on the part of such a patient once led me a less-than-merry diagnostic chase. Janet Archer, an attractive thirty-three-year-old bank teller with one child, married to a brickmason, was apparently in perfect health. But she had sudden dizzy spells accompanied by severe choking sensations. She would feel a pounding in her head and numbness and tingling in her arms and hands. She would faint and spend the rest of the day in bed fighting for breath. Janet had been my patient for several years. I had delivered her child. I knew she had no adverse medical history, at least for that period. The most thorough examinations showed only a rapid heartbeat. I suspected nerves, so I questioned her about her job, home life, financial obligations, and the like. Everything was fine, she insisted. Her husband was a steady worker, the child healthy and happy.

Simple medication reduced her heart action to normal, but the attacks continued, three or four days apart. The easy diagnosis would have been to call her a hypochondriac, prescribe tranquilizers and observe. But I started over and put Janet through every test in the book. All were negative. She continued to paint a verbal picture of a happy home life.

To double-check I sent her to a heart specialist. No sign of trouble. I sent her to a neurologist. This specialist's encephalograph, a near-miraculous instrument that measures brain waves, showed no physical reason for nerve trouble. But I had rigged a small booby trap. The neurologist was also a psychiatrist. Under his skilled questioning of Janet, her husband gradually emerged as a sporadically employed heavy drinker and night owl, instead of the good provider she had described to me. I sent Janet to her parish priest, who talked to her and her husband. The priest soon got the husband straightened out, and Janet's symptoms disappeared as if by magic.

I pointed out the time, money and illness she could have avoided by being frank on her first visit to me.

"Doctor, I was just ashamed to tell you the truth about my husband," she said.

Rosa Rance, also, was too embarrassed to tell the truth. Fifty-four years old, unmarried, Rosa claimed to have been going through the menopause for fifteen years. Certainly she had the standard change-of-life symptoms of high blood pressure, vividly flushed face and marked nervous tension. The menopause takes such different forms in different women that it is sometimes difficult to diagnose clinically. Without detectable organic disorder, and given the classic symptoms within the general age bracket, the doctor is almost forced to ascribe the trouble to this mysterious glandular change.

Rosa's symptoms can also indicate the chronic alcoholic, but she insisted that she never touched a drop of anything alcoholic. She had been my patient for a decade, and I believed her. But my medicine did not do as well with her as it had with hundreds of other menopause patients. She had been to other doctors. They could not help her either.

Except for an amusing coincidence, I might still be hopefully prescribing medicines for Rosa. One evening my telephone rang. The voice on the wire asked if I had a fifth of a well-known brand of whisky. My telephone number is similar to that of a nearby liquor store, so this is a frequent mistake. I told the lady she had the wrong number. In less than a minute the phone rang again.

"This is Rosa Rance," said a slightly blurred voice. "Will you send over a fifth of Old X——? You know the address." So this was my teetotal patient! The liquor-store clerks even knew her address by memory.

"Sure, Miss Rance," I said, "it's on the way right this minute."

Two weeks later Rosa came in for a routine checkup. Part of this routine was her heckling for my failure to pull her through the change of life. I checked heart and blood pressure and asked her if she had been doing any drinking. She denied it. I smiled and asked, "Rosa, did you ever get that fifth of Old X—— you ordered from the liquor store at ten-thirty P.M. on Tuesday two weeks ago?"

Rosa's face grew even redder than usual. She opened her mouth, closed it again and swallowed. Finally she blurted, "How did you know about that?"

I told her about the two wrong numbers, and also that she had wasted a lot of my time and her time and money.

One night a few months later Rosa telephoned again. "I guess I'm an alcoholic, doctor," she said sadly. "What can I do about it?" I put her in touch with the local chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous. She followed through, and in an astonishingly short time her blood pressure was nearly normal, her jitters gone, her face a healthy pink and her disposition much improved. Rosa's story has an additional happy ending. Several months ago she married one of her fellow members in the A.A., a fine sixty-year-old widower, and she and her husband are doing well.

Perhaps you have wondered how your family doctor arrives at his diagnosis. The doctor's brain, his eyes and ears, his senses of smell and touch, and even his intuition are united in the effort to identify the cause of illness. Despite his skill and experience, despite today's extraordinary scientific instruments, there are still times when nothing unfolds. And so the diagnosis of an internal ailment must remain the physician's statement of opinion, based on the best evidence he can gather. A most important part of this evidence is what the patient tells him.

A fairly typical problem of diagnosis complicated by reticence was presented by Mr. Jason Ward, a retired sixty-five-year-old Government employee. Mr. Ward's face was flushed. He said he drank unusual amounts of water. He complained of headaches, a feeling of fullness in the head, shortness of breath, dizziness, ringing in the ears, burning sensations in face and hands, cold feet, overweight, excessive perspiration, frequency of urination, frequent stomach upset with some nausea, belching, cramps in the calves of his legs, diminished vision, itching of the skin and, last but not least, no sex drive. Eighteen separate symptoms, no less.

For reasons obscure to me, Mr. Ward took pride in having been examined by doctors only twice in the past ten years. As he talked I jotted down each symptom. By the time he had finished talking I had a tentative diagnosis that included the obvious—extreme obesity and high blood pressure; but most important, his itchy skin, frequency of urination, and visual difficulties added up to a strong suspicion of diabetes.

When the patient stops talking, the doctor's questions begin. Had Mr. Ward undergone blood and urine tests? Yes, he said briefly, and everything was fine. He seemed reluctant to answer more questions, so I went to work. Temperature, normal. Pulse, (*Continued on Page 104*)

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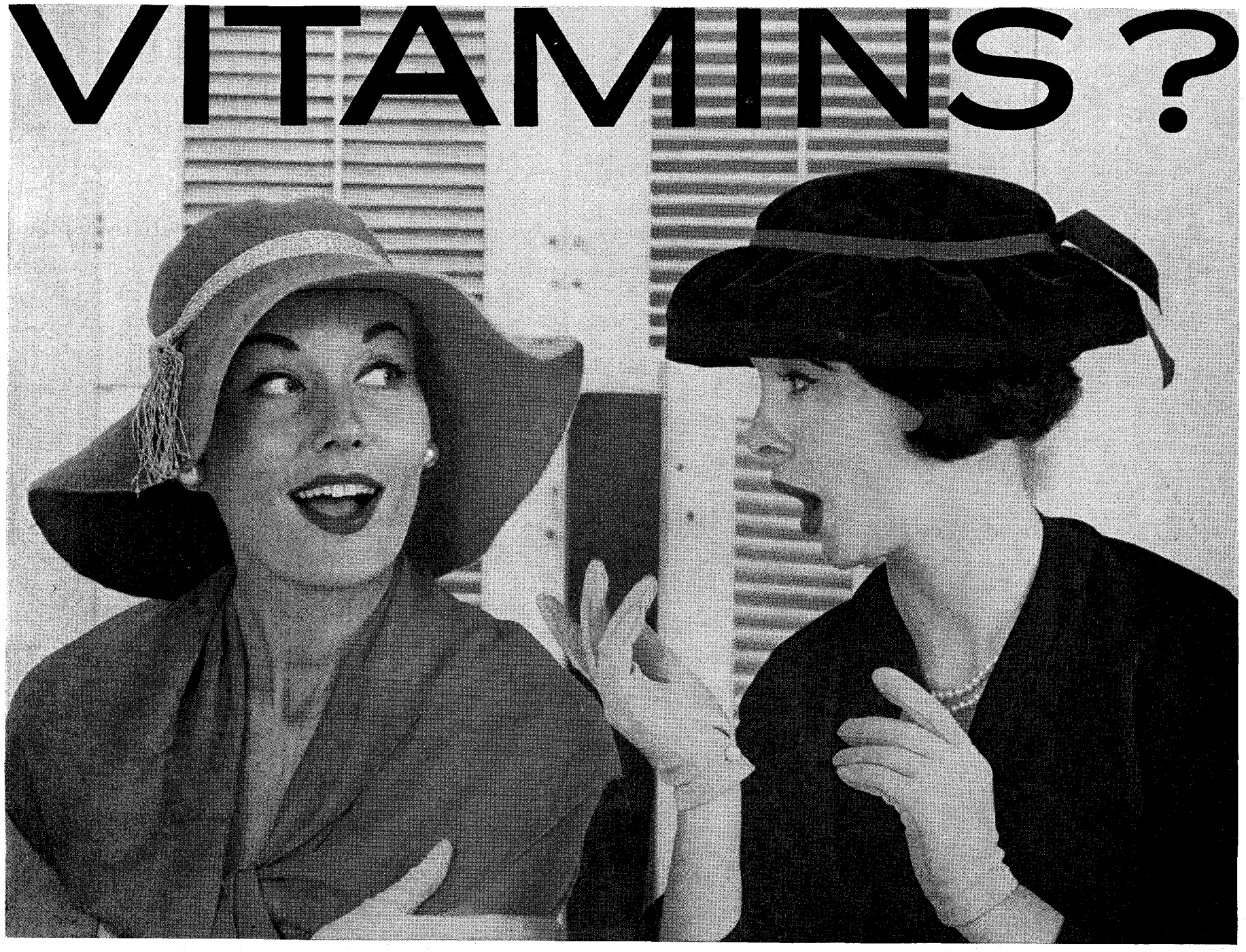
VITAMINS?



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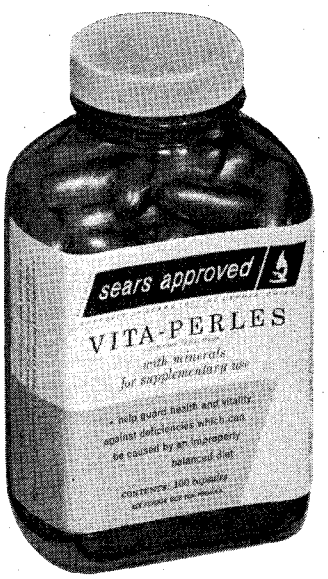

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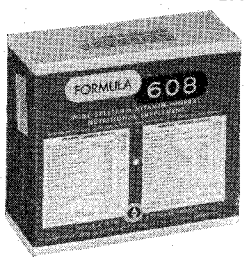

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(*Continued from Page 102*) ninety-five beats per minute—fast. Weight, 245 pounds—and for a five-foot-seven-inch male, some eighty-five pounds overweight. Blood pressure, a dangerous 255/140.

In the optic nerve and blood vessels behind the eyes, the ophthalmoscope showed signs of high blood pressure and of the suspected diabetes. Neck and throat were normal. The stethoscope picked up numerous rattles in both lungs, an effect of the rapid and overworked heart. The fluoroscope showed a silhouette of a greatly enlarged heart. The abdomen was puffy and tender; liver, slightly enlarged; ankles, swollen; skin, dry.

Mr. Ward balked here. He wanted no chest X ray, no new blood and urine tests. "I just need to reduce my weight and something to stop this shortness of breath and to give me a little pep again," he said. I tried to tell him that if we could find and correct the cause, his symptoms would be erased automatically. He remained uncommunicative. Frustrated, I could only prescribe a diet and tell him to come back in a week.

Mr. Ward's third weekly visit was marked by no improvement. His previous doctor, whose name I pried from him, told me that he had not done a blood-sugar, the definitive test for diabetes. On Mr. Ward's next visit I told him that I could treat him no longer without the entire routine of tests that would show beyond doubt the cause of his condition.

Reluctantly he agreed. X-ray, basal metabolism, electrocardiogram, blood count, hemoglobin, urinalysis and blood-sugar tests confirmed my tentative diagnosis. I told Mr. Ward in simple, non-medical language what diabetes is and how he could control it and correct his other ailments.

Under insulin control and on a diabetic diet, Mr. Ward's weight, blood sugar and blood pressure are down and he feels much better. But if he had had his way I would have fed him assorted pills to alleviate superficial symptoms until he would have lapsed into the inevitable diabetic coma and possibly died.

Sometimes a patient with a guilty conscience will suffer prolonged intense pain rather than make the simple statement of fact that will enable the doctor to cure him. One of these was Arnold Jameison, fifty-two, a research physicist. I first saw him late one night in his home as he lay moaning with pain in his back. Repeated quiz sessions, X rays of his back, a Wassermann and other laboratory tests, three days in leg traction in a hospital, and a consulting neurosurgeon's examinations produced no key to his condition. According to Jameison, he had no history of meningitis or other severe infectious disease, had not fallen or done any recent heavy lifting, and had suffered no previous back injuries. I was baffled.

Looking farther afield for the trouble, my radiologist colleague and I ordered X rays of his hips. Examining these films, the radiologist called my attention to some dense specks so minute they might have been mere tiny scratches on the film. "Bismuth?" I asked. He nodded. "Probably," he said.

I returned to Jameison's room and asked him again about previous infectious disease. None, he said.

"Did you take any injections in your hips about twenty-five years ago?"

He went a bit pale, hesitated, and said, "Yes, doctor, I did." The specks on the X-ray film showed remnants of bismuth injections, a standard treatment for syphilis in prepenicillin days. Examination of the spinal fluid disclosed syphilis of the central nervous system. The infection had irritated his nerves, causing the intense pain. Fifteen massive injections of penicillin cured him.

A woman suffering the consequences of a bungled abortion will almost never tell the truth about it. She will call a strange doctor, usually with a story of excessive menstrual bleeding, a fall, or heavy lifting. The mother of nineteen-year-old Mary J. told me by telephone that her daughter had had two previous attacks of appendicitis. She now had renewed severe pain in the region of the appendix, coupled with menstrual bleeding.

I hurried to the home at three A.M. The girl was lying in a pool of partially clotted blood. In some of the clots I found bits of tissue, a frequent result of abortion. The unwed girl and her parents indignantly denied any pregnancy, attempted abortion or a miscarriage. Mary was beginning to go into shock from loss of blood. I got her quickly to a hospital, where she was given a transfusion. A complete examination showed more evidence of an abortion. My gynecologist consultant confirmed my opinion. We got parental permission to operate immediately. On the operating table we found the suspected perforation of the uterus and other damage that could have been caused only by an abortionist butcher. Infection had already set in.

Mary remained in the hospital for many weeks. After a number of transfusions and much antibiotic medication she recovered. But extensive damage to the delicate reproductive apparatus makes it unlikely that she will ever bear a child.

A fair part of my practice is in workmen's compensation cases. Like people in every walk of life, most of these patients are honest, but the law of averages produces a few chiselers who will feign or actually provoke illness in order to collect pay while loafing.

Mike Jerrold, an industrial worker, came into my clinic with an ulcer on one leg. The ulcer healed nicely through the week. On Friday it looked as though he would soon be back on the job. On Monday, however, he limped in, with the ulcer open and bleeding. The area around it was badly inflamed.

"What in the world happened to that leg, Mike?" I asked.

"Nothing, doc, nothing at all," he answered. "Just got worse, that's all. Sure does hurt."

This peculiar cycle continued for several weeks, so I hospitalized the patient. I wanted witnesses to any unusual activity in case the ulcer broke open again, so I made sure the beds on either side of Mike were occupied by patients not too sick to observe. Within a week the ulcer was completely cured. As I discharged Mike I said rather severely, "If this ulcer breaks open again I'll report you to the Workmen's Compensation Board and the insurance company. You'll have to pay all these medical bills and hospital expenses out of your own pocket."

His wife spoke up indignantly. "He just doesn't want to go back to work as long as he can get that compensation pay, doctor. Every Saturday and Sunday night for weeks he's been putting his good leg on top of the ulcer. Then he just lies there rubbing his legs together until the ulcer breaks open."

Mike was luckier than he knew not to have concocted for himself a serious case of blood poisoning and the possible loss of a leg.

The most flagrant case of a patient's concealing facts about his own condition evokes in the doctor only an intensified effort to find and eradicate the cause of illness. However, doctors are human, and I have to confess a feeling of indignation toward otherwise responsible adults who will endanger a child's life by deliberately withholding information. Unbelievable as it may seem, this does happen.

Only a few weeks ago a distraught mother brought her five-year-old daughter to my office. The child had been knocked down by an automobile. Her skin was cut and scraped on face, arms, head and legs by violent contact with the dirty pavement. Conditions were perfect to produce a case of tetanus.

I soothed the frightened child as I filled the hypodermic with tetanus toxoid. As I swabbed her arm I automatically asked her mother, "As a baby was she given the triple vaccine for diphtheria, tetanus and whooping cough?" This shot is standard medical protection of infants. For at least three years after the shot, danger of tetanus can be warded off with a relatively mild booster shot of tetanus toxoid. If the child has not had the triple vaccine, however, the only safety from the deadly infection lies in an injection of powerful tetanus antitoxin. This serum can produce in some people a dangerous, even fatal allergic reaction.

The mother said somewhat vaguely that the child had had lots of shots. She couldn't remember what they were, or when they were given. Pressed for details, she said the treatment was given in another city. Who was the doctor? She hesitated, but gave me a name. I checked my directory of the American Medical Association, intending to telephone him direct for the information. The name was not listed. After nearly an hour of oral sparring it was obvious that the woman was lying. I faced her squarely.

"Without proper treatment your daughter will probably get tetanus," I said. "If she does, she will almost surely die. Now will you tell me about those shots?"

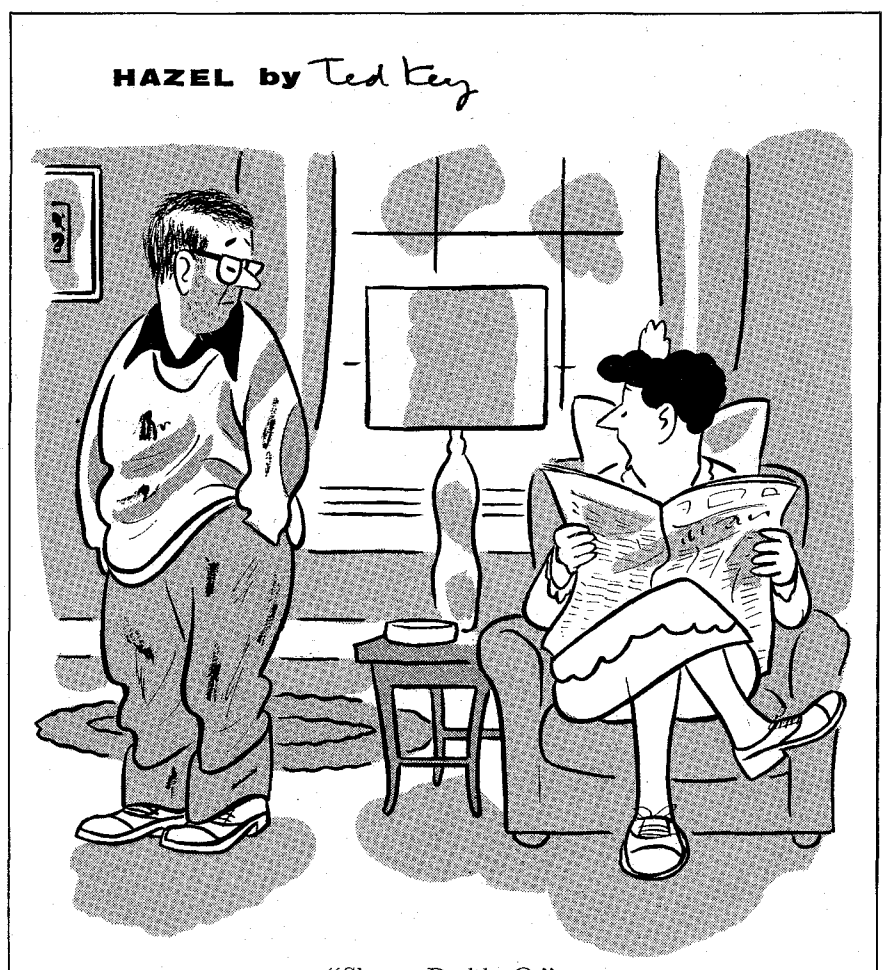
She began to weep. "The child has never had any shots of any kind. She never seemed sick, so I never took her to a doctor." For the sake of concealing her negligence this woman was willing to place her child's life in danger.

I tested the girl for allergy to tetanus antitoxin. Negative. I gave her an injection that removed her from danger. Then, getting my anger under control, I returned to my waiting room and told the mother with considerable emphasis that by any moral standard her action was hardly less than criminal.

To yield to embarrassment under such circumstances is dangerous. Reticence toward your doctor for whatever reason is likely to be costly in time, money and suffering. Far too many women, old enough to know better, endanger their lives by concealing or denying symptoms that plainly call for a pelvic check for possible cancer. Reason? Only that they dislike this type of examination. Others, both men and women, fail to mention symptoms which they feel are trivial. The patient who does this is substituting his own medical judgment for that of the physician—a decision which seems impractical, to put it mildly.

Contrary to some opinions, the doctor does want to know every detail. The very thing that the patient decides is unimportant may be the very key to a baffling diagnostic problem. If your doctor is too busy to listen to you, ask him to recommend a doctor who will listen. As in the case of Mr. Jameison, feelings of guilt can be an expensive luxury. Confession of an indiscretion will not shock the doctor or make him think less of you as an individual. He seeks only to cure you, not to judge you. Communications between doctor and patient are as inviolable as those between priest and member of the congregation. Keeping the complex neuro-physico-chemical machine that is your body in good working order gives the doctor enough to do. Help him accomplish that, and he will be happy to leave your conscience to you and your clergyman.

Tell your doctor everything if you want to get well quickly and save time and money. Sometimes this can also save your life. THE END



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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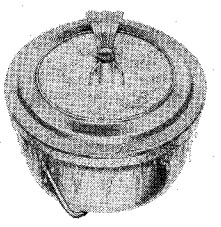

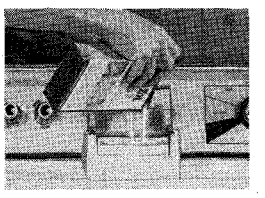

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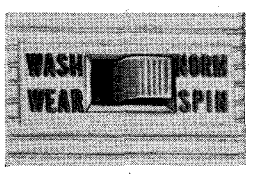

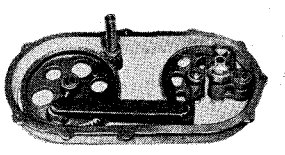

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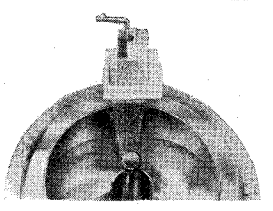
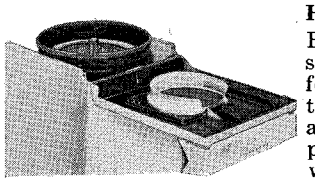
All water, before entering tub, is aerated so that soaps or detergents are "dispersed" faster. This reduces the amount of soap needed.





HINGED TOP
By merely removing 2 screws, top can be flipped forward as shown. All controls are exposed for easy access. Not necessary to pull washer away from wall. Dryers have the same hinged-top feature.

See your Speed Queen dealer or for literature write —

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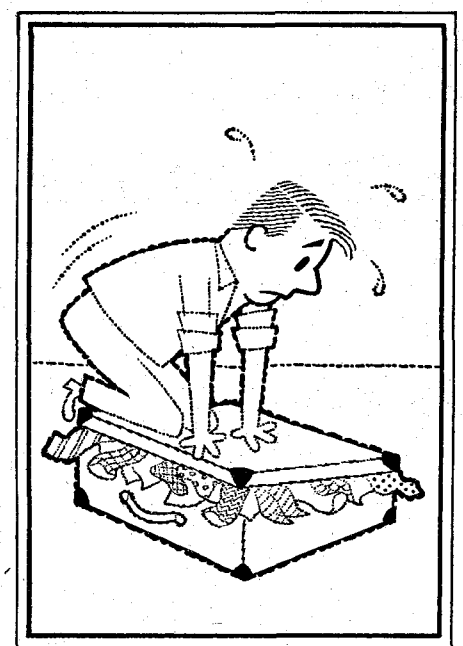

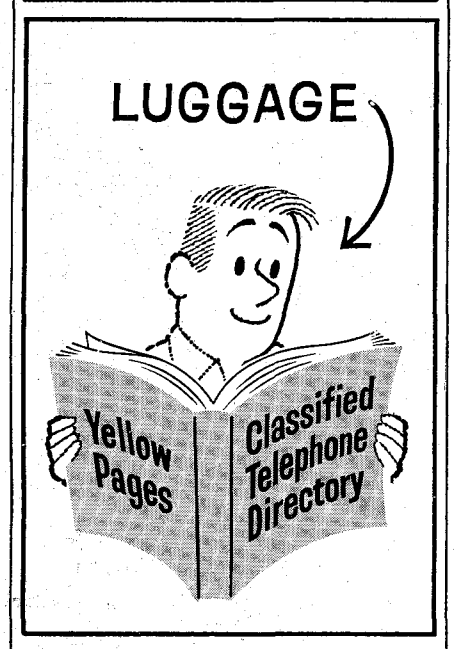

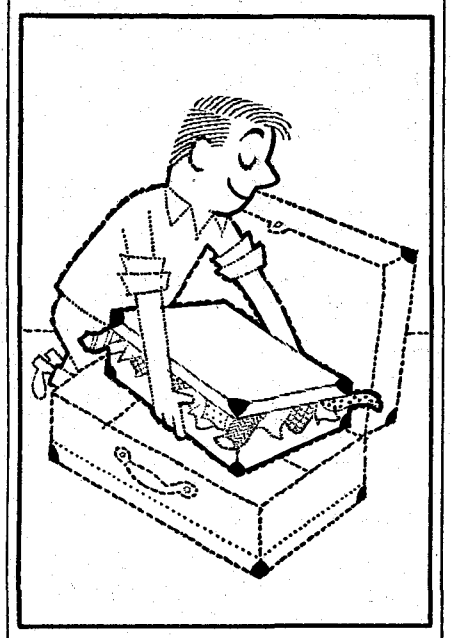

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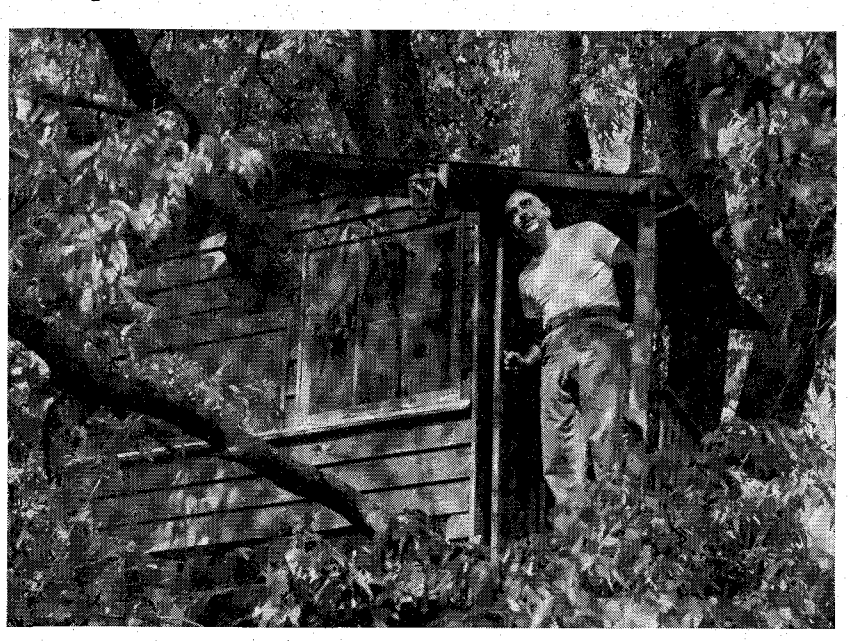

One way to get away from it all: Scott Seegers in his tree house.

Scott Seegers, the man up the tree in the picture, is a versatile fellow. For one thing, he builds tree houses, not only for himself but for neighbors whose children (also their parents) like to escape from the earth once in a while. Seegers' by-line on page 31 is his first in the Post, but he has free-lanced for years in both fact and fiction, much of the latter being based on his travels in every country in Central and South America except Paraguay—which single omission he plans to correct. Originally Seegers was a commercial artist, and once, as a breather from writing, he took up photography and became a crackajack "pro." He was the first editor of Americas, official magazine of the Pan American Union in Washington, but decided he'd have more fun contributing to it, which he now does. When Seegers is at home in McLean, Virginia—there are a son and daughter—his other hobbies include craftsmanship in precious metals, and raising hawks, bluejays and snakes—which creatures treat him ungratefully when raised.

Dr. I. Phillips Frohman of Washington, D.C., coauthor on page 31, wants to emphasize that he is a "family" doctor. "The day of the general physician is not gone; more and more people are relying on them." Frohman is internationally known as a contributor to medical journals. To the theme of his Post article, which is that patients should confess *all* their symptoms, he wants to add this earnest advice: get a complete checkup once a year! Memo to Scott Seegers: You told Doctor Frohman you would get a checkup by your doctor after returning from a foreign assignment. Did you?

No Trouble at All

Hal Burton, part of a double by-line on page 19, is collaborating with his boss as **Alicia Patterson** discusses her career as editor-publisher of the Long Island newspaper, Newsday. In fact, Burton has been working for the famous Patterson newspaper-publishing family for twenty-seven years, overlooking minor interruptions. He started with Alicia's father, the late Joseph Medill Patterson, as editorial writer on the now defunct Detroit Daily Mirror, and after Patterson founded the New York Daily News, Hal served for several years as a vacation-time replacement for the brilliant Reuben Maury, regular editorial writer of the News. Then he spent a long spell as columnist and book reviewer for Newsday, and last year he became its chief editorial writer. Incidentally, this job won't cut off his contributions to the Post—his score to date is thirty Post articles.

Burton reflects that writing an article with one's boss about that boss can be an awful headache. Not so with Alicia Patterson; demanding strict honesty in her paper, she imposed the same dictate on herself. So there was not a single "but we can't print that" or "but that isn't the way I think of myself." "Painless and rewarding," the lady's collaborator concludes.

Alicia Patterson, Hal Burton, Newsday teletypewriter machines.

Very Western Writer

Author Johnson, film star Cooper.

Dorothy M. Johnson (page 37) lives in a house called Good Noose (no noose is good noose) in West Rattlesnake Gulch, Missoula, Montana. She teaches magazine writing at Montana State University; she has had twenty-four stories in the Post; and a movie from her book The Hanging Tree, starring Gary Cooper, Maria Schell and Karl Malden, has been produced by Jurow-Shepherd and is being released by Warner Brothers. Last year Cooper visited Miss Johnson and gave her a pheasant he shot on a hunting trip. Since you can't press a pheasant in a book as a memento of a great occasion, the author had its wishbone copper-plated; she wears it on a necklace chain and tells people it's Gary Cooper's wishbone.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"A Visit With the Champion"

Floyd Patterson, little-known heavyweight king, reveals intimate information to boxing-reporter Bill Heinz.

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